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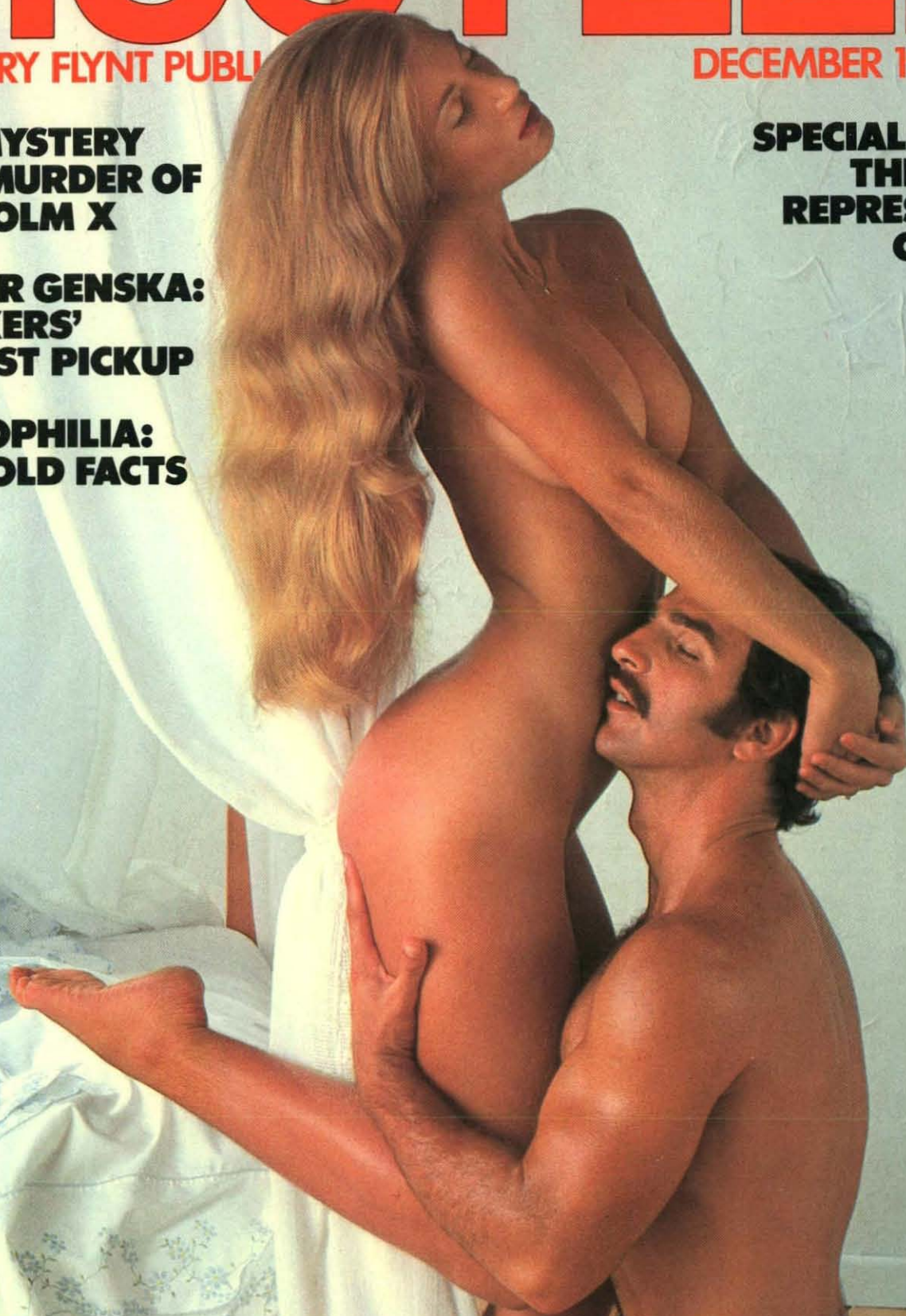
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Mrs. Larry C. Flynt

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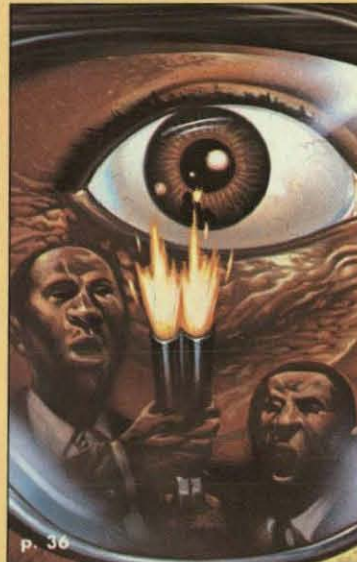
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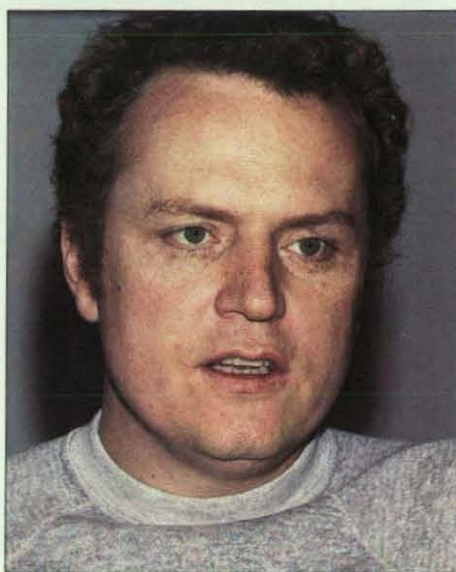
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



We Give a Shit!

As many of HUSTLER's regular readers know, a majority of the Publisher's Statements, past and present, have dealt with the First Amendment to the Constitution and how it protects our right to publish. And these regular readers have also realized that lately we've run several articles concerning the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy and other American political leaders.

My adversaries repeatedly ask me why I'm publishing these investigative reports. "Who gives a shit *who* killed Kennedy?" they ask. And on the subject of the First Amendment they continually try to impress on me that the Constitution will never be in jeopardy because of attitudes toward HUSTLER.

Little do these people realize how close we are already to the times described in George Orwell's prophetic novel, *1984*. The basic prem-

ise of individual freedom is the bedrock on which a democracy stands or falls. When individual rights are threatened in even the smallest way, *everyone's* freedom is threatened. What the hell—if HUSTLER Magazine never offended anyone, there'd be no need to worry about the First Amendment.

When Hitler first ordered book-burnings to begin in Germany in the 1930s, his first targets were "trash" that few people wanted to read. Once everyone became used to the idea of paper merrily burning in the streets, however, Hitler raised his sights to works of great literature, philosophy and political thought. By then it was too late to protest.

We pay a price for everything in a capitalist democracy. The price we pay for a free press is *toleration*. That means we all have to tolerate certain things that we're not necessarily crazy about. There are many people

out there in the heartland of America who are ashamed to live in a country where HUSTLER is sold. But there's not a damn one of them who would want to live in a country where it didn't have a *right* to be sold.

With regard to the meticulously researched assassination material we've been publishing in recent months, I'm convinced that both Jack and Robert Kennedy, as well as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X, were all murdered for political reasons. And I'm not alone in holding that opinion: I'm sure millions of readers think the same way. If the Establishment media don't want to lay the cards on the table, HUSTLER will.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Larry Flynt". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping "L" and a cursive "Flynt".

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SHOW & TELL

Cover by James Baes

For our exclusive story on Malcolm X's murder, **HUSTLER** commissioned **ERIC NORDEN**—an investigative writer whose articles on the KGB, CIA and international terrorist groups have won several awards. Norden first met Malcolm X in 1963 when the black leader was an Islamic minister in Harlem. "Malcolm struck me as a brilliant mind mired in a mediocre movement, a man still in search of his own identity," Norden told us. "Here, I sensed, was a man to watch." Three years later he attended the trial of Malcolm's accused assassins. "The trial deepened my doubts about the 'official version' of his death, and over the succeeding years I interviewed every attorney, official and witness I could reach, and every member of Malcolm's staff and family." To illustrate **THE ASSASSINATION OF MALCOLM X**, **HUSTLER** got hold of **DAVE McMACKEN**, a Los Angeles illustrator and animation designer whose credits include the film *Mouse and His Child* and several Frank Zappa album covers.

FATHER DEPAUL GENSKA may not be a household name, but his stand on prostitutes' rights has made him popular in at least a few "houses," according to **FLO KENNEDY** and **IRENE DAVALL**, who are on hand again after their **HUSTLER** debut last December with *Why Not a Whore Corps for Congress?* Kennedy, described as America's "most out-



rageous woman" on CBS-TV's *60 Minutes*, is the author of *Color Me Flo—My Good Life and Hard Times* (Prentice-Hall), and both women are finishing up a collaborative book entitled *A Prostitute in the Whorehouse Society*. Another Los Angeles artist, **KEITH BATCHELLER**, whose work has appeared in **HUSTLER** and many other magazines over the past five years, provided the accompanying illustration.

Is necrophilia dead or simply shrouded in secrecy? Slab-happy madman **RICHARD MILNER** went snooping around New York City's funeral parlors and morgues in **SEARCH OF A NECROPHILIAC**.

What he found will both tickle and chill your funny bone. Milner, a magazine editor and aspiring filmmaker, is the co-author of *Black Players: The Secret World of Black Pimps* (Little, Brown & Company), which has sold more than a quarter of a million copies. The macabre artwork comes from **PAUL STINSON**, a West Coast artist whose preference is surrealism.

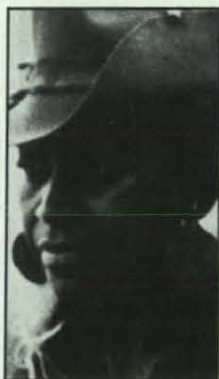
Shifting again to live, healthy sex, we're proud to present **CHILDREN, SEX AND SOCIETY**, excerpted from **DR. ERWIN J. HAEBERLE**'s book *The Sex Atlas*, itself reviewed in this month's *Media Takes* (page 30). Haeberle, whose background includes philosophy and sociology, is on the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. He's also the co-author of *The Sex Book: A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia*. The photographs were taken by the Reverend **LAIRD SUTTON**, Ph.D., filmmaker **CONI BEESON** and **LINDA FREDRICKSON**.

Every driver on a long haul dreams of picking up a young nymphet along the road, but **HUSTLER** Articles Editor **ZBIGNIEW KINDELA**'s dream becomes a nightmare in **THE HITCHHIKER**, a short story stretching from Akron, Ohio, to Reno, Nevada.

HUSTLER has wrapped up an excellent holiday present, to be opened *before* Christmas; start reading, and enjoy. 🍷



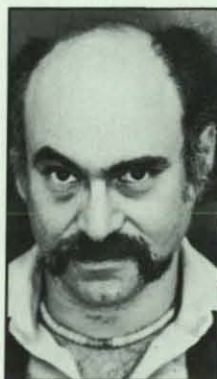
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FEEDBACK

May the Force Be in You: I really got off on your *Rape of Justice* spread (October) because it brought back a memory from last month that I'll cherish forever. I went to a masquerade party dressed as Wonder Woman and attracted more than my share of attention, since most of the other girls preferred to be Southern belles and Marie Antoinettes in long hoop skirts.

After smoking a couple of joints and drinking two or three tequila sunrises, I started combing the party for some action. It didn't take me long to zero in on Darth Vader. He was a big guy, tall really, and slim, and I asked him if we knew each other. He wouldn't say.

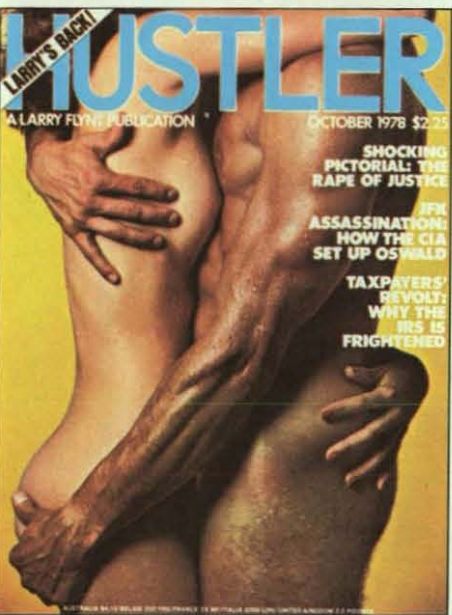
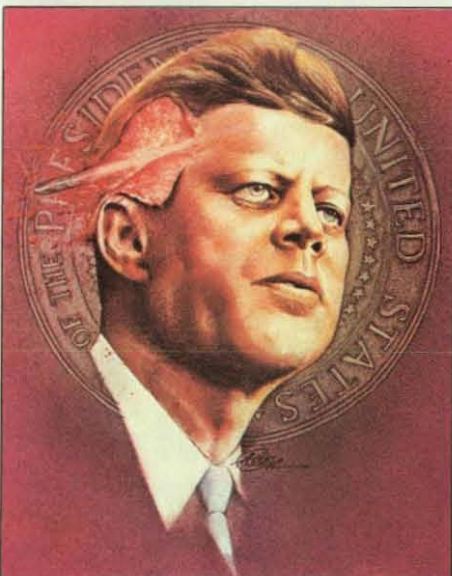
I excused myself to go upstairs to the bathroom. While I was taking a pee, the door opened and Darth slipped in. Without a word he pulled out his cock and stepped over to where I was sitting on the pot and just stuck it in my face. Without really thinking about it, I sucked him off. Before long his breathing sounded hoarse under that mask, but he never took it off. Finally, he shot his load in my mouth, nodded, zipped up and left. I was so goddamned hot I fingered myself to orgasm. When I went downstairs to find him, he was gone.

To this day I don't know who he was, but I often think about that night. When I saw your pictorial, I knew I'd be spending a lot more time in the bathroom.—JAN ROSS, Atlanta, Georgia.

Conspiracy: Hurrah for Mark Lane and HUSTLER for refusing to let the assassination conspiracies die. Washington has done its damndest to suppress what really happened to the Kennedys and Dr. King, but as long as we have you guys digging for the facts, we can expect that someday the truth will come out. Anyway, I greatly enjoyed Lane's piece on JFK (October). [Editor's Note: Lane's report on the King assassination ran in November.] I only hope that the CIA doesn't add Lane and Flynt to its hit list.—BILL DALE, Queens, New York.

Naked Bodies: My wife and I thought that the "bodies" on your October cover were really fantastic. We were disappointed, though, when we looked through the magazine and couldn't find a spread on them. Also, we were hoping to see the faces belonging to this well-built duo. Hope you'll print more complete photos of them and other superbod models, male and female.—A. TOMS, New York, New York.

Larry's Wounds: I was shocked to see my own situation mentioned in *Conspiracy Against Truth: The Shooting of Larry Flynt* (September). To date I have not been charged with any crime—the FBI claims I tried to defraud Mark Lane by providing phony documents about the JFK assassina-



tion—but I understand an investigation is continuing.

One point you failed to cover is the timing of Mr. Flynt's shooting in relation to my own situation. When the FBI raided my residence on February 23, 1978, they seized some notes of mine taken from their secret files and questioned me about Larry Flynt.

Shortly after that, on March 6, Flynt was shot in the manner typical of the way CIA-trained operatives like Frank Sturgis carry out domestic assassinations: use a large gun for both shock and effect, leave no clear witnesses and disappear. The whole thing was so well-timed it would have looked amateurish if the criminals had been caught—much like Watergate.

It's not surprising that Flynt's assailants haven't been caught, and I doubt if they ever will be—at least not by the cops. The whole thing smells of government agents and operatives.

Soon after Flynt's shooting I received threats on my life, and on March 20 someone shot at me. Mr. Flynt has paid a dear price for his search for truth, and we can all be thankful.—JAMES D. DRIGGERS, Greencastle, Indiana.

More Cunt!!! You guys piss me right the fuck off! What in hell do you cocksuckers think you're doing? First it was July, then August and September. And now I get my October HUSTLER and there's still a goddamn dick poking out of the centerfold.

You say your rag is for the hard-hat, blue-collar guy like me. Well, it used to be, but it's fast becoming something else. For Chrissakes, do you really think the average hardworking, rawboned mill and construction worker wants to see that male-model shit in his fucking centerfold? Do you think we're a bunch of goddamn faggots? How could I hang your October centerfold in my locker at the mill? The guys would give me a horselaugh forever.

Get those swinging dicks out and send 'em packing to *Blueboy*. Speaking for my union brothers at Old Mohican Local 155, pansyasses can buy *Playgirl*. We men want more cunt from HUSTLER Magazine.—RALPH SAVILLE, Hudson Falls, New York.

In recent months HUSTLER has tried to present some of our Honeys as genuine flesh-and-blood females who really go for men. We hope that our photos of men and women engaged in sex play will encourage an image of mutually satisfying sexual behavior. Many readers have complained about this new policy, while others have praised HUSTLER for going farther than the average skin magazine. We appreciate hearing from our readers and getting their feelings about everything we're trying to do.

HUSTLER Goes to the Movies: What have you done with "On the Circuit" in

your *Media Takes* section? It suddenly disappeared in the July *HUSTLER* and hasn't been heard from since. I travel a lot and try to see at least two X-rated films a week while on the road, so I carried the latest issue of *HUSTLER* with me as a guide. You were battling 1,000 in your ratings, saving me money and time and the agony of sitting through a boring movie.

So why was "On the Circuit" suddenly dropped? Raise the review chief's salary and get him back on the stick. Save us from all those bum fuck movies and make a traveling man's time more productive.—A HORNY READER, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Thanks to reader response like yours, HUSTLER will resume "On the Circuit" in early 1979!

HUSTLER's September review of one of the best, most sensitive, stimulating and downright delightful erotic films ever made, *Take Off*, does justice to nobody, particularly the actors, writers and director whose work you derided. You missed the point of the movie with amazing precision and steered your readers in the wrong direction.

I appreciate *HUSTLER's* concern for the "hard-core faithful" who patronize most of the inept junk that passes for pornography today, but your concern that the "beer-drinking, sleaze-loving masses" won't like *Take Off's* high-brow cleverness reminds me of the dog who ate no meat because he was never fed any.

Take Off is a gem, both as porn and satire, and I'm certain the "masses" for whom

HUSTLER purports to speak have brains and balls enough to enjoy both its keen humor and its raunch. (Balls? My wife loved it too.) Your scoffing at Wade Nichols's portrayal of a male Hurd Hatfield—including delightful impressions of Cagney, Bogart, Brando and Hatfield himself—is little short of criminal.

Considering all the inept filmmaking we see these days, when a flick comes along that is a credit to both eroticism and art, it should not only be fairly reviewed but celebrated with flags and cannons.—GEORGE N. GORDON, Ph.D., Chairman, Department of Communication Arts, Hofstra University, Hempstead, New York.

Female Fantasy: I agree with "One Hot Box" (September *Feedback*) that there is no real porn mag for women and that *HUSTLER* certainly comes closest. You will succeed when your pictorials show rock-hard cocks ready to ejaculate. But until then I'll still look at your men and indulge in fantasies before I turn on my vibrator.

In one such fantasy ten young men, each with his hands tied behind him and wearing only a G-string, are tied to posts, in a circle about ten feet wide. I enter the circle, dressed in a strip costume, and slowly take off something in front of each guy, push down his G-string and put the item of clothing inside with his cock. When I begin my serious strip, I touch the men a lot and show them my nipples up close. When I'm nude, I let each man finger my pussy and lick my nipples, and then I pull their G-

strings down again and retrieve my clothing. I jerk off each guy till he's rock-hard before going back to the center of the circle and masturbating. Of course, I'm constantly reaching out and keeping each dick hard and right on the verge of orgasm. When all the men are ready, I fall down and let them come all over me.

The second is a variation of the first. I meet a guy somewhere and offer to give him a blow job. He's held in restraints while I get his dick hard, and then I suck him off.

My friends tell me they also have these fantasies while they're looking at your pictorials. Cock is beautiful.—COCK LOVER, San Francisco, California.

Feedback Fed Back: I disagree with that idiot from Santa Monica, California, who said pussy-eaters are shit-eaters (October *Feedback*). I love oral sex and always will.

Last year I was married to a wonderful country girl, and believe it or not we were both 30-year-old virgins. It was wonderful trying out all those positions I'd only seen in stag films up to that time. My wife was just as curious as I was, and as soon as we performed oral sex on each other, we knew we'd found what we were looking for.

Just because that guy from California doesn't like clit-slurping doesn't mean everybody should stop. Maybe his woman's cunt is like a garbage can. If you don't wash it out, sure it's going to stink and knock flies off a shitwagon. Well, that guy can go fuck himself. If you're looking for me, you'll find me headfirst between my woman's thighs.—M. J. M., Spring Grove, Pennsylvania.

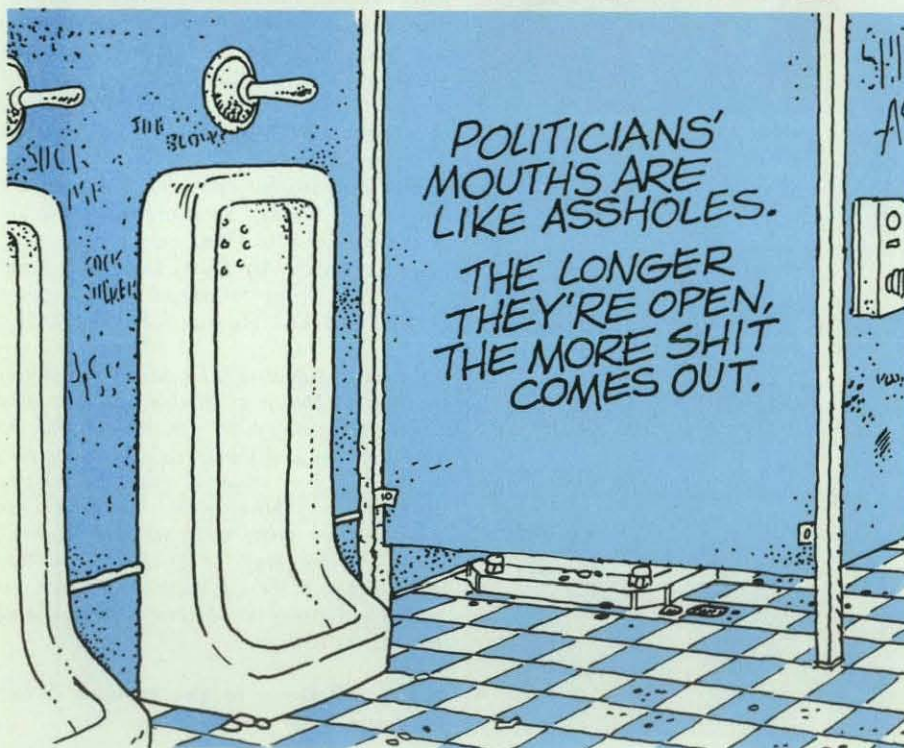
I feel that many erotic magazines are degrading to me as a woman, but not *HUSTLER*. Your magazine deserves applause for the way it displays intelligent opinions toward women.

But one letter in your September *Feedback* really pissed me off. Contrary to what Minuteman Lieutenant Bert Diedrick says, women do like sex as much as men if it is done right. It's because of egotistical "minutemen" like him that so many women are still sexually inhibited (and probably faking orgasms). If plain, straight animal sex is what Diedrick wants, he should try a sheep. It's not true, Lieutenant, that any man can satisfy a woman either. Women want emotional and physical satisfaction. As for myself, I steer clear of men like the dear lieutenant.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, New Haven, Michigan.

While looking through September's *Feedback* I was fairly well pissed off by the dildo who wrote about "Philippine Cooze." That jackass gave people in and out of the service the idea that every Olongopo City female over the age of eight is a \$2.75 hooker. That shitbird probably got the clap five or six times because he was stupid enough to pick up anybody who shook a leg at him.

I'm married to a Filipina who worked on

GRAFFITILTHY



base and lived in Olongopo City for six years and who was still a virgin on our wedding night. So, yes, there's prostitution in Olongopo City, just as in any other city. But it does *not* mean that every woman who steps out of her door at night is a whore. Maybe if old numbnuts from the U.S.S. *Dubuque* stopped being crass because he's a proctoplegic and is in testicular fibrillation, he would sign his fucking name to his letter.—G. EVERINGHAM, U.S. Navy, San Diego, California.

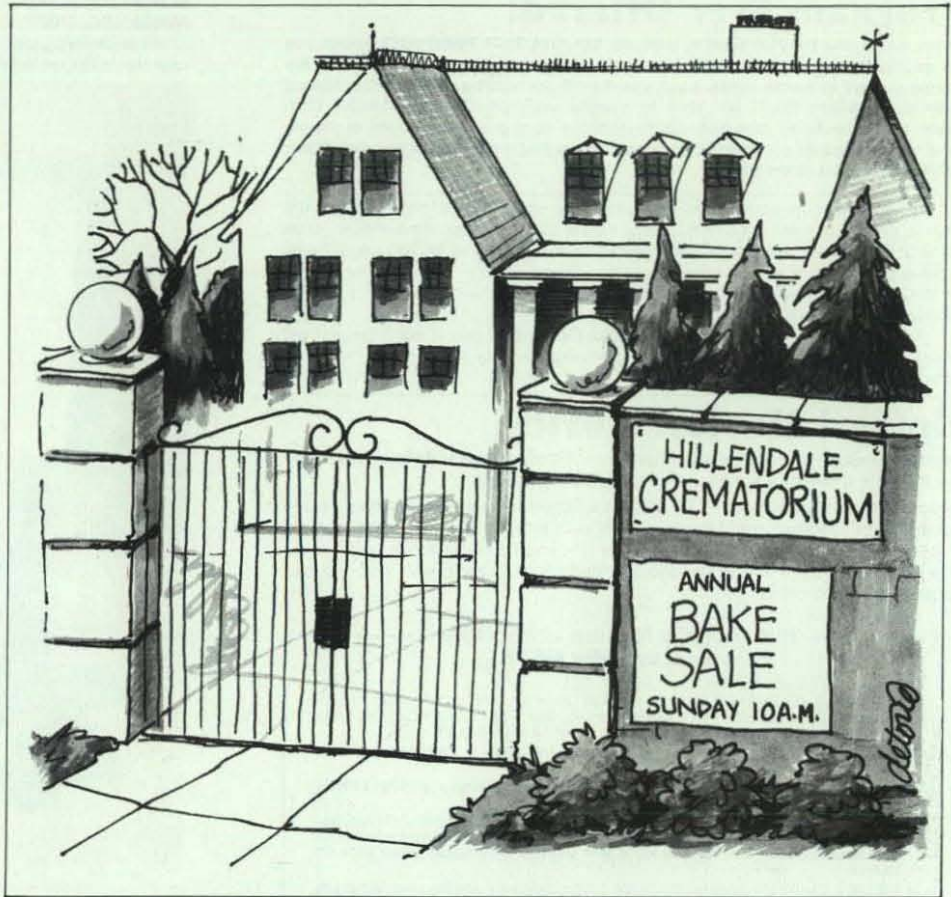
Reward: Instead of offering a reward to someone who knows who shot Larry Flynt, you should give the money to whoever did it! Flynt deserves to be lined up with Xaviera Hollander while the public shoots holes in each one of them. Flynt and Hollander are worse than animals. If they can think at all, surely they must realize that weak-minded people will be influenced by them. Their minds are so degenerated. They think they help people with sex, but all they do is completely turn you off. Love and sex are beautiful, but God knows people who think like Flynt and the Happy Hooker only make you want to vomit.

I sure hope next time they do a complete job on him, and that they get her too. They are two the world can do without. "Born Again!" Ha! What hypocrisy!—A DECENT AMERICAN, St. Louis, Missouri.

Good-bye, Garner Ted: Congratulate John Trechak for me. His article *In Bed With Garner Ted: America's Promiscuous Preacher* (September) was especially relevant to me because I was once one of Armstrong's "co-workers." It began when I ordered some free booklets from the Worldwide Church of God. Soon after, Herbert W. Armstrong himself wrote me a letter and offered to send me more booklets. Before long I was hooked on Armstrong's many publications. Nobody forced me to give anything for them, but I thought it was the right thing to do, so I started sending in money. I became extremely devoted.

About three years ago I finally caught on to the Armstrongs. I stopped sending money, and they eventually stopped sending me *The Plain Truth* and other booklets. I'm glad to say I kicked the Armstrong habit and no longer need to enslave myself to such men again.—WILLIAM CARROLL PARK, Houston, Mississippi.

Carla's Cooze: That double-page shot of *Carla* (October) really did me in. I can see myself licking every bead of water from her olive skin, then moving in for the kill by slurping that smooth pink poon that looks like watermelon. I'm writing this letter with one hand and I'll let you guess why my writing is shaky, but here's a clue: I've got that picture framed and on my wall over the desk. My only complaint is that you didn't do it as a foldout so that I wouldn't have had to fit two cut-out pages together.



Tell Carla that I'm her slave for life. All she has to do is ask. She can piss on me, kick me, beat me, but just let me lick her pussy now and then. I'll even let her husband piss on me, but just gimme that cooze. Ohhh, I gotta sign off now because... [the rest of the letter was indistinguishable].—J. CRARY, Richmond, Virginia.

Beaver Testimonial: You published a picture of my wife, Sandy, in the February 1977 *Beaver Hunt*, and we'd both like to express our appreciation. When the picture first appeared, we got constant phone calls because we had used our real names, but after three weeks we took an unlisted number and things quieted down.

Sandy has realized her fantasy and made love in front of groups of men seven times already. I was jealous at first, but before the other guy had finished, I became too aroused to worry about it. Sandy enjoyed it too, so we've gotten groups together to come in and watch her make it with another guy. I've found I really get turned on watching her fuck another guy, and I recommend it for other couples. The last time we had 15 guys come in and watch as Sandy got it on with a black guy.—FRANK RUANE, Catonsville, Maryland.

Ballerina Spread: Ballet, acrobatics and gymnastics are natural subjects for sexy photo-spreads, but nobody—including *HUSTLER*—seems to have the guts to invade this sacred territory. Some of us are

bored with the same old girls in high heels or bare feet. Why don't you get a ballerina, put some tiny, tight-fitting slippers on her and let her pirouette and do splits? Ballet slippers are a real turn-on.—LARRY ARLEN, Stockton, California.

Great idea.

Misleading Eye-catcher: Your August cartoon (page 87) about the blind man with the helpful dog—"Wow! You shoulda seen the tits on that one!"—gave us a good laugh here. My husband is blind, so he got a big kick out of it. However, there's one discrepancy. The man had a guide dog and a white cane, whereas in real life a blind person with a seeing-eye dog would not have a cane. Of course, I realize that cartoonists have to use everything to get their point across at a single glance, but I thought I'd at least set the record straight. Nevertheless, it was the best laugh we've had in months.—JOYCE K. BARNARD, Albany, New York.

Down Under: I'm a New Zealander in the States for a quick look around, and I bought a copy of *HUSTLER* the other day. Everything about it is so much better than any of the magazines we've got back home. *Penthouse* and *Playboy* are all we can buy in shops unless we go digging. A 68-year-old virgin, Patricia Bartlett, has got the censorship board by their balls. You might consider her for "Arsehole of the Month."—"KIWI," Takapuna, New Zealand.

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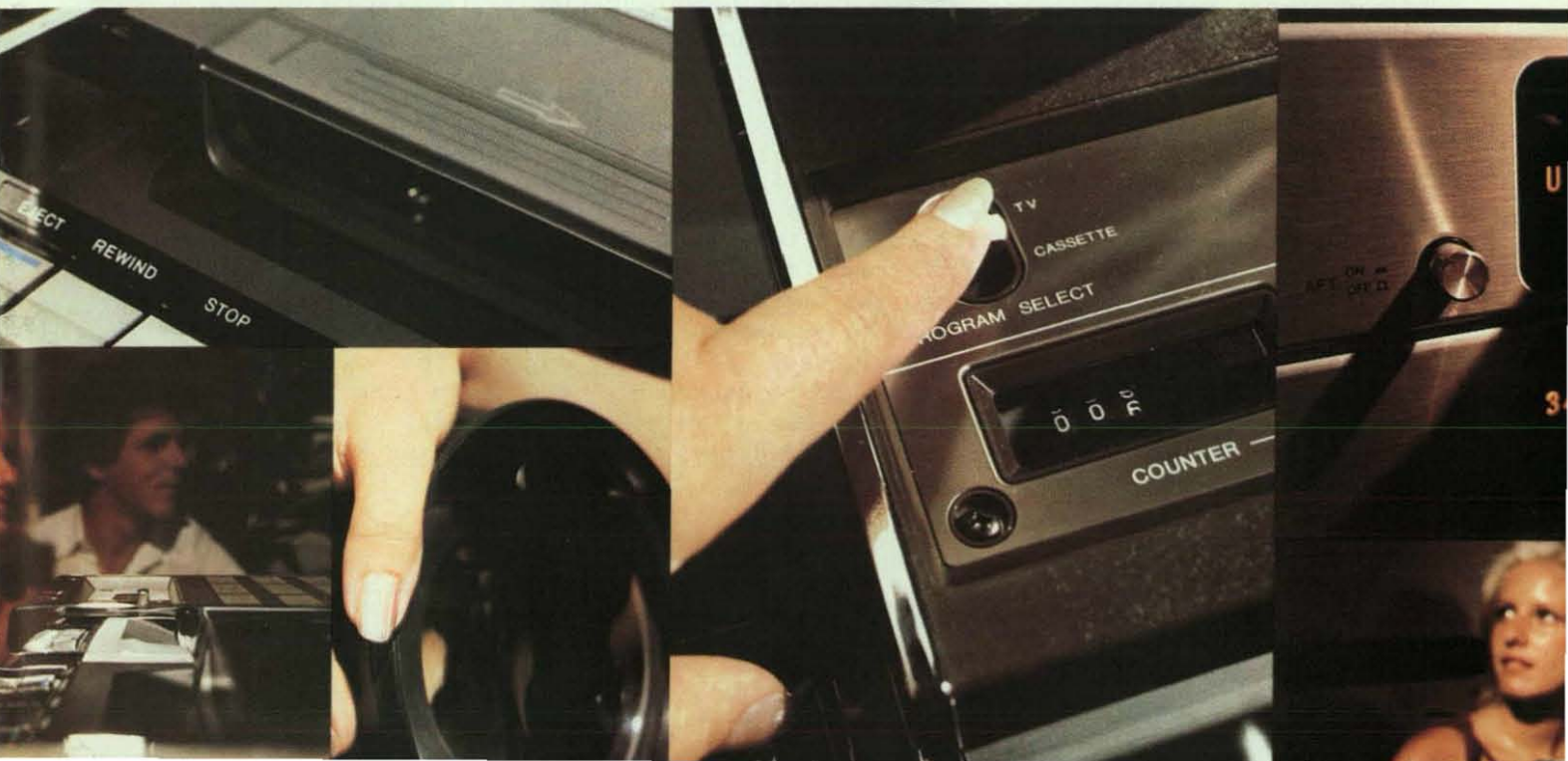
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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A survey of males between the ages of 16 and 21 has revealed that 44 percent of them are turned-on when a female asks them for a date. According to the survey--conducted by "Seventeen" magazine--only 13 percent claimed they feel the act is overly aggressive. However, the same study found that 37.5 percent of the males are turned-off by females who offer to pay half the costs on a date.

One of the nation's biggest condom manufacturers, Youngs Drug Products, estimates that 20 to 30 percent of the condom buyers in drugstores today are women. A spokesman for the company stated that more and more women are buying their products because of doubts about other forms of contraception.

In light of these statistics, Youngs has launched an advertising blitz--including promotion in women's magazines for Trojan condoms. The ad, depicting a woman holding an apple and six packs of condoms, reads: "Once you've decided that both the Pill and IUDs are not for you--you're faced with another important decision."

The federal government recently spent \$60,000 trying to save a burning heap of animal dung. The manure pile--deposited in a Grand Canyon cave by the long-extinct Shasta sloth (an animal resembling a small, hairy brown bear)--caught fire in July 1976. It was still burning a year later.

When park rangers and mine safety experts moved in with hoses to douse the blaze, scientists, who had been digging in the pile, pleaded with the fire fighters to forgo using water because it would ruin their studies of the manure. So the fire fighters entered the cave and pumped it full of carbon monoxide, then sealed off the opening. But when the cave was reopened in 1977, the manure was still burning. The cave was again pumped full of carbon monoxide, as well as carbon dioxide, then sealed a second time. The cost of all this effort was \$60,000.

Stated William Bonner, executive director of the National Taxpayers Union: "That is a terrible amount of money to spend saving a pile of dung."

A middle-aged man taking part in a three-mile run protesting sex discrimination was killed when he fell and struck his head on a concrete pylon in the nation's capital. David Wilson, who worked for the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, joined others recently to protest the Carter Administration's "foot-dragging" on the enforcement of laws prohibiting sex discrimination in education. A news story said Wilson's death "cast a pall on the rally."

A major study conducted at Duke University has concluded that one of the cruelest hoaxes perpetrated on older people is the idea that they no longer want or need sex. Dr. Robert Butler and Myrna Lewis, authors of the book "Love and Sex After Sixty," state that older people have a special ability to bring love and sex to new levels since they know life is relatively short, and they have gone through a variety of experiences.

Butler and Lewis believe that the fears of aging bear little resemblance to the realities of growing old. The authors recommend a positive and direct approach for senior citizens interested in an active sex life. They suggest that older people should renew the pleasure and feeling of being touched, and claim that the capacity to express passion and to feel romantic has no relationship to age. The report states that most older people can remain sexually active into their 70s and 80s.

A Chicago secretary who went out on a computer date has been charged with setting fire to her date's house and killing him after he allegedly stripped off his clothes and chased her around his bedroom. The man apparently died of smoke inhalation. The secretary was charged with murder, felony murder and aggravated arson.

Bits & Pieces

When it comes to a citizen's rights under the First Amendment, Hinson McAuliffe, Fulton County (Georgia) Solicitor General, seems as blind as the figure of Lady Justice he is sworn to serve. But unlike most handicapped people, McAuliffe can switch his disability on and off at will.

During the summer of 1977, before Larry Flynt was shot in Georgia, McAuliffe decided that a number of popular men's magazines (including *HUSTLER*, *CHIC*, *Playboy* and *Penthouse*) were too lewd for the newsstands in Fulton County—which includes Atlanta—and simply removed them from public view. Thus, Fulton County adults were forced to give up their free choice of reading material in favor of what Blind Brother McAuliffe believed to be wholesome. This is more than enough to qualify the asshole as an Asshole. But McAuliffe had only just begun.

Despite the fact that such prior restraint is illegal (a magazine must first be *proven* obscene before it can be pulled from the stands), *HUSTLER* and *CHIC* are still unavailable at all Fulton County newsstands. However, his eyes partly opened by lawsuits filed by Hugh Hefner and Bob Guccione, the publishers of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* respectively, McAuliffe has lifted the newsstand ban on those magazines only.

If McAuliffe could have opened his sightless eyes a little wider, he might have realized that he should have taken *HUSTLER* to an unbiased judge to try to have it declared obscene *before* banning it. But this tight-assed appointee of ax-handle-swinging Governor Lester Maddox took *HUSTLER* to 72-year-old Tom Camp, a magistrate who had publicly

declared all nudity obscene prior to the Flynt case and who still passed judgment on only one issue of the magazine.

Larry Flynt's arrest in Atlanta in September 1977 for selling *HUSTLER* (and other magazines) in defiance of the Solicitor General's tactics might be part of the reason for McAuliffe's hard line on *HUSTLER*. By making his point in this dramatic fashion, Larry knew he was inviting arrest, and that is exactly what happened to him.

In March of this year, when an unknown gunman pumped two .44-caliber magnum bullets into Larry's stomach, the whole case took a new twist. Since Larry's involvement with *HUSTLER* is limited to what he can do while recuperating, a farsighted prosecutor might have followed the example of Gwinnett County Solicitor Gary Davis, who dropped his

charges against Flynt.

In fact, a survey of the Lawrenceville jurors after the shooting revealed that Larry would have been acquitted anyway. Even a blind man could tell you that if he was to have been acquitted in rural Gwinnett County, he'd certainly have been acquitted in a cosmopolitan city like Atlanta.

In February 1978, Larry's attorneys filed a pretrial motion to have McAuliffe's original charges thrown out of court on the grounds of selective prosecution: *HUSTLER* was still off the stands, while *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were being sold openly. McAuliffe handled this little problem with all the finesse of a drunk at a temperance meeting. He belatedly filed charges of criminal obscenity against the publishers of *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, hoping to extradite them both to Georgia, thus allowing him to

continue his vendetta against Larry Flynt under an umbrella of apparent impartiality.

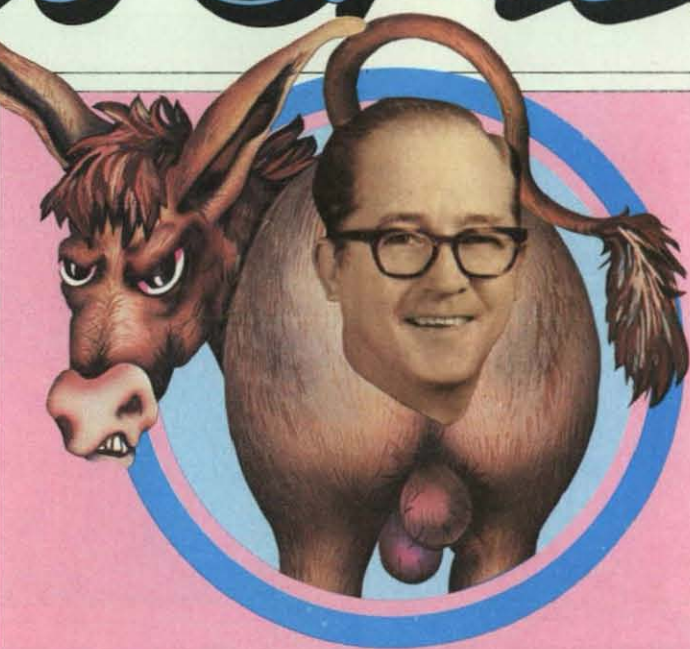
Evidently, McAuliffe will stop at nothing in his hysterical quest for personal publicity. One of his typically "judicious" tactics is handing out blank accusation forms for his officers to distribute and then filling in names after the fact.

"It does seem a little strange doing things like that," ruminated a former friend, a judge in Atlanta. Perhaps it's not so strange when you consider that McAuliffe is the same chronic asshole who, in 1964, proposed a sterilization law as a "short-term" solution to illegitimacy.

As for personal attacks against him (which have, strangely enough, become more numerous in the past months), McAuliffe says, "I've become rather more callous in that area. It doesn't bother me." Apparently, the national publicity he's received doesn't bother him either. Nor does the fact that the three magazines he's persecuting sell millions of copies to respectable people all over the world.

Still, McAuliffe isn't letting up. He plans to continue his crackdown on magazine publishers as well as dealers and distributors. "I'm putting a lot of people in jail," he said recently, "and there will be a lot more in before this year is over."

Earlier this year McAuliffe, while expressing similar sentiments, was struck in the face by a cream pie. Perhaps it's time to throw more than a pie at this semiblind, semitough vestige of the days of book-burning and official censorship. It's time to throw the weight of the people at hemorrhoidal Hinson and get him out of office and back into the law library where he belongs, taking a bonehead course on the First Amendment. —S. Goldman, M. Stott



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

UPDATE



THE SHAH OF IRAN

HUSTLER: May '78

This Asshole of the Month, who heads one of the most repressive governments on the face of the earth, says he'll now permit the introduction of some "Western-style freedoms" in his oil-rich, secret-police-dominated nation. The 58-year-old Shah says he'll allow "political liberties, freedom of speech and of the press, [and] freedom to stage public demonstrations within the limits of the law"—but he's made it clear he doesn't want his citizens to interfere with his monarchy. That's freedom? Iran's monarchy, he warns, "is not something to play with."



GARNER TED ARMSTRONG

HUSTLER: Sept. '78

Kicked out of the Worldwide Church of God in a dispute with its patriarch, his father, Garner Ted Armstrong has announced the establishment of his own church. Operating from a base in Tyler, Texas, where the media preacher is now back on the radio, his new organization is called the Church of God, International. His excommunication from Herbert W. Armstrong's church followed charges that Garner Ted was a heavy-drinking, gambling lecher.

There is speculation that Armstrong's new church will garner a significant portion of the \$75 million that is collected annually by Herbert W.'s church. The younger Armstrong has written to ministers in his father's church asking them for support. He also says representatives of the Worldwide Church of God have tried to bribe him into remaining out of the public eye. Of his excommunication, Garner Ted says: "Maybe God wanted to free me from the shackles of monstrous debts, corporate inertia, politics, jealousy, hatred, cynical contempt, greed, ego and vanity." Garner Ted was accused by his father of causing dissension within the mother church.



Cookie Nookie

Hot Cookies was one of the hotter erotic films of '78 and included a glimpse of this gallery of masterpieces.

Now a Hot Cookie T-shirt is

available (\$7.95 postpaid from Treetop Productions, 1632 Westwood Boulevard, Room 205, Los Angeles, California 90024). Get the picture?



THE OLD AND THE NEW

British blues pioneer John Mayall is a hot musician. He's also a *HUSTLER* man. His lusty interest in sex will be evident next month, when he will present *HUSTLER*'s annual review of sex magazines.

As a tribute and farewell to the British blues style that he pioneered, Mayall has released *The Last of the British Blues*. Recorded live at Cincinnati's Bogart's and Baltimore's

Painter's Mill Theater, the recording shows Mayall's ability to infuse blues with hot sexual energy. This album should generate fond memories for listeners into '60s material, as well as point to a new musical direction for Mayall.

That new direction will become clear on another album, as yet untitled, to be released soon. Produced by Bob Johnston, the man behind



John Mayall takes a plunge.

many of Bob Dylan's biggest records, the new album shows a funkier, black-oriented sound.

If anything, good music aside, the new album shows Mayall's dynamic sexual energy. In "I'm Gonna Do It" the lyrics are a good example: "I'm gonna do it to ya, honey, till you just can't take it no more. I'm gonna do it to you, baby, till you pass out on the floor... till your knees begin to shake... till the sweat runs down your face... I'm Mr. Dynamite." In "Dreamboat" a synthesizer taps out the words *love* and *fuck* in Morse code.

Mayall will probably have some hits on his hands with these two albums. And we know you'll have a hit on your hands when you read his review of sex magazines in January's *HUSTLER*.



Porn-film star Annette Haven and bluesman John Mayall at poolside.

SEASONED GREETINGS

These spicy greeting cards are the work of frequent HUSTLER contributor Olivia DeBerardinis. The X-rated Christmas and season's-greeting cards are

available for \$9 per dozen, including postage and handling, from: O Card Company, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018.



WARNING:

I Brake For Billy Carter

Cut along dotted line. Glue to bumper. Presented as a public service by HUSTLER Magazine.

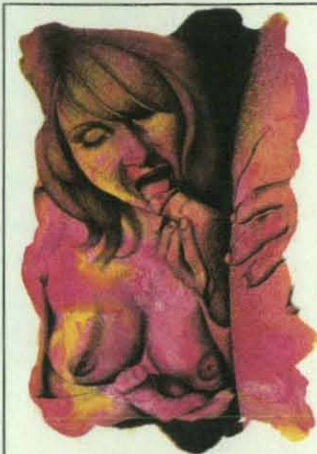


Beaver Hunters

Western sportsmen report beaver hunting was particularly good throughout the Rocky Mountain region during the past season. These two hunters

easily bagged their limit in the high country. They told HUSTLER that they stuffed and mounted their trophy as soon as they got her home.

EROTIC ART

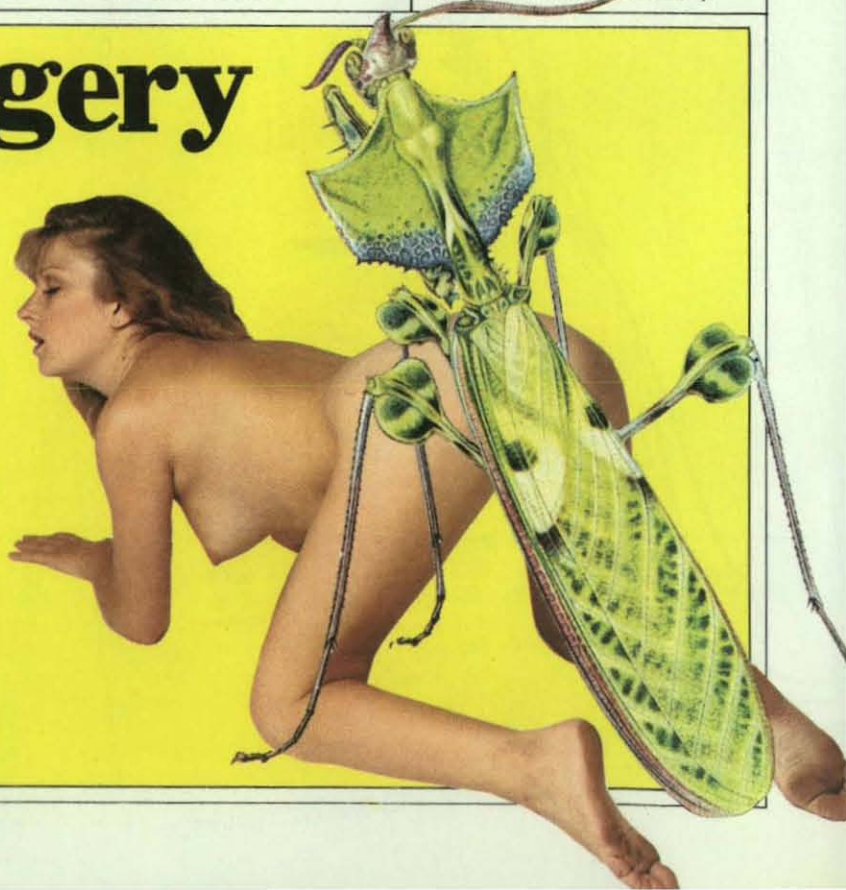


The sexual fantasies James Coleman had while he was a prison inmate are available for sale in limited editions of fine lithographs, each numbered and signed by the artist. The lithographs will be selling for \$35 to \$125. A brochure filled with examples of Coleman's work, with mail-order details, is available upon request from Leisure Time Products, Department 36, P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216. Coleman, a professional artist for some 15 years, painted most of these works while serving a six-year stretch for robbery.

Buggery

BEETLE-MANIA

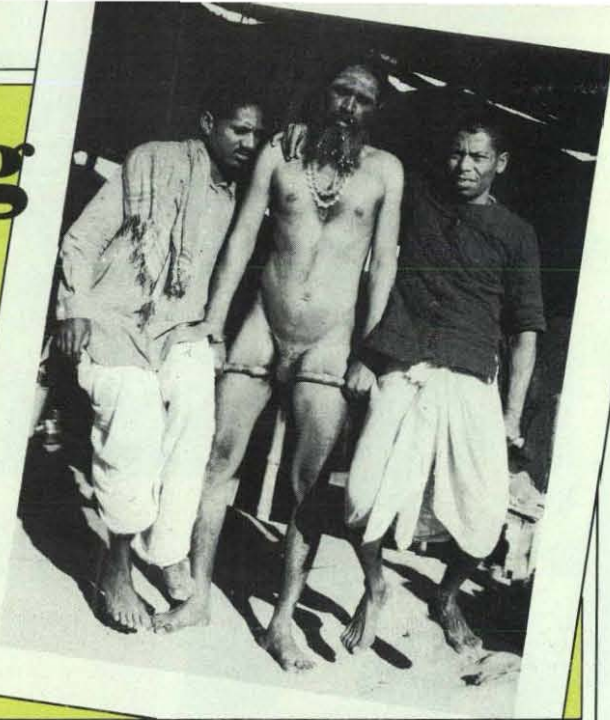
Buggery is still thought of as an unnatural and illegal sexual practice in many parts of the country. Now HUSTLER—always in the vanguard of sexual freedom in America—reveals the findings of our recent poll: All of the women questioned (one of whom, caught in the act, is pictured here) said that they found insect to be gentle yet passionate practitioners of the ancient art of buggery.





Humping Iron

Yes, that's right—this Indian swami really *is* using his cock to lift that piece of concrete. And his dingaling is curled around that pole supporting the two guys. These photos of this Schwarzenegger of the dong were brought to us by sexologists Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, who failed to report whether the hung Hindu uses the dynamic-tension method to develop the power of his love muscle.



Vivid Video

A videotape-package offer you can't refuse is being made through Leisure Time Cinema Products. The offer includes a videotape player plus a choice of hundreds of taped feature films. The huge selection of preprogrammed tapes will include adult films such as *Sex World* (shown here), as well as regular feature movies, classic films, sports films, classic adult



films and special features (such as the best of the *Star Trek* television series).

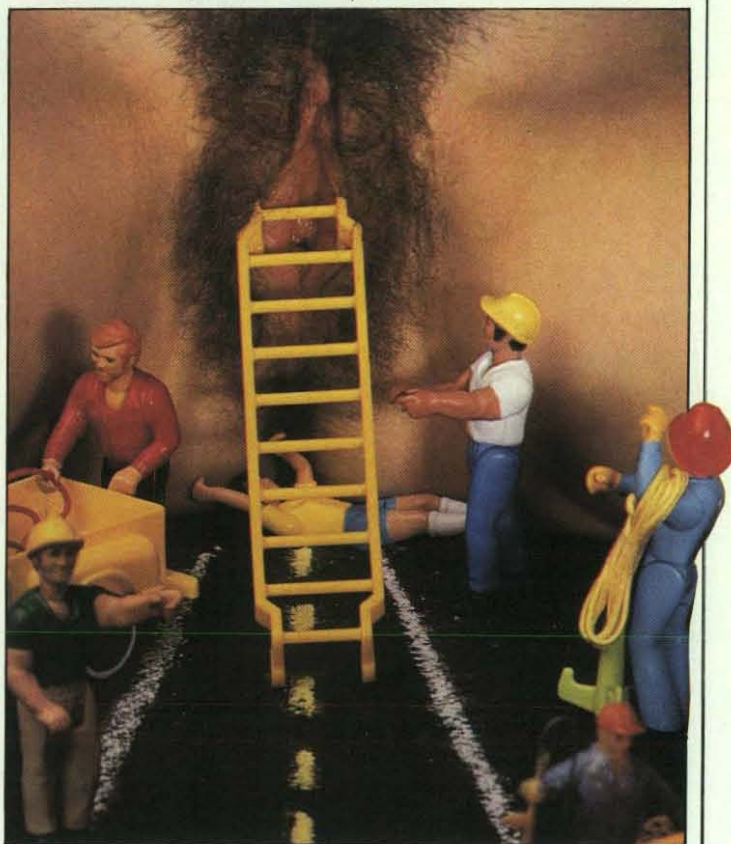
Sex World (reviewed in August's *HUSTLER*), one of the best recent adult films (and starring some of the most gorgeous chicks ever assembled on one sound stage), will be the first offering from the new operation. The basic package will include a videotape player—either Beta or VHS format—plus a dozen full-length films of your choice for \$1,199, a thousand bucks below normal retail prices.

For information, call Leisure Time Cinema Products at 800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 800-282-9216) or use the coupon on Page 13 of this issue of *HUSTLER* to get the complete lowdown on this fine offer.

VAGINAL RECONSTRUCTION

Reconstruction of the vagina to aid frigid women in achieving orgasms is being practiced by Dayton, Ohio, physician James Burt, who says his wife is one of 4,000 women he's operated on in the past dozen years. Accord-

ing to a report in *Medical World News* magazine, Mrs. Burt claims the operation was a "complete success." Some women had maintained that, prior to the operation, sex really rubbed them the wrong way.





Dirty Old Man

Lewis Carroll, the beloved author of *Alice in Wonderland*, may have been a pedophile—someone hung-up on children as sex objects. In their book *Victorian Children*, Graham Ovenden and Robert Melville consider Carroll (whose real name was the Reverend Charles L. Dodgson) to be “the finest child photographer of the 19th century.” He specialized in provocative photos—such as the one on the left—of little, little girls in nymphetlike poses. Carroll, shown above with some of his jailbait girlfriends, once told a friend he’d prefer to photograph his young models nude.



WE AGREE

When Stan Dale first applied for this personalized license plate he was turned down by the California Department of Motor Vehicles, which told him his request was in poor taste and obscene. Dale then wrote to Governor Jerry Brown asking whether it is official state policy that sex is not OK. Shortly thereafter Dale received a letter from the DMV telling him that Brown had asked for a review of the case—and it was decided that sex is OK.

NIP RIP-OFF

It says “Hustler” on the cover, but all similarity to your favorite magazine ends there. This Japanese attempt to cash in on HUSTLER’s name and popularity shows that the Japs are plain yellow when it comes to showing pink. That’s why not just this sleazy rip-off but the official Japanese edition of HUSTLER as well have models’ genitals and pubic hair blacked out when the mags are sold in Nippon.



Don’t Bank on It

That familiar pointed object in the background is the Transamerica Pyramid in San Francisco. The couple, in a scene shot in the nearby Bank of America Building, are actors in Cass Paley’s porn film *Health Spa*. Under the impression that

Paley was shooting a documentary, the bankers reeled when they discovered that the wool had been pulled over their eyes—and promptly issued a ban against the filming of any movies at their stodgy headquarters in the future.



Man of the Year

Larry Flynt and attorney Gene Reeves, both gunned down that awful March day in Lawrenceville, Georgia, have been named Men of the Year by the Adult Film Association of America. The honors were announced during the association's annual Erotica Awards at the Hollywood Palladium. Larry's award, accepted by his friend Al Goldstein (shown here receiving the plaque), honors HUSTLER's publisher "for distinguished services in the area of human rights and freedom of expression." Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, praised Larry's fight to preserve First Amendment freedoms as he accepted the honor on Flynt's behalf.

Movie awards presented by the Adult Film Association of America included: best film, *Desires Within Young Girls*; best director, Alex deRenzy's *Baby Face*.



Face, best actor, Jamie Gillis, *A Coming of Angels*; best actress, Georgina Spelvin, *Desires Within Young Girls*; best supporting actor, John Leslie, *A Coming of Angels*; best supporting actress, Annette Haven, *A Coming of Angels*; best song, Antonio Shephard for "Once Upon a Time Dream," from *Seven Into Snowy*; best screenplay, Ted Paramore and Ramsey Karson, *Desires Within Young Girls*; best photography, Alex deRenzy, *Baby Face*; best foreign film, *Bel Ami*, distributed by Mature Pictures; best trailer for coming attractions, Alex deRenzy's *Baby Face*.

GO TO HELL

That was the definitely unchristian expression used by some of these demonstrators outside the Adult Film Association of America awards presentation in Hollywood. They were yelling at *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, telling him they hope he's not saved from burning in eternal damnation. Goldstein, admittedly, had made a couple of provocative remarks of his own. Goldstein is on the right, with

cronies Ben Pesta, Editorial Director of CHIC Magazine, and blues singer John Mayall (featured in *Bits & Pieces*, page 16). The real irony of the demonstration—based on the repressive belief that sex and Christianity don't mix—is that inside, Larry Flynt (along with attorney Gene Reeves) was being named Man of the Year after being brutally shot for speaking out for his beliefs.



THIRD ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS POLL

HUSTLER established its annual erotic-film awards to encourage creativity and high quality in the erotic-film industry. To vote for this year's crop, simply fill out the ballot—remembering that one person may appear in more than one

category. Mail the ballot to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. The results will appear in our April 1979 issue. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1978.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Don't worry about it, Harley. I kind of like your tapeworm."

Categories:

- Best film: _____
- Best actress: _____
- Film: _____
- Best actor: _____
- Film: _____
- Best director: _____
- Film: _____
- Best sex scene: _____
- Film: _____
- Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____
- Film: _____
- Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____
- Film: _____

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For December, \$100 and thanks to Stan Dale, Dave Patrick and Doctors Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen.

Chicago Tribune
"Drug war hits a low point
with legal high...Yohimbe."

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Father-Daughter Incest: This letter is written out of desperation. About 14 months ago my wife was killed in an auto accident, and I was left to raise our two children alone. My son went off to college, and my daughter, who is 13, began to take care of the household chores. When her mother was alive, she seldom did a thing around the house. Now she feels she must take care of Daddy. About three months ago she started taking care of me sexually too.

I was watching television in the living room one evening when my daughter walked in, wearing a see-through nightie, and she had fixed her hair the same way my wife wore hers. She didn't say a word, but proceeded to give me the best blow job of my life. Now we sleep together regularly, but I've got such guilt feelings that I've lost weight and am a nervous wreck all the time.

I finally told a close co-worker what was happening, and he said I'm hurting myself more than my daughter because *she* seduced me, and that all I have to do is stop sleeping with her. But when she wears those sexy little outfits and cuddles up to me, I just can't resist. I could send her away to live with my sister, but then she'd feel rejected and probably tell all. What can I do?—J.O., New York, New York.

You must sit your daughter down and explain how you feel about your relationship. If she's old enough to engage in sex, she's certainly old enough to discuss the situation and understand her father's point of view. By allowing yourself to be seduced, you're giving your daughter implied permission to continue, as well as positive reinforcement for her behavior. Any relationship that agonizes you to the extent this one does cannot be healthy.

Don't let the situation slide for too long. Remember—society dictates that incest is illegal. What will happen if she becomes pregnant? Doctors are supposed to report cases of "child abuse." Or what would happen if your son found out? In the long run you could lose your daughter to the courts, and your son's respect as well.

And though recent surveys show that not all incestuous relationships are mentally devastating to the child (some of them accept it as having been a normal part of their growing-up), many children become tormented once they learn about society's taboo against incest. Your daughter shows emotional instability in that she is

obviously trying to take her mother's place. What would happen if you develop a relationship with another woman? The rejection your daughter would feel could be devastating. Seek psychiatric help for her before it is too late.

Dog Days: Sixty years ago, when I was just a boy, I used to swim naked in the creek with my friends. On one hot summer day the older boys thought it might be fun to hold me down while they let a German shepherd mount me. The dog's cock stayed hard for quite a while, so my anus was really sore by the time the whole thing was over. It was a traumatic experience.

About ten years ago my wife stopped having sex with me. I began thinking about my childhood experience and eventually enlisted the aid of a medium-sized dog to help get me off by having him mount me and take me in the ass. I now do this regularly, and I feel satisfied and relieved for a time. But could I be harming my health in any way?—W. M., Eldon, Missouri.

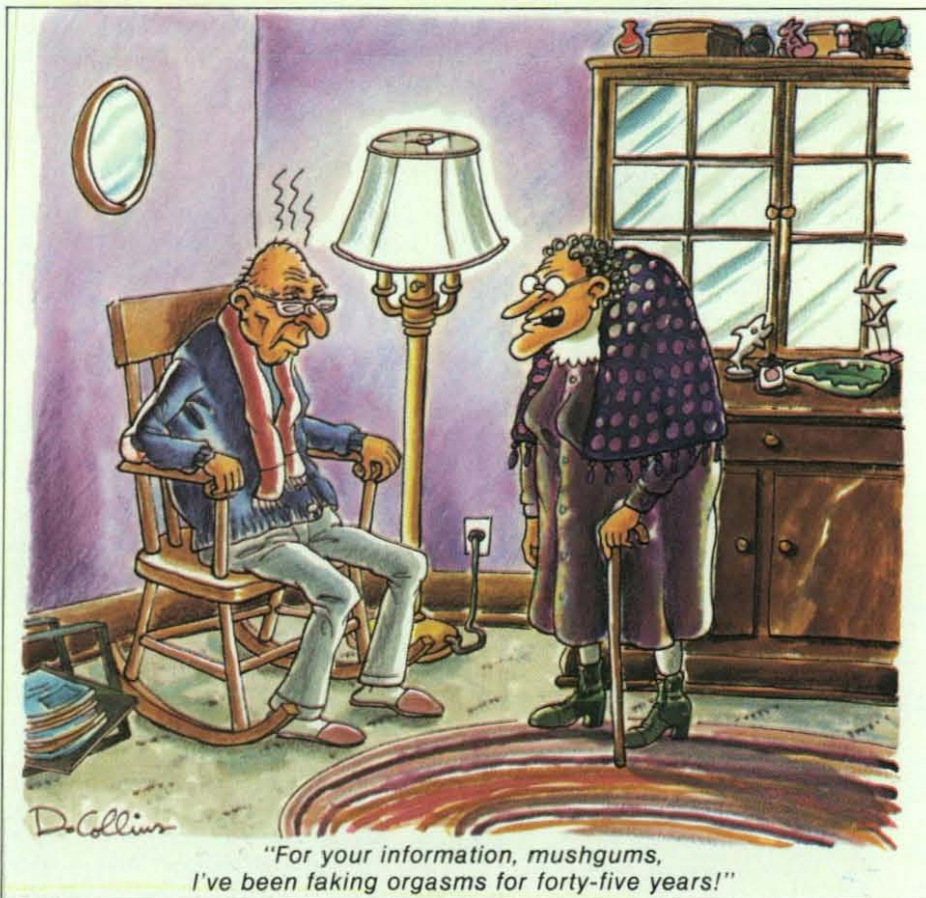
People who grow up in rural areas are reported to have more experience with bestiality than people in other parts of the nation, and in many of those areas it is viewed simply as another form of masturbation. The use of dogs for sexual gratification is not necessarily harmful, but watch for

bacterial infections such as abscesses or colitis. The anus wasn't particularly built for anything other than eliminating wastes, and the sphincter muscles are sensitive to injury from within (hard stools) or without (large objects). Thus, select your partners carefully.

Try reopening the lines of communication with your wife. Unless she is suffering from a physical infirmity putting her out of action, there is no reason she cannot have a fulfilling sex life well into old age. If all else fails, you might try catting around.

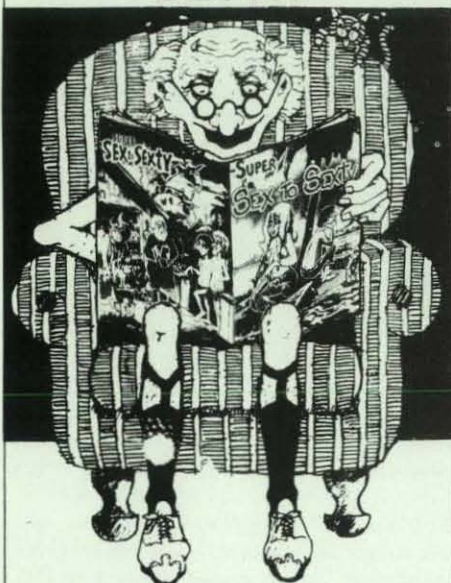
Late Bloomer: I'm 18 now, and all through puberty I waited for my cock to catch up with the rest of my body. But there it hangs, at little more than an inch. Is there still a chance it will grow any larger?—R. S., Sacramento, California.

Puberty can start as early as age ten and continues through the late teens. Young men normally finish their physical development between the ages of 14 and 18. You could simply be a slow developer, biologically speaking. How many other changes have you noted? Have you already developed pubic, facial and armpit hair? Has your voice deepened, and have you gotten taller? Have your testes and scrotum increased in size? Do you feel stronger, and have your shoulders broadened?



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ADVISE & CONSENT

There are many physical factors that delay maturation, but the problem, if there is one, could be all in your mind. If you think your body is holding back, you may want to ask a doctor. And if there is a physical problem, you might check into possible hormone treatments.

Someone to Fill His Shoes: I've been dating a fellow for about six months, and we have sex about once a day. His cock is very large—about four inches in diameter and up to 12 inches long when erect. Is it possible that any future relationship will be sexually dissatisfying if a new lover doesn't have as big a cock?—C. C., New York, New York.

Your vagina will adjust to a penis of any size. Having a steady partner with a large penis will not cause loss of vaginal muscle tone. Unless you've had a child or lost the tone in your muscles due to age, the only difference in sensation would result from psychological factors. You can be sure to "keep a tight one" by doing exercises to strengthen the vaginal muscles. Pretend you're stopping a stream of urine when you're only half-way through. Practicing that several times a day will ensure a good fit.

Getting Into Gear: I am 23, and my husband is a year younger. Our problem is my sex drive. Like an old car, I'm hard to start. We were wondering if our ages might have something to do with it. My husband thinks it's because he might come too quickly. That doesn't bother me, though, because he lavishes me with foreplay. He usually spends so much time on me at each session that we have sex only about three times a month. Could something like Ben-wa balls help me? Where can they be purchased?—H. W., Bonner Springs, Kansas.

The first thing is, you and your husband should have sex more than three times a month. The law of averages dictates that the more you go to bat, the more hits you're likely to get. You will also find orgasm easier to achieve as you get older—most women reach their sexual peak in their late 20s or early 30s.

Ben-wa balls (two hollow metal, plastic or ivory spheres, one of which holds a smaller sphere of lead or mercury) may help you get started before your lovemaking begins. When put into the vagina, the balls tap against each other and cause a pleasant feeling throughout the pelvic area. For centuries Japanese women have used them as a method of masturbation. However, since the balls themselves don't touch the clitoris, and the vagina has few nerve endings, it's questionable whether they would definitely bring you to orgasm. Remember, it's stimulation of the clit that is one of the most important methods of inducing a woman's orgasm.

Any toys that could be used before getting into the bedroom would probably be helpful sex aids. If you can set the stage for yourself far in advance, then perhaps you won't have as much trouble getting started later on. Set the mood, talk about your fantasies, take a long, erotic shower or

have your husband give you a massage with oil. And don't let your husband neglect your clit—women need more direct stimulation than men.

Leasure Time Products (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) offers Ben-wa balls for \$10.95. The order number for that particular product is #0531. A marriage counselor or sex therapist could provide further suggestions as to techniques and methods.

Dildo Dilemma: After ten years of marriage I am happy to say that my wife and I are still finding new ways to entertain ourselves sexually. We have recently gotten into playing with a variety of dildoes. We were happy using our new toys until my wife read that removing a dildo from one orifice and placing it in another can lead to venereal disease. I had never heard of such a thing. Is this really a possibility?—W. B., Saginaw, Michigan.

While moving a dildo from anus to vagina will not cause venereal diseases such as gonorrhea or syphilis, it may be a method of transmission. If either partner has VD, any form of sexual activity, with or without dildoes, is likely to result in passing the disease to the other partner.

A vaginal disorder called trichomoniasis (another form of venereal disease) can be caused by passing the dildo directly from the anus to the vagina. The one-celled animal that causes this disease, with its attendant discharge and itching, can live in the bowels. A dildo should, therefore, at least be wiped off before transferring it from one bodily orifice to another.

Guys and Bis: I'm a 25-year-old male bisexual and have been living with a heterosexual roommate, who is engaged to a very pretty girl. I also have female lovers. Over the past two years I have given my roommate blow jobs when his fiancée is on the rag or when he gets really horny. We have discussed my problem, and I don't feel guilty about what I do. He doesn't feel guilty either. Is our arrangement unique?—R. G., Mesquite, Texas.

Judging from the greater notice bisexuality has been getting in scientific journals and the popular press, your arrangement is not all that unique. What is odd, though, is that you and your roommate discussed it as your problem in particular. Your roommate may have been a "passive" partner, but he certainly was a willing participant. A strict heterosexual would not rely on a male partner when his girl is having her period or when he is horny.

Perhaps he is trying to avoid admitting his participation by projecting any guilt feelings he may have about it onto you. But as long as you are both willing and neither is being forced or harassed into these sexual activities, there is no reason to be overly concerned about it.

Once Is Enough: Just before I masturbate or get into bed with a woman, I seem all set and ready to go. But after my first ejacula-

tion I seem to lose all my sex drive. Some of my sex partners think I'm crazy because I get up and leave after one ejaculation. But once I ejaculate, my sex urge is gone. So what would be the use of sticking around?—M. B., Inman, South Carolina.

Love is for lingering—you're not a lover; you're a hit-and-run artist. Just because you don't immediately become aroused shouldn't mean that you can't get it up again. Every man takes some time to be able to gain a second erection. Even if you don't want to take much time, or if you don't have any interest in continuing your lovemaking, you will still have a more rewarding and pleasurable sex life if you linger a bit. Talk, hold your partner or simply caress her.

You might also ask yourself whether you're using sex in order to ward off intimacy or closeness. For human beings, sex is more than an animal act of procreation; it is a means of communicating, and it is an emotional exchange. Evidently, you haven't mastered the art of communication; you seem to prefer escaping from it. And you apparently don't recognize women's basic humanness. You don't relate to them as people—only as sex objects.

Help Against Herpes: Is there any word on the new drugs they've supposedly been working on to cure herpes simplex type II? Genital herpes has ruined my once very active sex life; the only things more active are the sores, which keep returning even if I use rubbers. Whenever VD is mentioned, herpes seems to be skipped over. At any rate, I think the public should be made more aware of the malady. I'm certain I can't be the only one afflicted with it.—J.S., East Lansing, Michigan.

About 20 years ago genital herpes was rare, but now it is being treated more often than syphilis or gonorrhea in private practice. Medical researchers, having given the problem intense study, have finally come up with curative treatments. A cream called *Herpigon* has been developed by Dr. Mostafa Fahim, chief of reproductive biology at the University of Missouri School of Medicine. *Herpigon*, which contains zinc sulfate, urea and tannic acid, is applied with ultrasound (high-frequency sound waves). The medication clears up the virus after three consecutive days' application, and is found to prevent recurrence even after two years. However, the new drug is still being tested.

Another potential cure is also being tested. This one, called BCG, is injected into the body. Developed by an allergist, Dr. O. E. Egbert of El Paso, Texas, the drug works by stimulating the natural immunological system of cells. To date, more than half the patients tested have responded favorably after one injection, and still more have responded favorably after a repeat injection. Like *Herpigon*, BCG has also been highly successful in preventing recurrence.

We hope that researchers will do everything in their power to make these treatments available to the public just as soon as is humanly possible. In

the meantime, have your own physician keep close track of the progress of these studies.

Flat-Chested Females: Why is it I rarely see flat-chested women featured in men's magazines? I am especially turned-on by women with small tits. The cover of July's CHIC magazine carried one such lovely, but it seems that flat-chested women just don't get equal space. I'd love to meet and marry a woman with a small chest. What is the best way to approach such women, since most of them would tend to be self-conscious about not having big tits?—D.C., Soddy-Daisy, Tennessee.

Since many women are inclined to be self-conscious about their breasts (whether they are too large or too small), we suggest you don't introduce yourself by saying "Hi, I see you're flat-chested." Once you get to know a woman, that's the time to tell her about your particular interest.

The appeal of the large-breasted woman seems to predominate in our society at this time, and magazines generally reflect society. In the '20s it was popular to be a flat-chested flapper. The interest in breast size varies from culture to culture and from generation to generation. The little-girl look is a special turn-on to some men in today's America, but it just doesn't seem to be the norm.

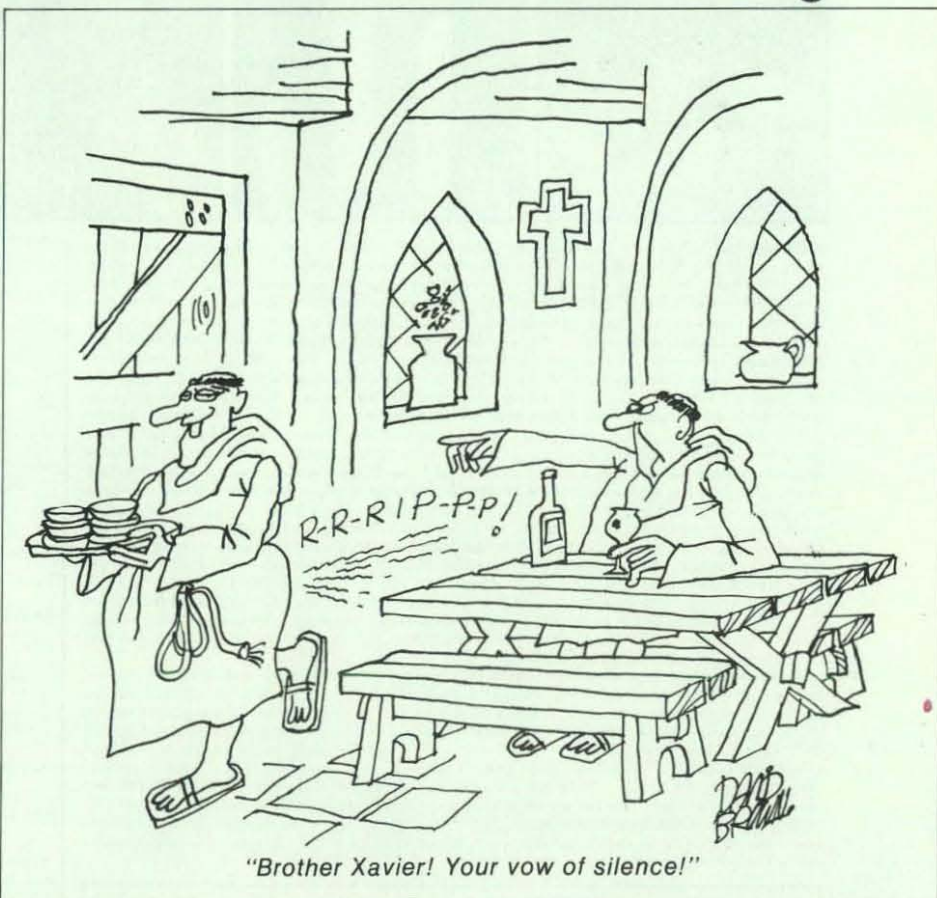
Kink Redefined: I am married, and once in a while I would like to have some kinky sex with my wife. But every time I suggest it, she gets really upset. What I mean by kinky

is having sex in places other than in our bed, trying different positions or fiddling with foods or sex aids. How can I change her mind?—W. L., San Francisco, California.

First of all, you must both discard the Victorian definition you have for what is "kinky." Nowadays trying different places and positions are normal activities in a healthy, active sex life. Bring home some sex manuals or sex-therapy books. Bookstores now stock whole shelves of volumes dealing with every aspect of sex. Read passages aloud to your wife and get her to comment on things she could not or would not try, or ask her which things might stimulate her. Once she realizes that your suggestions are widely written about and accepted by sex therapists, physicians and psychiatrists, she may begin to get over her fears and inhibitions.

Our next suggestion is don't wait until you are in the bedroom before you experiment with something new. Start your sex play on the couch or in the kitchen. If you relax with a cocktail in the evening, dip your finger into your drink, put a drop on her neck and lick it off. You can do the same thing with ice cream, whipped cream or gelatin, and work your way down from there.

Until your wife gets used to doing more imaginative things, make your sex play as natural as possible. You might scare her off if what you propose to do or use is too "mechanical" or "planned." And do not, under any circumstances, force her to do anything she absolutely refuses to do. She might be turned-off to any subsequent suggestions on your part.



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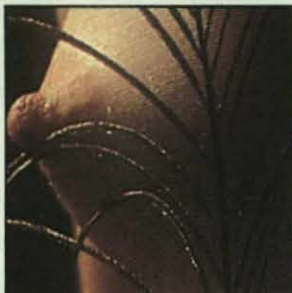
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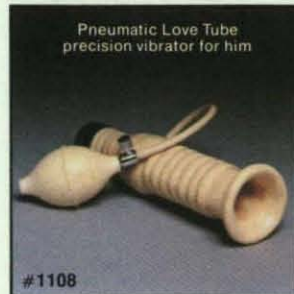
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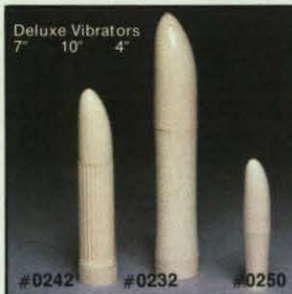
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MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

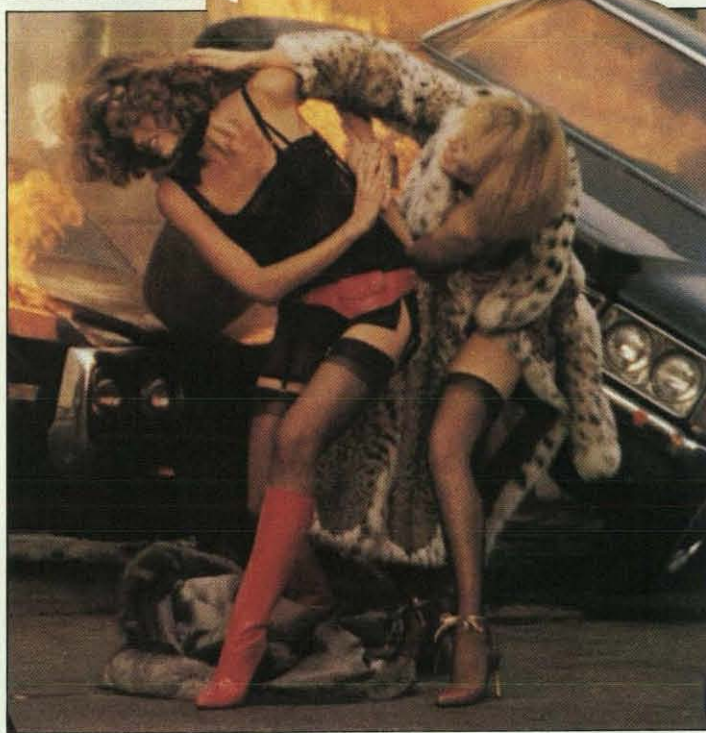
In this section we not only review films, books and other media in America today, but also comment on the state of the arts with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. We'll present those items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

MOVIES

We're about ten minutes into **Eyes of Laura Mars**. Cars are burning in Columbus Circle. We see a half-dozen thin women with punk makeup caked on their eyes, their breasts almost popping out of their dresses, which are glittery black and slit up the middle to reveal flesh glazed to catch the light. The women pull each other's hair, kick and squeal. Two of them senselessly strike dance poses to the sound of some blaring disco music overpowering all other sounds but that of the flames. (Is the music coming from a radio in a burning car?) If we can look past the self-conscious sexuality of these women, and through the shimmer of the flames, we can see New York City doing business as usual: the traffic passing without slowing down; the pedestrians walking by without turning to look.

Now the camera pulls back and we see Laura Mars (Faye Dunaway). Her dress is also slit—halfway up her thighs—and we see her long pale legs in varying poses and contortions as she crouches to get the right angle to take her photographs. Her camera serves as her eyes,

'Eyes of Laura Mars': Cover girl sheds fur for haunted shutterbug.



'Eyes': Faye Dunaway's models in mock violence—a preview of murder?

and there's a reason for the sexy shots.

Her sexuality is as much a contrast to the sexuality of the models as the weird burning scene is a contrast to the oblivious flow of New York City. The models' legs are thin and perfect like the legs of almost no one *but* models. Dunaway's legs are thicker, paler; they are sexy, but sexy in that way of people we know, people who are real. They are *too* pale, and there's just a hint of *too* much flesh.

The models have the phony sexiness of all bad pornography; they look as if they never sweat, are never nervous, have no desires that could not be fulfilled by a hard-on. But Faye Dunaway's sexiness is as complex as reality. We see that her body doesn't quite know what to do with itself, like ours; we see that her needs are sometimes desperate and often contradictory, like ours. We see that even if she could get what she wants, she might not be able to handle it. Yet she's *there* and she's game, as we hope we all are.

While Laura Mars is taking pictures with her mechanical

"eye," she suddenly "sees" a friend being murdered. She sees it hazily, jaggedly, but she does see it. The audience is whirled around a clash of opposites: the mechanical eye of the camera and the inner eye of her mind; the murder her psychic sense is perceiving and the mock murder she is photographing; the fake sex of the models and the anxiously real sex of Dunaway; the knowledge that we're only watching a movie and the equally vivid knowledge that this movie is made of the same stuff the '70s are made of.

Eyes of Laura Mars is a sexy mystery, excellently photographed, acted, written and edited. It gives you all you expect from a mystery, but its real brilliance lies in how, from start to finish, the real is placed beside the phony, and the pure beside the distorted. Director Irvin Kershner has kept the mood of the film squarely between these disparate qualities, so that we are constantly aware of both sides. Being caught in the middle of such things is the mood of 1978. Kershner's film goes beyond being a sexy mystery, and becomes a document for our time. —Michael Ventura

EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As we don't want to frighten the *HUSTLER* reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, the following section of *Media Takes* will, we hope, direct you to the very best in erotic film fare.

The Senator's Daughter

Leave it to the porn industry to take a silly TV conception like *The Six Million Dollar Man* and make it even sillier. Nonetheless, as porn plots go this one is quite ambitious. True, the story stumbles and falls on its celluloid face before the first reel is run out, but at least the producers of *The Senator's Daughter* seem to have made an honest effort.

The film features Leslie Bovee and John Holmes at the head of an anonymous (and mostly female) supporting cast. As for the story, Senator Stanley Watergate's daughter (Bovee) has been abducted by the enemy because she is working on an unnamed top-secret project. The senator and some Army/CIA types gather to conjecture about her fate. "Well, she'll be sexually abused, but sucking and fucking won't kill her," Major Andrews reasons while receiving an under-the-table blow job from his secretary. Saving the senator's daughter is where Holmes comes into the act.

Although *every* scene in this flick has some sexual content, only two are genuinely erotic and interesting. The first features Holmes fucking one of the anonymous ladies in an exotic setting with soft-focus lighting and Indian music playing in the background. Later John has his schlong bitten off. He's getting a mobile blow job when *crunch!*—his car smashes up on the road, and his dis-

tended dingus gets the chop.

Always prepared, the Army/CIA types rush to the hospital with a special mission. Their plan involves outfitting John with a bionic eye, arm and cock. (This is nothing new to John; as everyone knows, he was *born* with a bionic cock.) Nevertheless, he gets ample opportunity to test out his electronic tool in a series of mundane scenes with the hospital's nurses.

Predictably, agent Holmes fights and fucks his way into the enemy lair and saves the senator's daughter. And just as predictably, she shows her gratitude with every orifice—again in soft focus. This is the finale, and it's a good scene.

Leslie Bovee exudes a sexuality unmatched by younger and prettier women, and she seems to genuinely get off on John's salamilike cock. It is a scene that projects some real emotion—a refreshing change from the mechanical, wind-up-doll trysts that mar most porn productions. Unfortunately, Holmes and Bovee are together for only seven or eight minutes of a 71-minute film. What remains when they are offscreen is pedestrian grist ground mushy in a fuck-film mill.

Sensual Encounters of Every Kind

A problem many reviewers of hard-core erotica have is their sexism; they write only about the gorgeous cunts of porndom, while glossing over the male stars as so much erectile tissue. And that's a pity, for there's a small but talented group of male actors in porn today who not only get it up on cue but can also act.

John Leslie is a fine example—a man of moderate dick size who seems so natural when fucking on camera that he makes John Holmes look like a wooden Indian with dry rot. Leslie's sense of irony and comic timing breathed fresh air into *Sex World* (reviewed in August's *HUSTLER*), and in *Sensual Encounters of Every Kind* he performs the same life-giving function—this time as a hen-



'Sensual': Georgina Spelvin (above, top) conducts an intensive tutorial.

pecked coach at Handover College for Girls.

The coach has been given a magic amulet that (though he doesn't know it) renders him sexually irresistible. So when he tells two captivating coeds to work harder at their calisthenics in the gym, it's no surprise to the audience when their tricky leg-raising exercises turn into trickier prick-raising exercises. What gives the scene its power is Leslie's ability to show a gradual change in attitude from shocked to fucked. (Sound easy? You try it under hot lights, take after take, and still have your pecker rise on command!) The trio seek greater privacy in the college sauna, and there follows a slow-motion orgy—the girls in fetishistic rubber caps and goggles, their lush bodies squirming in sweat.

The magic amulet is the plot device that threads each section of *Sensual Encounters* together. Its powers are only available

once to each recipient, then pass to the next person who wears it. Leslie's scene is by far the most erotic and dramatically satisfying, due mainly to his fine talents as a character actor, but also to the hot antics of the two coeds, played by Dorothy Le May and Lori Rhodes.

A close second in all-around titillation is the scene featuring the princess of porn, Georgina Spelvin, and for much the same reasons. As a pristine tutor to two spoiled teenage brats, Ms. Spelvin tries unsuccessfully to interest them in the finer points of French literature in their Beverly Hills mansion. But the amulet around her neck changes the lesson plan, and the kinky siblings—played by Robert Metz and Samantha—soon have their teacher on the floor with her legs apart.

Georgina's mature sexuality is a constant delight; she has the unique ability to pour forth a stream of hilarious verbal

advice to her lovers while being reamed from top to bottom: "Just reach your hand down to my clit," she says to the naughty sister. "You know where my clit is, don't you, dear?"

It was no surprise that Ms. Spelvin won an "Erotica" for best actress at the Second Annual Awards of the Adult Film Association of America last July or that John Leslie won as best supporting actor for his role in *A Coming of Angels* (see *Bits and Pieces*, page 21). Ms. Spelvin's award was for her role in *Desires Within Young Girls*, which also won the best-picture award and was produced by the Film Makers

'Encounters': No one can resist John Leslie's magic amulet.








Company, the same group of businesslike (yet humanistic) smut-lovers who created *Sensual Encounters*. The Film Makers Company has a nationwide reputation for not only producing lushly photographed and tightly edited porn, but also for treating their players as human beings in a business notorious for its butcher-shop ethics.

Sensual Encounters is not quite in the same league as *Desires*; it's a cheaper and more episodic production altogether, with occasional lapses of energy. But Max Wellman's impeccable photography, the sterling acting of John Leslie and Georgina Spelvin and the voluptuous presence of Serena and Leslie Bovee all combine to make *Sensual Encounters of Every Kind* worth the trip.—M. S.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Pretty Peaches

While some of the other name producers of screen porn constantly try to outdo themselves, Alex deRenzy glides along with his successful formula of conventional plot structure, strong sexual content, good production and just a taste of the kinky.

Pretty Peaches is no exception. The freshest thing in this deRenzy film is Desiree Cousteau, whose large, gravity-defying tits are the pretty peaches of the movie's title. She is also one of the more interesting starlets to break into porn films recently. Here she's cast as the spoiled and bubblebrained daughter of a wealthy businessman.

As the film opens, Dad (John Leslie) is marrying a foxy black girl (Flower O'Neill) in Nevada. Peaches, jealous and drunk, drives out of town in a Jeep, which she quickly manages to run off the road. She's discovered by two itinerant types out of San Francisco (Joey Civera and Jim Davis). One of these scoundrels balls her while she's unconscious. They claim ownership of her Jeep when she awakens with, strangely enough, a case of amnesia. Meanwhile, the scene shifts to the wedding-night activities of Dad and his new bride.

As usual in deRenzy's films, the sexual activity starts slowly and builds steadily to orgasmic



'Pretty Peaches': Desiree Cousteau loses no time getting to the bottom of things in Alex deRenzy's latest.

excesses. And, as usual, he uses good rock music to accent the fucking and sucking. Other porn producers could take some lessons from deRenzy here.

Dad, the horny old fucker, gets into a threesome with his bride and their German maid in a bedful of dildoes and other sex aids. At the same time, Peaches has reached San Francisco, where she has a hose encounter of the turd kind with a strange albino fellow who gets a faceful of expelled bowel spray for his efforts.

There are two orgy scenes. One is a chaotic S&M affair that is more interesting than erotic. The other is quite sexy: About a dozen persons covered with baby oil writhe together on a plastic mattress. This scene ends with Peaches looking up to discover that the guy she's going down on is—surprise,



'Pretty Peaches': Many hands make light work of Desiree Cousteau.

sweetheart—dear old Dad. On this incestuous note *Pretty Peaches* ends.

This is not deRenzy's best effort. The nuances of the plot are barely worth noting.

Nevertheless, the film provides plenty of hot and imaginative sex. And for you mammoth-mammary fans, newcomer Desiree Cousteau is a tasty peach indeed.

'Pretty Peaches': A hose encounter of the turd kind results in a faceful of foam for a goggle-eyed albino.



BOOKS

The Sex Atlas: A New Illustrated Guide

By Erwin J. Haeberle, Ph.D., D.A.; Photography by Laird Sutton, Ph.D.; The Seabury Press, 815 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017; \$25.00

Sexual Hangups of the American Male

By Dr. Robert V. Fike; Grossmont Press, 7071 Convoy Court, Suite 310, San Diego, California 92111; \$8.95

A good sex book is like good sex: It's fascinating, it's satisfying, and the more you get into it the more you want to keep going. *The Sex Atlas* (an excerpt begins on page 71 of this issue) is a sensitive, illuminating look at a complex subject. In 509 pages it covers virtually every phase of human sexuality and answers questions you didn't even know you had about sex.

Written by Dr. Erwin J. Haeberle, a faculty member of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, *The Sex Atlas* is intended to be a textbook as well as a guide for anyone and everyone. It's an expensive book, but one that HUSTLER believes should be in every home.

The Sex Atlas is divided into three parts, each beautifully illustrated with explicit and frequently erotic photographs and drawings. Part I, "The Human Body," contains numerous photos of the genitals of both young and adolescent boys and girls, and of men and women. Photos of sexual practices ranging from fucking to cocksucking are found in Part II, "Human Sexual Behavior," while Part III, "Sex and Society," is lavishly illustrated with erotic art. In all there are more than 600 photos and illustrations to enjoy.

The use of explicit sexual photographs is a good indication of Haeberle's out-front style. He doesn't pull any punches as he covers such topics as masturbation, impotence, anal intercourse and sexual oppression.

His writing is as clear, honest and interesting as the illustrations. One example is his discussion of problems with timing

the male's orgasm. Haeberle describes how a woman, while masturbating her partner, can apply the "squeeze technique" to delay the man's ejaculation.

Dealing with taboo subjects such as child molestation, Haeberle displays a refreshingly nonjudgmental attitude. While there are certainly many who'll disagree with some of his statements, his beliefs are thought-provoking. For instance, on the subject of child molestation he writes: "The laws often do not distinguish between dangerous molestation and consensual, pleasant encounters which are enjoyed by the child. It is simply assumed that children cannot give consent to a sexual act and that any such act is always harmful. However, this view is irrational and oppressive." He explains that age limits for children are frequently unrealistic and that the fuss made about child molestation sometimes confuses the child more than the act itself, since the offender is often a friend or relative.

It's a pleasure to read a sex book that's so enlightening and liberating. *Sexual Hangups of the American Male* is just the opposite. It's the kind of book you'll want to give to the asshole down the block who's always making eyes at your wife

or girlfriend. If he bothers to read it, he'll wind up with such a distorted view of male sexuality that his cock may attain the permanent state of slackness depicted by the limp male symbol on the book's cover.

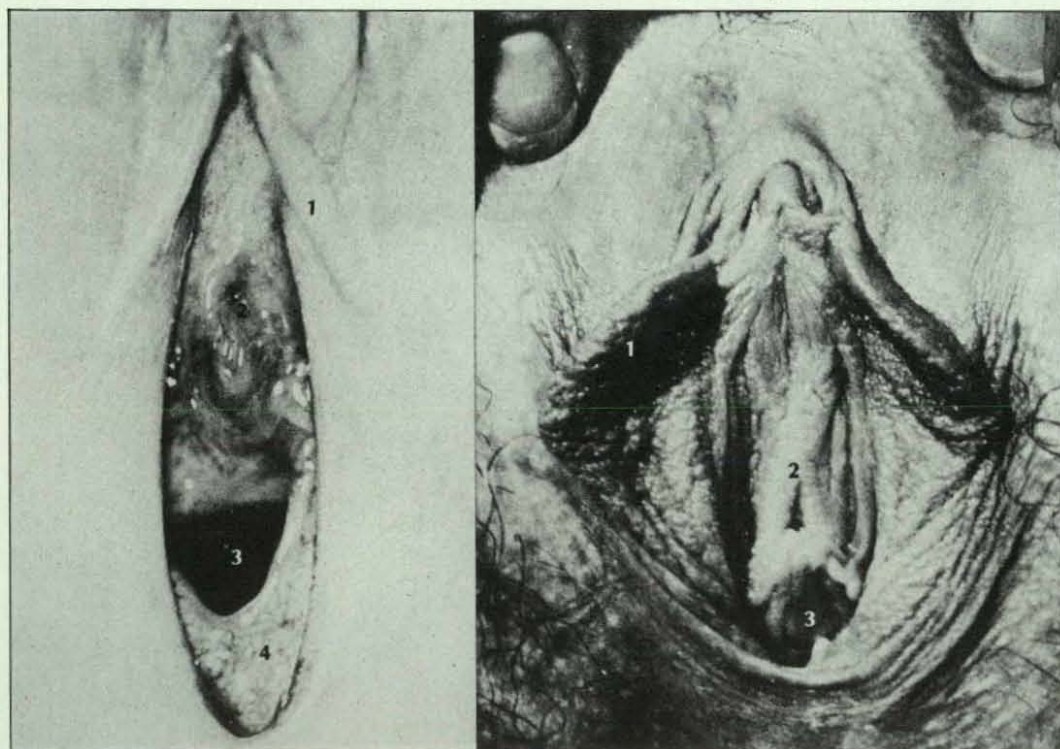
Dr. Robert V. Fike, we are told, has been counseling men with sexual problems for 28 years. No doubt the birth rate has declined substantially in his hometown during this period. Men, especially those who want help with sexual problems, need a book like this as much as a drowning man needs a glass of water.

Dr. Fike joins the ranks of countless other sex "experts" who tell us that masturbating doesn't cause hair to grow on the palms of our hands and that women do, indeed, enjoy balling. Trouble is, that's just not news anymore, especially to HUSTLER readers.

To show you where Fike is at, take a look at what he has to say about men's magazines and adult films: "All women, especially married ones, resent their sexual partners' having to look at pornographic magazines and skin flicks to get sexually turned-on." BULLSHIT! Millions of women are damn happy their men get turned-on at all. In fact, there are millions of women who get turned-on themselves by sexy magazines and movies.

After drawing up a frighteningly long list of sexual problems men are likely to face (and they mostly boil down to hard-on problems), Dr. Fike comes up with a solution: self-hypnosis. Then he ends the book with a publisher's note informing us that—surprise!—self-hypnosis tapes can be ordered from the author himself for only \$9.95—a buck more than the cost of this wretched book. It's a clever writer who praises something to high heaven, then offers his readers a chance to buy it from him.

Save your \$9.95 on the tapes; while they can't be much worse than the book, they probably won't be much better. Instead of buying this piece of junk, take your \$8.95 and catch a porn flick with your wife or girlfriend. Or better yet, apply that money toward the purchase of Dr. Haeberle's book. —Lee Quarnstrom



'Sex Atlas': External sex organs of young girl (left) and mature woman. While (1) minor lips, (2) opening of urethra and (3) vaginal opening are present in both, the hymen (4), having been torn away, is absent in the woman.



'Sorcerers': Although fantasy art isn't new, this style of head-trip candy is everywhere in the 1970s.

Sorcerers: A Collection of Fantasy Art

Edited by Bruce Jones and Armand Eisen; foreword by Ken Kesey; Ariel Books, Suite 2406, Power and Light Building, Kansas City, Missouri 64105; \$7.95 If there are any rules to fantasy art, nobody's saying what they are. Orange lizards with luscious tits lounge on cushions and sip exotic drinks. Nordic horsemen with smoking swords fight giant green bugs wearing fur boots. Rotting corpses drag themselves from their graves as saliva stretches between their grinning lips. And medieval sorcerers butt-fuck little girls in paisley vegetation.

Fantasy art isn't new. Five-hundred years ago Flemish painter Hieronymus Bosch's nightmares were inhabited by huge insects that ate humans like wafers. In the late 18th century William Blake accompanied his poetry with visionary etchings, and during the 19th century dozens of eccentric British artists were illustrating the children's books of Hans Christian Andersen and Lewis Carroll. When the pulp market began to flourish in America in the late 1920s, magazines like *Weird Fantasy* and

Weird Tales opened their doors to freaked-out commercial artists who could illustrate the imaginings of H. P. Lovecraft, Algernon Blackwood and other madmen writers.

Now, in the 1970s, fantasy art is everywhere. Thanks to the popularity of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, Edgar Rice Burroughs's Martian adventures, Robert E. Howard's *Conan* books and C. S. Lewis's enchanted stories, fantasy art covers thousands of paperback

books that have found their way into nearly every American home. Popular movie posters for *Star Wars*, *The Norseman* and *Wizards* use fantasy art; so do hundreds of bizarre rock album covers. New magazines like *Heavy Metal* have sprung up to glorify fantasy art. And, finally, book publishers have gotten around to touting it as a new form of art with a capital A.

Sorcerers is one of those books.

Any of you can dream up these strobe-lit visions and nightmares after staying up all night with a couple of tabs of speed buzzing through your tubes. Just shut your eyes and watch the neon flash inside your head.

But the 11 artists whose works appear in *Sorcerers* are able to put their visions onto canvas. Some of them call their stuff art, while others confess that they simply illustrate sci-fi novels and sword-and-sorcery adventures. No matter what they call it, fantasy art is head-trip candy—brightly colored, usually sweet and sure to grab your attention.

Not everyone will like these pictures. But if you like fantasy and sci-fi, and if you're the sort of person who sometimes likes to shut your eyes and let the world float away for a while, *Sorcerers* will probably please you very much. —Jim Dawson



Dreemz

by Benjamin Stein; Harper & Row; \$8.95

Do people really "go Hollywood"? Ben Stein sure did. A onetime Nixon speechwriter, editor for the *Wall Street Journal* and an Easterner, Stein dropped in on Los Angeles in 1976. A year later he was a creative consultant for Norman Lear, television's hottest comedy producer (*All in the Family*, *The Jeffersons*, *Mary Hartman*), and driving a Mercedes Benz 450 SLC with the license plate DREEMZ. Stein was spending hundreds of dollars a month at the best Hollywood hangouts and spending time with Tinseltown cutie-pies.

This book is a diary of Stein's first 14 months in L.A. It's bawdy, fun to read and clever. Stein has a lot of insight and, fortunately, he has the opportunity here to share that insight through his vignettes of encounters with almost every kind of Hollywood character imaginable.

He meets a whore who's saving her bucks to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. He picks up a hitchhiker who says she used to be a hooker but is now in a chanting cult. He finds a neighbor lady who wants to make a deal to satisfy his "sexual needs" in exchange for his paying her rent and utilities. (He turns her down.)

Stein talks about Lisa, "the prettiest girl I know in L.A." Like everyone else there, she is trying to "find herself." Lisa thinks she's done it by getting into group sex with a record-company bigwig.

But, alas, Lisa runs into some problems. The recording executive and his two mistresses have a lady—dressed in a leather corset and high-heeled boots—put Lisa in a leather discipline helmet, chain her to a bedpost and whip her. Now she's worried about the executive's feelings about her. "I just have to wonder if he's sincere," she confesses to Stein.

DREEMZ is a flashy, free-wheeling look at all three facets of Hollywood: the sleazy, the slick and the humdrum. It leaves you with the feeling that the movie capital of the world may be a nice place to visit, but only briefly. —L.Q.

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SEXPLAY

by Dorothy Simon

Asked recently if I was a sexually liberated woman, I cheerfully responded, "Yes!" My definition of *liberated* means I have the same rights as a man. I have a steady partner, but I have the right, as he does, to take lovers. In addition, I have no hesitation about making my own contacts, or about responding honestly and enthusiastically to an acceptable pickup. I would like to stress *acceptable*, because not every man with a pretty face and a good line gets into my bed or between my legs.

Since I am not afraid of being approached, I don't present the sort of hands-off attitude many women do. But this can lead to some sticky situations.

It was last Halloween. My date and I were at a disco. We were in costume; mine was a turn-of-the-century, green-velvet corset, which I had decorated with a cascade of flowers. In short, I had come as a dance-hall tart. And that was what got me into trouble.

We were standing at the bar, sipping our drinks, when this guy, who had obviously sipped a few too many, lurched up to me.

"Hey, baby," he slurred, "that's a far-out costume!"

"Thanks," I said nervously, moving beyond range of his tipsy spills.

"Yup. Sure do like the way it shows your tits."

I picked up my drink to move elsewhere.

"Whatsamatter? You upset 'cause I like your tits and ass? Why, they're so sweet I'd like to get my hands on them and..."

I tried not to lose my temper. He *was* drunk. "Look, it's nice of you to say so, but I'm really not interested." I started to push past, and he tipped half his drink down my bodice. I looked at him frigidly. "Next time, mister, use a little restraint—and I don't mean the S&M kind," I said.

This incident illustrates one of the basic mistakes many men make. They see a

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex play throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and to make them even better persons.



HOW TO REALLY PICK UP GIRLS

woman who is proud of her figure and not afraid to show it (along with calculated portions of herself), and they take it as *carte blanche* to fall on her fine body. Nine times out of ten that is not what she had in mind... at least, not without some polite preliminaries. And it's in dealing with preliminaries that most men make their mistakes.

It's almost as if the more sexy a woman's way of dress the coarser a man's approach. And that's not fair! It puts the gal in a bind. If she dresses like a schoolteacher, she'll be well-treated—by squares. If she dresses like a bombshell, she'll attract good-looking

studs, sure, but they'll act as if she's a cat in heat. She may well be, but that doesn't mean it's open season on her.

If the fellow at the disco bar had been less drunk and capable of more finesse, the dialogue might have gone like this:

He: "That's really a terrific costume."

Me: "Thank you."

He: "I mean it. There aren't many women who look good in something like that. It fits you perfectly."

Me: "How sweet of you."

He: "Would you like to dance?"

With that kind of lead I naturally step right into his arms, and there we are.

All it takes for a man to approach a woman successfully is a little *consideration*. No one likes to be dealt with as nothing but a sex object. A woman dressed provocatively likes to have mention made of the fact, but in a way that leaves her the option of choice. She's dressed that way to attract a man she'll be interested in, not the entire male population. And she doesn't want to be made to feel she has to wear a bag over her head to get through life.

Granted, learning how to toe the fine line between an acceptable compliment and an insult is not the easiest thing. Putting lust into words makes it frightening. A lustful glance, on the other

hand, can be tantalizing. A lot can be said nonverbally. A phrase as harmless as "What a nice dress you're wearing" can become an invitation to the dance if it's delivered properly.

Lean forward so you enter (but don't invade) her body space—that invisible circle we all carry around with us. Entering her space carefully creates immediate intimacy, even if you don't know her. Disarm your words with a real smile. If it feels right, and you're bold enough, perhaps you might reach out and touch her dress on the sleeve or shoulder—a nonthreatening place. You seem to be touching the material, but

you and she both know you are really touching her.

Drop your voice just a little so she has to listen carefully, and perhaps even lean toward you a bit. *Pause* between "That's a nice dress. . ." and ". . . you're wearing." This will suggest that however nice you think it looks, you would prefer her not to be wearing it at all. You're being subtle.

On the surface you've said nothing but what a nice dress she has on, but below the surface you've managed to fit in "How sexy you look in it, babe, and you know what I'd like to do? Get you out of it and into bed!" That may be what she wants to do too, but she doesn't want to hear about it right away.

This is not deception or teasing. It's a normal social process. Animals go through the same thing. It's called courtship, an interesting word that historically means the romantic manners followed and taught at court. Learning to conduct a courtship correctly can make you a prince instead of a jester.

There are other ways to approach women, of course. They all depend on the situation, the girl and you. If you dig *Kojak* and baseball, you aren't likely to get along with a woman studying Egyptology. Any approach has to be tailored to the moment. But there are a few basic ground rules to follow.

The Party: Since you are both friends of the host or hostess, or at least friends of friends, you already have a common bond. That doesn't mean every conversation should open up with "And how do you know Tom?" Avoid the cliché. A better ploy is the disarming admission that you are having trouble. Women are suspicious of the pickup, and to have a man admit that a pickup is what's on his mind (but it's making him insecure) may defuse the tension of first contact. It's an honest approach, innocent and open. It could make many women feel that the man is trustworthy.

Example: "I've been looking at you [she already knows that, but it doesn't hurt to remind her], and I think you're beautiful [works even if she isn't]. In fact, you're so beautiful I'm uptight about what to say to you." Makes her feel like a dangerous woman. Chances are she'll ask why good looks make you nervous, or otherwise leave you an opening to continue the conversation.

Here are some things to remember about party pickups:

Don't hang around silently with a drink in your hand and your heart on your sleeve; it makes a woman uncomfortable. Make your move before she moves away. Avoid the boring-cliche

opening; it tends to kill a conversation quicker than bad breath. Even if she's there with someone else, don't rule her out for future dates. Give her the option by giving her *your* number.

Generally, the situation can be handled by a forthright question: "Call me sometime and we could go to a movie, or I could give you a ring next time I hear of something you'd like to see." (The only problem with this approach is that she might say, "Don't call me. I'll call you.") Another way to go about it is to suggest you exchange numbers. Man: "Why don't I give you my number? Then when there's a movie you'd like to see, give me a ring. [Pause] And why don't you give me yours? That way I can call you if a special show comes up."

The Bar: This is a place where many single people go to make contacts. But that doesn't make contact easier. Women tend to go to these places in pairs. It's protective to have a girlfriend around, but it may be so protective that nothing happens. Unless you're with a male friend too, you're unlikely to score. Only one of the pair is going to interest you, and that's going to leave the other half out in the cold. How to break this front? Pay court to *both*. Get or give telephone numbers from both. Call the one you like the best, and hope the other one doesn't call you.

A bar sometimes has opportunities for conversation built right in. A bar specializing in fancy drinks gives you the chance to comment: "Ever tried a Polynesian Punch? I hear it's so strong that after one sip you have a suntan." Then you can follow up with an offer to buy her one.

Here are some don'ts in a public bar: Don't come on so strong that you offend. We've already discussed the pitfalls of the heavy-handed move.

Don't assume that the woman you're eyeing is there because she wants to go to bed with someone that very evening, even if that's why *you're* there. A bar is a place for contacts, not a clearinghouse for ready game. Women in bars are often looking for a little relationship or friendship, while men in bars often give the impression that what they're looking for is a good fuck, with no extras thrown in. If you're not willing to give a little companionship, you might as well go down to the local cathouse and pay for your sex. Knowing and caring about a person before you share your body with them enhances the joy of the experience.

Don't get so drunk that you get sloppy. If you're that far gone, you probably won't be able to get it up anyway.

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situation that comes up unexpectedly. You see an attractive woman alone at a movie, in a park, on the street or in the skating rink. You don't want her to walk out of your life without walking into it first. So you must try to make the hardest approach of all: the Strangers-When-We-Meet move.

In this situation you have no prior connections. You don't have mutual friends; neither of you is there for the explicit reason of meeting someone; she isn't expecting anyone to approach her.

As in the party scene, sometimes the best thing to do is be candid. Walking up to a total stranger and saying, almost apologetically, as if you were embarrassed by it, "Excuse me, I hope you don't mind my saying this, but I think you're ravishing" takes guts, because she just might turn around and say, "Yeah? Well, I think you're a worm!"

Just remember, the woman is vulnerable too. (A woman on the street has to suffer a lot of flak; it's often very hard to sort out who is safe and honest.) An aggressive, negative response might stem more from fear than from the fact she doesn't like *you*. If you get slammed down on your first attempt, don't give up right away and slink off with a limp dong. Come back with "Look, I know you must get a lot of weirdos coming at

you. I can't convince you I'm different in a few words, but I thought I'd take the chance you wouldn't put me down. After all, there is so much you can miss in life if you don't take chances." (Good psychological point, meaning if she doesn't take the chance to talk to *you*, she'll be missing a lot.)

If you see a woman you can't honestly use this approach on, you might try something like "Pardon me. I very much want to talk with you, but I'm not sure exactly how to go about it." That, too, can result in a brush-off. But that's a chance you have to take.


There are many, many different ways to handle the casual encounter. One method is to use some aspect of the activity you might be sharing, like striking up a conversation at a football game. ("Would you like to share my blanket—or cushion—or binoculars?"), asking her opinion about a new novel or about how to do a figure-eight at the skating rink. ("It looks like there's a neat trick to doing that. Could you teach me?")

Some don'ts for the casual encounter are:

Don't be pushy if you don't score. Don't keep trying or you may have a woman crying "Help, rape!" You've invaded her privacy. Shove off if she doesn't want you around.

Don't get too close physically. In a party or bar situation the tactful invasion of personal space can lead to greater intimacy, but in the casual encounter it's very threatening. Most women are safety-conscious. They don't want an unknown man too close to them, even in broad daylight in public. Give her room to feel safe.

While the honest compliment is one way to break the ice, remember that a woman on the street (and by that I mean in a public place, not one plying the trade) generally doesn't feel as well-dressed to attract attention as a woman at a party or in a bar might feel. That she *has* attracted your attention could make her nervous. So deliver any compliments in the most formal of terms. Don't say "I think you're sexy!" or "You're a real cute chick." Those phrases will do nothing but get you rejected. Present yourself as a gentleman; just as going to a singles' club doesn't make a woman fair game, so walking down a street shouldn't mean she's a "streetwalker."

To sum up, there are three rules: Be courteous, be respectful, be honest. And if none of these work, try rule number four: Be hopeful. If one woman turns you down, try another. Who knows? She may be looking just for you. 

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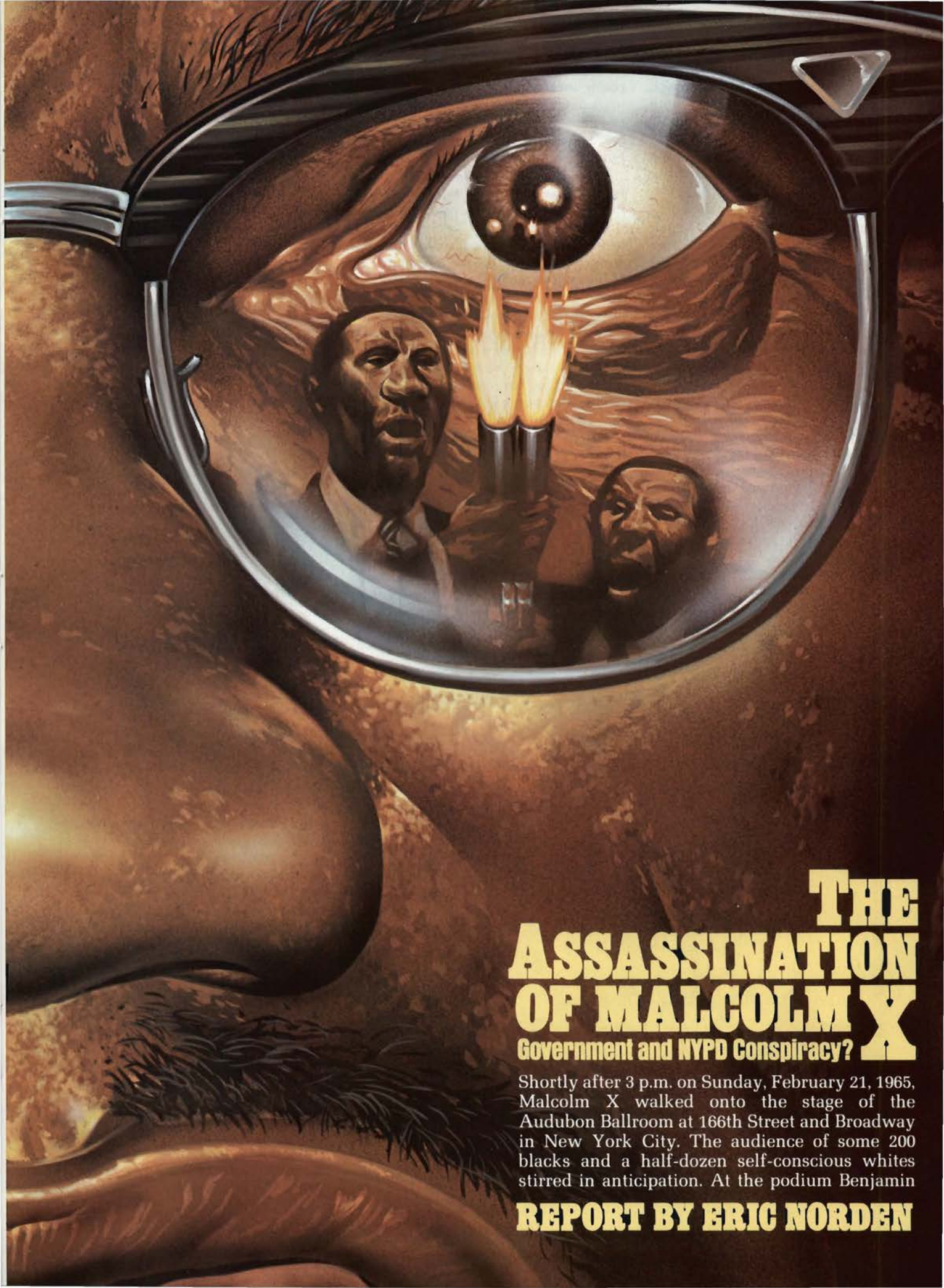
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MEMACKEN '78



THE ASSASSINATION OF MALCOLM X

Government and NYPD Conspiracy?

Shortly after 3 p.m. on Sunday, February 21, 1965, Malcolm X walked onto the stage of the Audubon Ballroom at 166th Street and Broadway in New York City. The audience of some 200 blacks and a half-dozen self-conscious whites stirred in anticipation. At the podium Benjamin

REPORT BY ERIC NORDEN

Goodman, an officer of Malcolm's Organization of Afro-American Unity, wrapped up his introductory speech: "And now, brothers and sisters, I present . . . a man who would give his life for you!"

The applause was thunderous. Malcolm walked slowly to the rostrum. His face was strained, tired, and his step lacked its usual spring. He held up his right hand. "*As-salaam alaikum*," he said in a hoarse voice. "Peace be unto you."

"*Wa-alaikum salaam*," some 200 voices responded in unison. "And unto you peace."

The tense silence awaiting Malcolm's opening words was suddenly shattered by a scuffle in the audience. "Get your hands out of my pocket, man!" someone shouted. Malcolm stepped out from behind the podium and walked to the front of the stage. "Now, now, brothers, break it up," he said in a weary voice. In the back of the ballroom there was a soft *crump!* as a small incendiary device was triggered. Smoke spiraled into the air, and a woman screamed.

In the fourth row on the left-hand side of the ballroom a man stood up with a sawed-off .12-gauge J. C. Higgins shotgun. There was a muffled roar as he fired both barrels into Malcolm's chest. Simultaneously, two men in the first row jumped up—one with a Luger in his

hand, the other with a .45 automatic.

"They just stood up in front of me, coolly took aim and shot, just like a firing squad," a woman eyewitness in the third row reported. Malcolm stood erect for a few seconds under the hail of bullets and then crumpled to the floor.

"He just seemed to melt into the stage," another eyewitness, Mrs. Patricia Russell, a psychiatric social worker from New Rochelle, later recounted. "It seemed to me to take minutes, like a slow-motion film." As Malcolm lay on the stage, the gunmen in the first row emptied their weapons into his prone body.

In the audience pandemonium broke loose. Women threw themselves on top of their children. Men fell to the floor or scrambled for cover under the literature tables. Malcolm's wife, Betty, attending the meeting with the couple's four children, ran toward the stage, screaming hysterically: "They're killing my husband! They're killing my husband!"

One of Malcolm's aides rushed to a phone in the lobby and called Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for an ambulance. The hospital was directly across the street from the ballroom, but 15 minutes later an ambulance still had not arrived. Several of Malcolm's guards ran out on foot and brought a stretcher back to the stage. Surrounded by sob-

bing men and women, they carried Malcolm across the street to the hospital. He was taken to the emergency operating room, where a team of doctors cut through his chest to massage his heart.

It was too late. Malcolm had 21 bullet wounds in his body. His heart was pulped by seven shotgun slugs from the initial blast, the aorta was destroyed, both lungs were punctured, and his spine was shattered. At 3:45 in the afternoon a hospital spokesman addressed the knots of milling blacks keeping vigil on the sidewalk: "The person you know as Malcolm X is dead."

It is now almost 14 years since Malcolm X was gunned down on the stage of the Audubon Ballroom. He died at the age of 39, barely a year after his final break with Elijah Muhammad's black-separatist sect, the Nation of Islam, popularly known as the Black Muslims. The last months of his life had been ones of personal and political upheaval, as Malcolm abandoned his old racist philosophy and moved tentatively toward a strategy of black-white alliance in the struggle for radical social change. Many observers believe that, had he lived, Malcolm would eventually have forged an alliance with his old rival, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.—a coalition uniting Malcolm's natural constituency in the turbulent northern ghettos with the burgeoning civil-rights movement in the South. There were many black intellectuals and activists who envisioned such a united front as the only hope of bringing together the disparate elements of the black community into a potent political force.

But there were others, primarily within the intelligence establishment of the United States government, who viewed Malcolm as a subversive menace. These forces were determined, in the words of a secret FBI memo released under the Freedom of Information Act, to "prevent the rise of a messiah who could unite and electrify the militant black-nationalist movement." (This policy was institutionalized in FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's notorious and often-illegal counterintelligence program, COINTELPRO, and subsequently characterized by Dr. King's associate, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, as "a mandate to commit murder.")

Both those who loved Malcolm and those who feared and hated him were united on one point: He was the most charismatic and dynamic leader ever to spring from the black ghettos of

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"Oh, Harriet, it looks just like a real turkey!"



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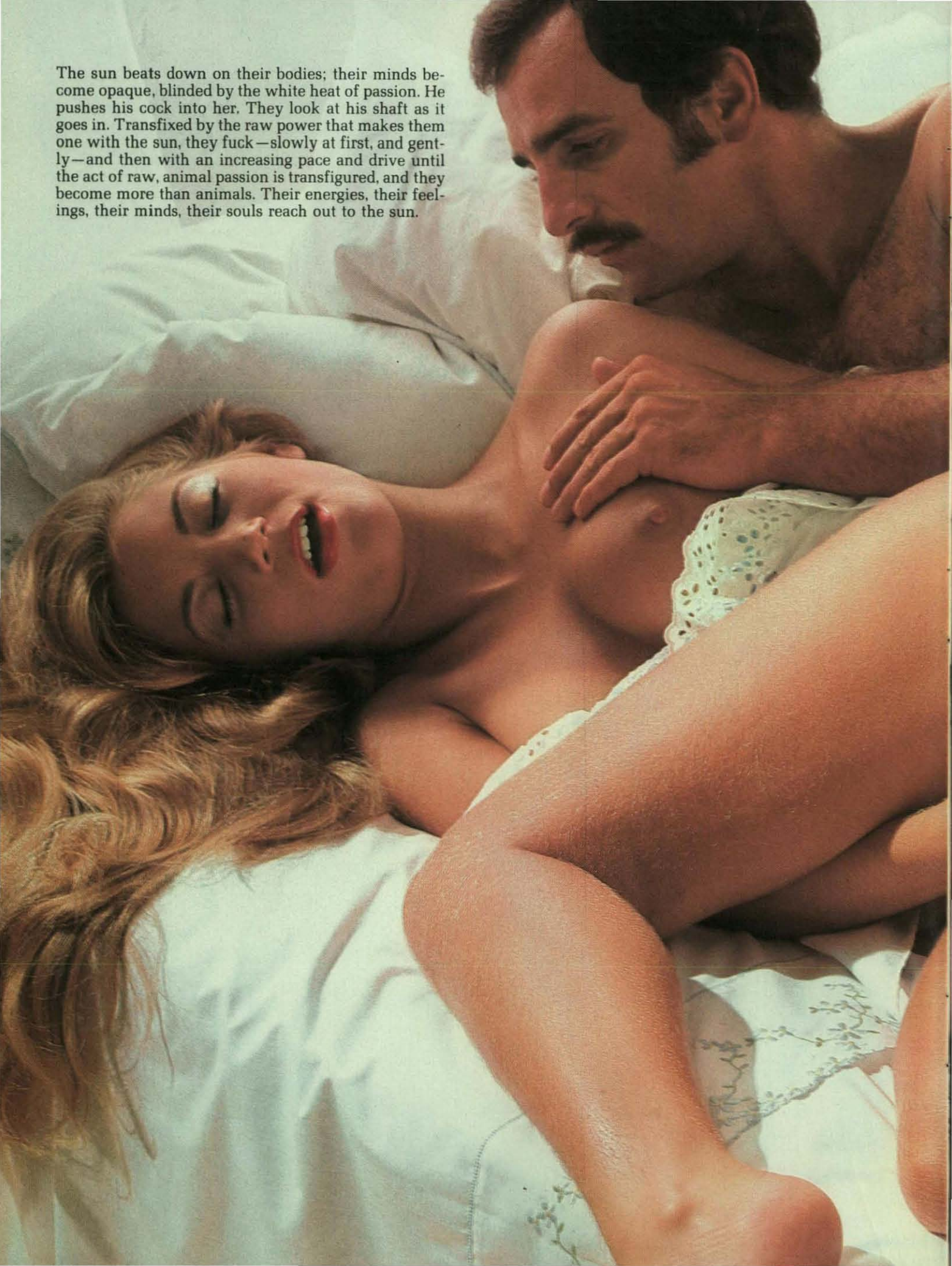


They wake up together late the next morning. It had been a night of discovery and passion, and today promises more. They had both repressed their feelings for far too long, but last night marked the end of the beginning. Now, as the sun warms them from sleep, their emotions rise again—wild and uncontrollable. They don't know if they love each other; they only know they are making love.





The sun beats down on their bodies; their minds become opaque, blinded by the white heat of passion. He pushes his cock into her. They look at his shaft as it goes in. Transfixed by the raw power that makes them one with the sun, they fuck—slowly at first, and gently—and then with an increasing pace and drive until the act of raw, animal passion is transfigured, and they become more than animals. Their energies, their feelings, their minds, their souls reach out to the sun.

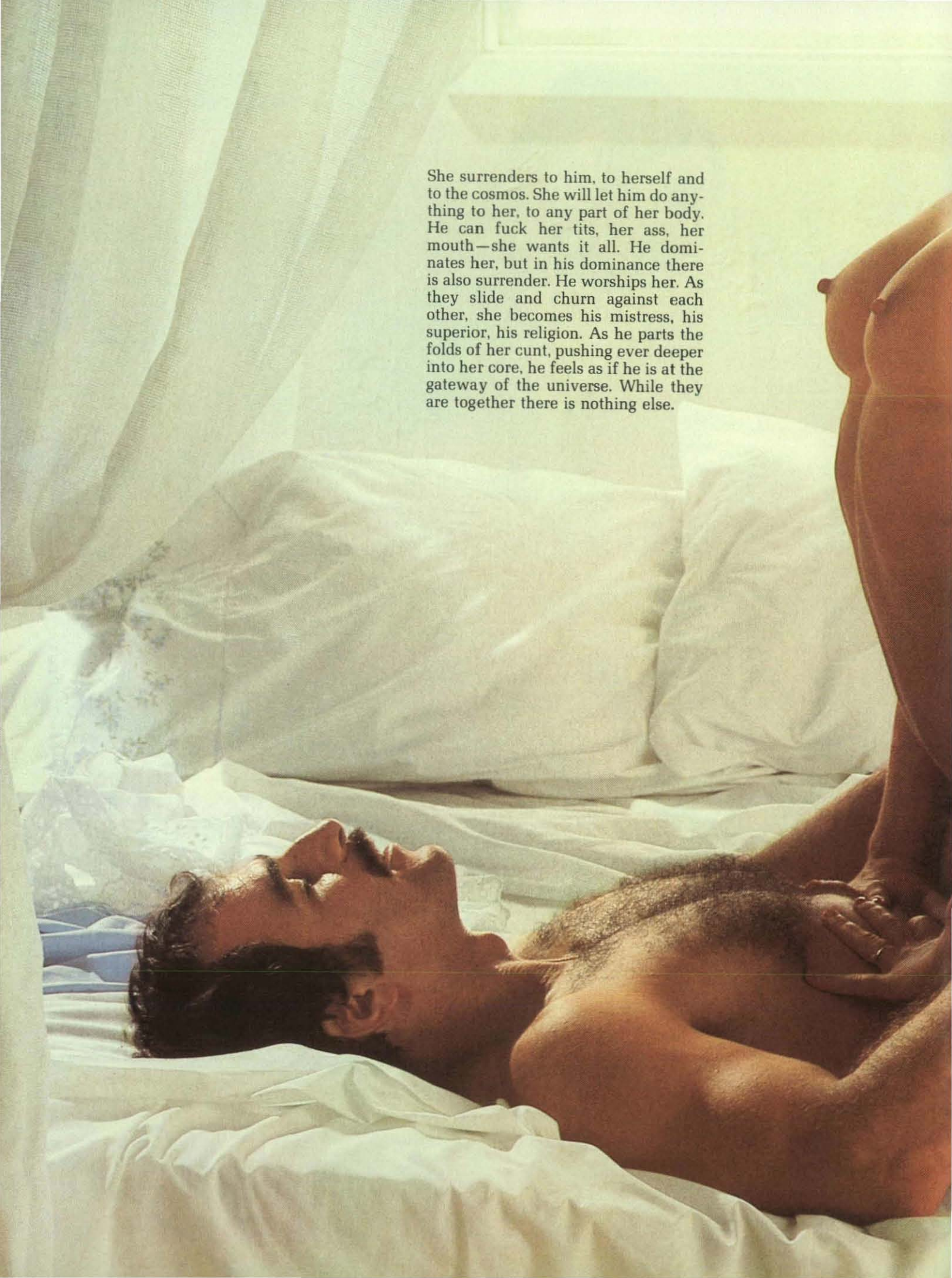








She surrenders to him, to herself and to the cosmos. She will let him do anything to her, to any part of her body. He can fuck her tits, her ass, her mouth—she wants it all. He dominates her, but in his dominance there is also surrender. He worships her. As they slide and churn against each other, she becomes his mistress, his superior, his religion. As he parts the folds of her cunt, pushing ever deeper into her core, he feels as if he is at the gateway of the universe. While they are together there is nothing else.





MALCOLM X ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 38)

America, and the one man who might eventually command the loyalty of that dispossessed black underclass that even Martin Luther King could not reach, much less galvanize into mass political action. Thus, Malcolm X's assassination was one of those pivotal historic turning points—like the murders of John and Robert Kennedy and of Dr. King himself—that have drastically altered the evolution of American society. It is therefore all the more disturbing that the actual circumstances of Malcolm's death have received so little attention in the media, and the very real possibilities of a conspiracy have been so rigorously excluded from public consideration.

Back in 1965, of course, most white Americans reacted predictably to Malcolm's death. It was generally assumed, before the actual assassins were even identified, that he had been murdered by the Black Muslims, his bitter enemies ever since his defection from the sect in early 1964. There was a comforting corollary to this theory, echoed in the press: Malcolm had preached "hate," and hate, of the Black Muslim variety, had in turn struck him down.

The idea that other, more powerful forces might have been involved was

simply unthinkable. This was, after all, three years before the King assassination and seven years before Watergate and the subsequent investigations into criminal activity by the CIA and FBI.

At the time of the shooting few American blacks, however, endorsed this automatic assumption of Muslim guilt. It was well-known that the Muslims feared and hated Malcolm, and would welcome his death, but they were not alone. Powerful forces, including the U.S. State Department, the CIA and the FBI, had been deeply alarmed by Malcolm's growing impact—particularly by his efforts to internationalize the American racial question by bringing it before the United Nations under the Human Rights Declaration.

It was not the Muslims who tapped Malcolm's phone, kept him under 24-hour surveillance in the U.S. and followed him closely throughout his trips to Europe, Africa and the Middle East. If the Muslims had their reasons for wanting Malcolm dead, so did Washington—and American blacks knew it. Certain aspects of the assassination itself, and the events immediately preceding it, heightened doubts among politically sophisticated blacks that the attack had been a Muslim operation.

When Malcolm broke with the Black Muslims as a result of profound personal

and political differences, he formed a new movement, the Muslim Mosque, Inc., and another, broader group, the Organization for Afro-American Unity. The latter was a secular, politically oriented outfit open to the participation of religious and nonreligious blacks alike. Malcolm was breaking the chains of Muslim separatism and was headed on a course of political activism. He was already a household word in America, nationally known as the most radical of black leaders—a bogeyman for complacent whites and "Establishment" Negro forces, but a symbol of freedom and independence to a growing number of ghetto blacks.

Somewhat to his own surprise, he soon discovered that his reputation was not confined to the United States. In April 1964 Malcolm made a pilgrimage to Mecca, where he was greeted in the Holy City as a major world figure, entertained by King Faisal and introduced to leading Islamic religious authorities and Saudi government officials. His experience in Mecca was one Malcolm would never forget. His contact with other, nonblack, Moslem pilgrims completely changed his views on racism and the possibility of black-white brotherhood.

In a long, passionate letter to his aides at the Muslim Mosque he expressed his new viewpoint: "I have never before seen *sincere* and *true* brotherhood practiced by all colors together, irrespective of their color. . . . In the past, yes, I have made sweeping indictments of *all* white people. I never will be guilty of that again—as I know now that some white people *are* truly sincere, that some truly are capable of being brotherly toward a black man. The true Islam has shown me that a blanket indictment of all white people is as wrong as when whites make blanket indictments against blacks. . . ." (Malcolm's emphasis.)

But Malcolm's expanding horizons did not assuage the anxieties of those in Washington who viewed him as a dangerous demagogue. They recognized that his new attitude was not only more humane but also infinitely more sophisticated. Apart from the moral and religious aspects of the problem, Malcolm was now saying that racism was an inherent component of the American system. Instead of scattering his shots at all whites, Malcolm was beginning to train his sights on the political and economic administration of the United States.

The alarm in Washington became especially acute late in April 1964 when Malcolm flew from Mecca and began a tour of several African countries. Once

(continued on page 98)





DAVID B. TINSLEY



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FATHER DEPAUL GENSKA

THE HOOKER'S PRIEST



At least one night a week I walk the streets of New York City hoping to get picked up by a prostitute. I am concerned about the danger of getting mugged, but I could get hurt going down the stairs or crossing the street. If I regulated my life by what people say, I proba-

bly wouldn't get up in the morning or go to bed in the first place. I literally thank God I've been privileged to find out about prostitutes."

You might be surprised to hear that from the guy next door. It's a real shocker when you hear a tall, round-faced Catholic priest intone it with ecclesiastical fervor.

Six years ago Father Depaul Genska was pursuing his chosen vocation as a Franciscan priest in the pastoral setting of Christ House, a Catholic retreat in rural New Jersey. He performed marriages, said Mass, heard confessions and welcomed visitors. Then suddenly, accidentally, two whores diverted his ministry from an atmosphere of rural complacency to one of urban chaos.

"It all began on a summer night in 1972. I was driving down Lexington Avenue in New York City when two girls called from the curb, 'Hey, mister, can you give us a ride?' I reluctantly said OK, and both of them jumped into the front seat with me. Immediately they asked what hotel I wanted to go to. I found that rather strange since they were the ones who had asked for a ride. I thought they should know what hotel they lived in.

"Do you want to have some fun?' they asked me. I was very naive. I could think of very few things to do at one o'clock in the morning, so I suggested we might see a movie or go bowling. Somewhat surprised, they replied, 'We're working girls.'

"Oh, what kind of work do you do?' I asked.

"Mister, you're really out of it. We're prostitutes.' I replied that I wasn't into sex, but that we could get a cup of coffee and something to eat.

"They thanked me for the offer and helped me find an all-night restaurant. After we ordered, they asked if I was a cop.

"Since you were honest with me, I'll be honest with you. I am a priest,' I said. One of the women blessed herself, both said they were Catholic, and we formed an immediate friendship.

"I told the women they were the first prostitutes I'd ever met, but that I had a sincere interest in them and their work. We exchanged phone numbers, and they invited me back for another visit. During the next few weeks they took me all over the place. I must have been in forty or fifty different massage parlors, bars and the like. I've been around people a lot, but I've never found any so willing to talk about their lives, about themselves, about what they are doing."

On a streetwalking night, Genska puts on a blue windbreaker over a plaid shirt and strolls through Times Square hoping to spot some women he knows. If he cannot find any old friends, he heads for a prostitutes' bar to make new ones. Ordering a drink, he waits for some woman to ask if he wants to go out. He suggests they have a drink first, and they begin to talk. Father Genska believes dialogue is a vital part of any ministry, and between prostitute and priest it is essential.

"If the woman has a problem, she will probably talk about it, and often I can help with a solution," he says. His solutions to date have ranged from medical help without hassle to baptizing prostitutes' babies and repairing the women's homes. He recalls helping one hooker who was practically having her baby in the street because her pimp told her, "Don't let your personal life interfere with business. I want you out there hustling for me tonight."

For the first two years Genska was eager to get his new friends to visit him at Christ House. Lately, he is less enthusiastic about that. "Most of them live in hovels and cannot identify with such beautiful surroundings. It's like taking inner-city kids for a day of swimming in the country. It may be good, but it's also aggravating. The kids say that this is what the rich

PROFILE BY FLO KENNEDY AND IRENE DAVALL

people have, and they are doing it just so they will feel good."

Father Genska can recall no childhood experiences that might have aroused his concern for prostitutes and other sexual minorities.

"I may have read a little about prostitutes or seen a few movies about them, but certainly I'd never met one—although I recently learned about a brothel in our Syracuse, New York, suburb that operated when I was growing up there.

"Last year I went back to visit my mother, who is now seventy-eight years old and badly crippled with arthritis. She approved my ministry with prostitutes and told me a story about her brother George, a policeman with the unlikely last name of Lawless. Uncle George walked the same beat for thirty-seven years, and for most of that time Diamond Lil's brothel was right on his beat.

"Once in a while the department wanted to bust Diamond Lil, but Uncle George always argued against it: 'If you close her down, you will just spread the women all around town. As long as they are here, we can keep an eye on them.' Then he'd warn Lil: 'If you have any rip-offs or murders in your place, I'll personally close you down.' Lil's place stayed open until Uncle George retired;

then the department closed her down."

Genska is an only child, born 47 years ago and christened George. He grew up in a good Catholic home; his parents attended Mass regularly and took the sacraments frequently. By his 12th birthday George had chosen a priestly vocation; shortly after he turned 16 he entered the seminary to begin training.

"I chose the Franciscans because they work in education at all levels and serve in many ways in many countries. When I first entered the order, I had hoped to go to Japan. It seemed an exciting idea to leave my homeland, my parents and my natural roots, but learning Japanese was so hard that I gave up that idea in a hurry.

"At the seminary they told us about a saint who used to minister to prostitutes four-hundred years ago." He paused to laugh: "Of course, they also told us we weren't supposed to go to prostitutes; they were physically dirty people and could give us diseases. One priest—remember, this was thirty-one years ago—said prostitutes were clean. If they didn't take care of themselves, their customers would soon not come around anymore."

Genska is grateful for all the things that whores have taught him. "I'm a Catholic priest, but there's no way I would risk going out on the street at two

or three o'clock in the morning and waving the Bible, preaching about Christ, our Savior. I'm supposed to do that, you know, whether I get money or not. But look how willing prostitutes are to put themselves on the line for money. They have taught me a lot about *their* values and mine."

One thing Genska has learned: Prostitution could not exist without the connivance of men.

"About ninety-nine percent of female prostitution benefits men. You have the john and the pimp, both male. There are thirty massage parlors in the Times Square district, and they are all owned by men. A lot of men are pushing a woman to prostitute herself, and a lot of men enjoy what she is doing. Society is willing to punish her, but rarely gets to the johns or the pimps, and never to the bellboys or the hotel clerks who are being paid or to the cabdriver who brings her to the john. Maybe even the police are being paid off. But none of these men are considered in the prosecution, and that is not by coincidence."

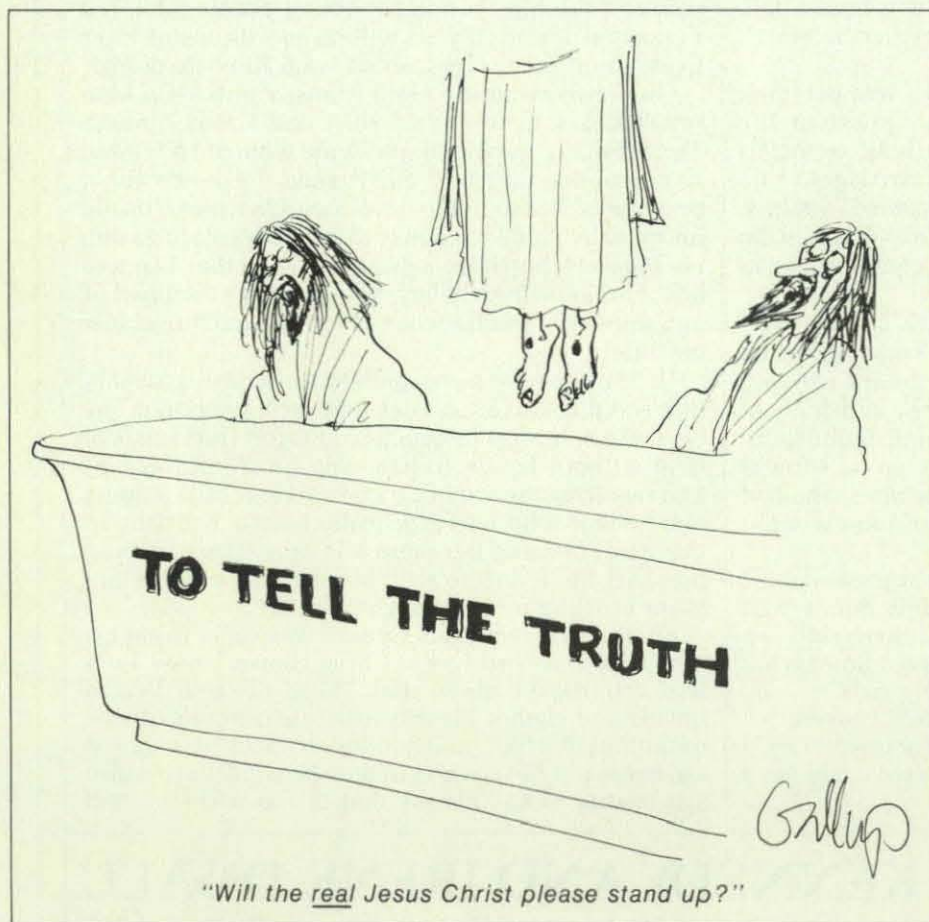
Over and over again the women tell Father Genska, "You're different from other men." Much of that difference may be his emphasis on their person, rather than on their profession. But that emphasis, he contends, is at the heart of Christian theology and philosophy.

Genska is convinced most women are in The Life because they need the money. "With the women's movement, things are getting better, but it's still not all that great. If a woman has one or two kids and a fourth-grade education, how is she supposed to support those kids? Most of the women I've met have at least one child, and one I know has four—all fathered by different men."

He always makes a point of paying a prostitute for her time, but many of them cut their rates once they learn the "john who only wants to talk" is a Catholic priest. "On those initial visits, when I tell a woman I'll give her \$15 or \$20 for a half-hour visit and no activities, she is surprised and puzzled. But if I don't give them money, especially when they have a pimp, they're going to have to make it up.

"Most find The Life exciting and enjoy at least some of the people they meet. A prostitute called Carmine told me she knew five United Nations ambassadors intimately through her work. She comes from the Dominican Republic, is here illegally and couldn't get a legitimate job. She speaks English, but can't read or write it. She would never have known those ambassadors if she weren't a prostitute.

(continued on page 108)





J. Kobi







Kari never realized how good life could be when she was living in her hometown in Minnesota. So after she came to L. A. on vacation, she decided to stick around. "I just love it in California," says the perky 18-year-old. "All the things I never had back home are here—sunshine, friendly people, a healthier attitude toward sex. Back in Minnesota I used to think that sex was dirty; I'd never let my boyfriend put his cock in my mouth. But out here I've gained a whole new attitude



toward sex that I know is healthier." Kari just *loves* musicians—guitarists in particular. "I don't know what it is," she says, but they're just so sexy. And the skinnier the better. I just love those lithe, muscular bodies, and when I see them onstage, playing and shaking their beautiful long hair, I come right in my jeans." Back home, the closest Kari could "come" to that was in her mind. Now that she's in Southern California, she's a firm believer in the fact that dreams really can come true.











HUSTLER · DECEMBER 1978



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Needing lodging, a traveler to China knocked on the door of a pagoda. An old Oriental appeared, and the traveler told him his problem. "Ah, so," the Chinese gent replied, "you may share my daughter's bed if you promise to preserve her honor."

The traveler promised, and then banged away to his heart's content. Awakening the next morning, he felt a great weight on his chest and saw an enormous rock bearing a sign: "First Chinese Torture: Rock on Chest." He seized the rock and heaved it through the window, just in time to see a sign on the ceiling that said: "Second Chinese Torture: Left Ball Tied to Rock." With a muffled cry, he turned and saw a sign in passing: "Third Chinese Torture: Right Ball Tied to Bedpost."

The emergency rescue squad rushed to a house.

"Is there a woman here with an electric vibrator lodged inside her?" the attendant asked the distraught husband.

"Yes, it's my wife," answered the man.

"Oh, Lord," the paramedic groaned. "Those things are sometimes a bitch to remove."

"Please do something fast," the husband pleaded. "It's putting lines on our TV screen!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as: a beaver dam.

Once there was a pretty lady who loved the smell of burning rubber. One day she was driving along the road and saw an old tramp hitchhiking. She slammed on the brakes, slid up to where he was standing and ecstatically sniffed the burning rubber. Then she opened the car door and offered him a ride. They hadn't gone far when they passed a sign that read, "Road Out: 1,000 Feet Ahead." She started gaining speed until she saw another sign reading "Road Out: 400 Feet Ahead." Then she slammed on the brakes, wheels screaming and rubber burning as she slid to the edge of a 60-foot drop. She opened the window to smell the burning rubber, then turned to her passenger and said, "Do you smell that?"

"Smell it?!" the tramp cried. "I'm sitting in it!"

The doctor raised his eyes questioningly when he examined the exceptionally attractive blond in his office and noticed an arrow tattooed in braille on her stomach, pointing to her groin. When he asked his patient about it, the woman replied, "Well, doctor, my husband is blind, and he needs all the help he can get!"

Three men who each claimed to have the world's largest penis decided to hold a contest to see who really had the biggest. They met on top of the tallest building in town. "What we're going to do," said the first man, "is drop our dongs off the edge. The dong that goes the farthest is the winner."

He let his meat slide down until it reached the fourth floor. The second man opened his fly, and his cock reached the third floor. In turn, the third man unzipped himself, then started jumping up and down like a raving maniac.

"What's wrong?" asked the first man.

"I'm dodging traffic!" the third man yelled back.

A rich boy was vacationing on his yacht. He had been ordering the first mate to do all kinds of demeaning jobs, from swabbing the deck to

cleaning the toilet. The sailor decided that he had taken all he was going to and purposely bumped into the wealthy lad, knocking him overboard. The boy started yelling, "Help! Save me, you jerk! I can't swim!"

"Don't worry," the first mate yelled. "Shit floats!"

A woman was always nagging her husband because he was too cheap to give her enough money for food. One night she asked him, "Could you just give me an extra \$10 so I can buy a roast?"

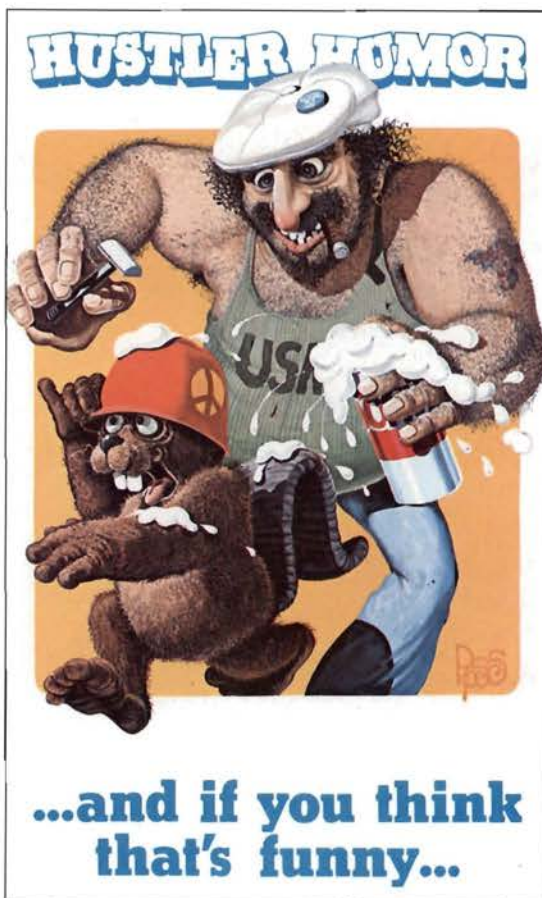
Her husband pulled a ten from his pocket, held it up to the mirror and said, "See the money in the mirror? That's yours, and this is mine." And he put the money back in his pocket.

The next evening he came back to find the table set fit for a king. There were steaks, roast turkey, pork chops, the

whole works. He yelled, "Where did you get the money to pay for all this?!"

She took him to the mirror, pulled up her dress and said, "See that pussy in there? That's yours. This one belongs to the butcher."

An American tourist in Mexico was a bit hesitant about eating his taco. He asked a native if the meat was spoiled. "Señor," answered the Mexican, "five million flies can't be wrong."

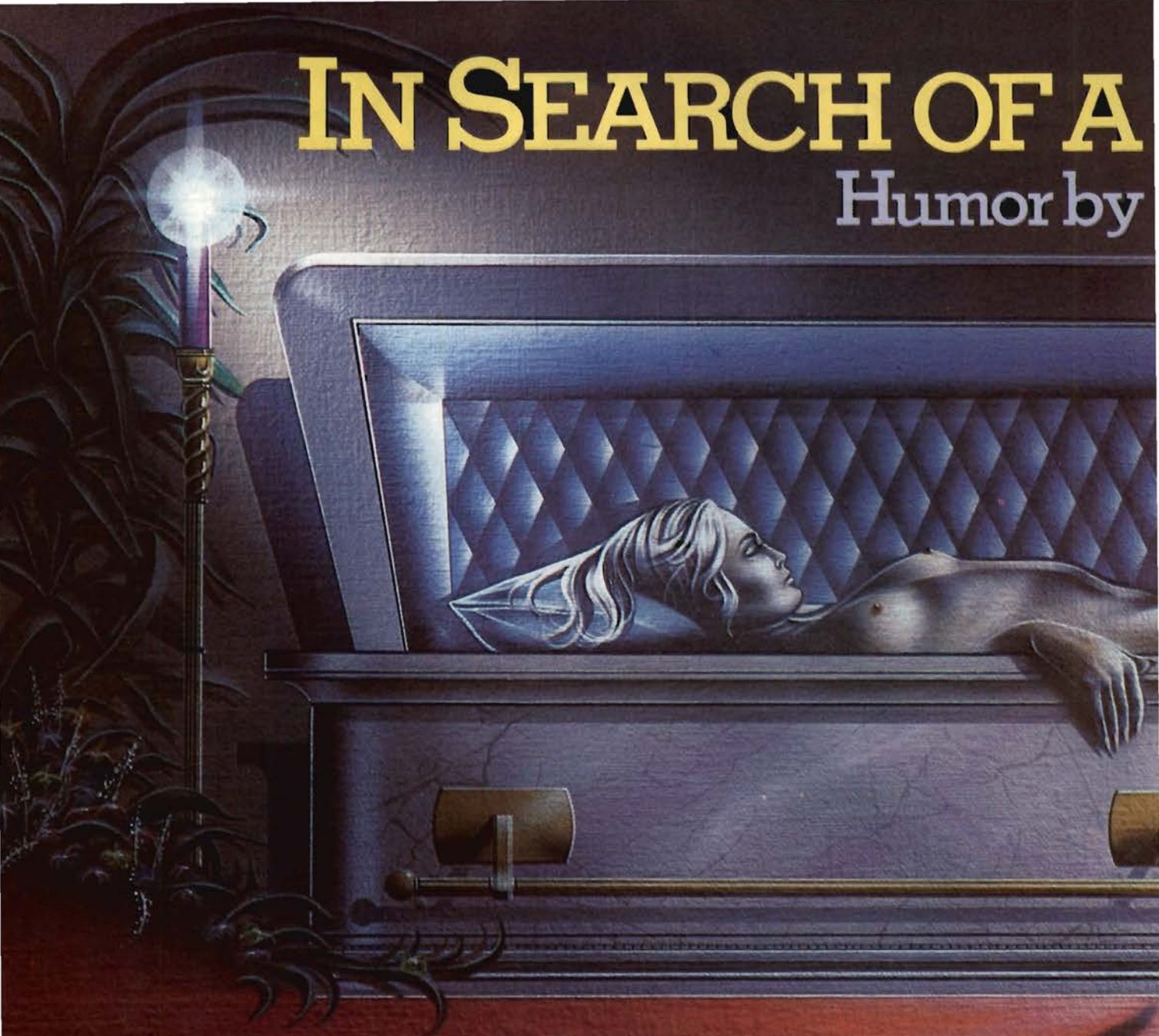


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CHESTER & HESTER



IN SEARCH OF A Humor by



I am looking for someone who can do an article on necrophilia," said the editor. This was not my idea of a choice assignment. I had hoped for a gig testing the effects of Merck cocaine on the showgirls at Caesars Palace.

"But if you take it, I expect you to finish it," he said. "I've had three writers on this already. People take this assignment and then disappear."

I shrugged. "Any story is just a matter of legwork, getting out there and digging."

The editor winced slightly, then hit his stride on the pitch: "Richard, you're used to offbeat situations. You managed to interview a hundred pimps when everyone said you'd get the silent treatment or a knife in the ribs. And I remember the time you put ads in the New York papers, asking blind people to call and tell you about their sex lives."

"I talked a blind girl into orgasm on the phone for that one," I threw in, basking in the recounting of my professional insanities.

It was true, all true.

"Then you photographed Honeysuckle Divine, the vaginal virtuoso, shooting a quart of Jergens lotion out of her snatch, immortalizing the blob of lotion stroboscopically suspended in midair."

"Hovering ominously, like the mushroom cloud over Nagasaki," I reminded him.

"You're basically nuts, Richard. And as a writer, you're no stranger to bizarre and dangerous situations in pursuit of your business."

"My art," I remonstrated.

"Richard, I want you to go out there and find out the truth about sex with dead people. Find out if it's a myth or reality. Are there any real necrophiliacs around? Put

NECROPHILIAC

Richard Milner



ads in the papers. Go to morgues. Find out if the dead are really grateful."

Thoroughly hyped, I hit the streets like an aluminum-siding peddler fresh out of a sales meeting. My job was to locate the naked and the dead, preferably together.

As I walked down the street, an old familiar tune spun 'round in my head. Long ago, as a dirty-minded young lad, I had learned the verse:

There once was a hermit named Dave,
Who took dead whores back to his cave.
He said, "When they're dead,
They give lousy head,
But think of the money I save."

I paid a visit to an old friend of mine, a portly pornographer who edits a particularly sleazy magazine, and told him of my latest assignment.

"I've got a lead for you," he rasped. "I heard a rumor that there's a fancy funeral chapel on the East Side where you can go and fuck a beautiful young corpse. Of course, you've got to put out big bucks. Why don't you just get dressed up in some of your 'Gucci-Puccis' and go over there; act like a rich guy and see what you can get. Tell them you want a celebrity. See if they want more for a star. Tell them you're waiting for Candy Bergen to be brought in. Or Sally Struthers, or whoever turns you on."

No question but that my friend is sick; however, his strategy seemed simple and straightforward enough. Just get dressed up, go down there and ask to buy a fuck session with a corpse. OK.

Sometime this week I'm going to do that, I thought.

The week came and went. I found some nifty tidbits for the story but couldn't find time to call the morgue. I

satisfied myself by reading a letter—sent to Ann Landers—that was mentioned in *The Book of Lists* as one of the all-time weirdest letters to a newspaper columnist. The letter went something like this:

"Dear Ann Landers: Please tell me if you think I did the right thing. On my wedding night my husband asked me to do something I thought was so perverted that I ran out on him and have not been back since. My husband is an undertaker, and on our wedding night he asked me to take a bath—as cold as I could stand it for 20 minutes—and then come into bed and just lie there perfectly still. Was I right to leave him?"

Ann Landers reassured the woman, and opined that her husband was "a very sick man."

Meanwhile, I tracked the rumor about the funeral home back to a writer who turned out to be one of the three who had given up on the assignment. "Yep, I called them," he said. What was his approach? "I asked if they had someone who could handle—uh—special requests."

When the "special requests" person came on the line, the writer stated that he didn't want to discuss his request on the phone. "Very well," the funeral man said. "Would you like to come in to see me? Perhaps we can accommodate you." They made an appointment for

later that day. The writer never showed up.

I noticed immediately that the reason for the obstacle was not that the writer had had no success, but because it looked like he might have more success than he could handle. I began to realize why I was the fourth writer commissioned to do this piece. However, I was not about to give up just because success seemed possible. I made a mental note to call the same mortuary sometime that week and go over to see if any cute corpses were available.

Three weeks later I still hadn't made the call, so I sat down with myself for a meeting. "Listen," I said to myself, "if you expect to keep working, you have to deliver the articles you promise."

"OK," I replied, "but how will people react when you come to their funeral home and tell them you want to find out about corpse-fucking? If it's really going on, they sure won't talk to a writer. You've got to pose as a corpse-fucker. But what if they're making a bundle selling dead meat, and they think you're a cop or a blackmailer? You might end up on the embalming table."

"On the other hand, suppose there's really nothing going on, and you come in asking for cold cunt. They might call the cops—or the psychiatric ward. Or what if they merely look at you with the total contempt one reserves for the

slimiest and most debased of creatures? None of these alternatives seems like something I'd want to press in my *Book of Memories*."

Instead of calling the mortuary I called my friend Conrad, a rock musician who is known to be weird. "Conrad," I said, "do you know anything about necrophilia?"

"I'm an expert," he said. "I fuck groupies."

The whole thing was getting me a little crazier than usual. Six weeks had gone by, and I had collected a folderful of bits and pieces, such as a cartoon of a necrophiliac blowing up a rubber skeleton in the privacy of his bedroom. But I had not yet made a real move toward a real morgue.

I expressed my anxiety to an unflappable filmmaker friend, Melvin Van Peebles, who directed *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* and *Watermelon Man*. "No big thing," Melvin told me. "Why don't you just get on over to the morgue, give the guy some money and tell him you want to fuck a corpse?"

"But, Melvin," I protested, "what if he says OK?"

Melvin looked at me with his peculiar stare and leaned back in his swivel chair. "Then go in there and fuck it," he said.

I was feeling trapped into something I didn't want to deal with. "Diseases," I blurted. "Who knows what diseases I could get?"

Melvin shrugged slightly and looked at me through heavy-lidded eyes. "Wear a rubber," he deadpanned.

Next week, I told myself, I'm going to a morgue next week.

A lawyer friend dropped by, and I asked him if he knew anything about necrophilia.

"Interesting legal question," he murmured. "I seem to remember in law school they showed us a case. There was a girl who was beaten, gang-banged and murdered by a motorcycle gang. She had been fucked by about twelve guys—it was a brutal thing. They hauled all these motherfuckers in, and they found that the girl had died mid-bang."

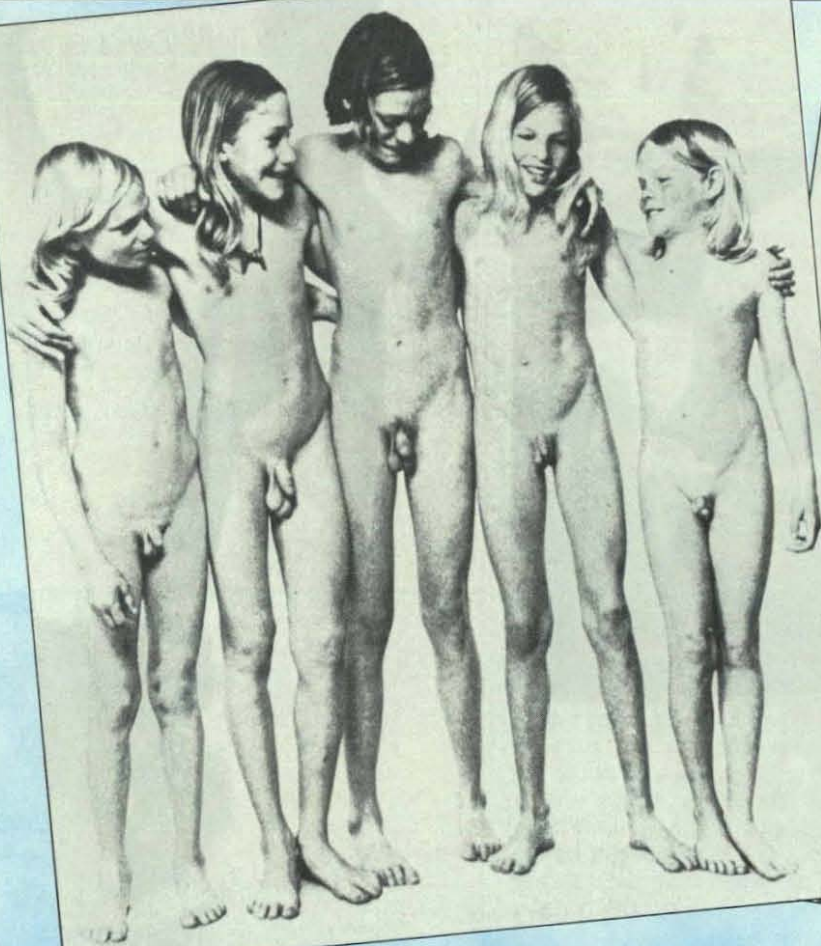
"So then it became a legal question of how to charge these guys. See, the first five or six could only be charged with assault and rape. The one who was fucking her when she died could be charged with murder. And the guys who fucked her after she was dead could be charged with necrophilia. Since necrophilia was the lesser charge, all of the bikers wanted to swear that she was already dead when they fucked her."

I thanked my lawyer friend for his fulminations and told him I was going

(continued on page 115)



"We just want you to know that if you want to run away with the circus, we won't stand in your way."



CHILDREN, SEX AND SOCIETY

By Dr. Erwin J. Haeberle

Excerpted from The Sex Atlas, with special assistance from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco.

The Roots of Shame

Human beings are "social animals," and their habits, desires, hopes, fears and beliefs are shaped by the various societies into which they are born. This is also true of their sexual attitudes and behaviors. People are born with a certain potential for sexual expression, but this potential can be realized in a great variety of ways. Indeed, in sexually repressive societies it may well remain partially or completely unrealized.

The sexual behavior of men and women reflects, to a large extent, the basic values of the society or social group to which they belong. No matter how much they may

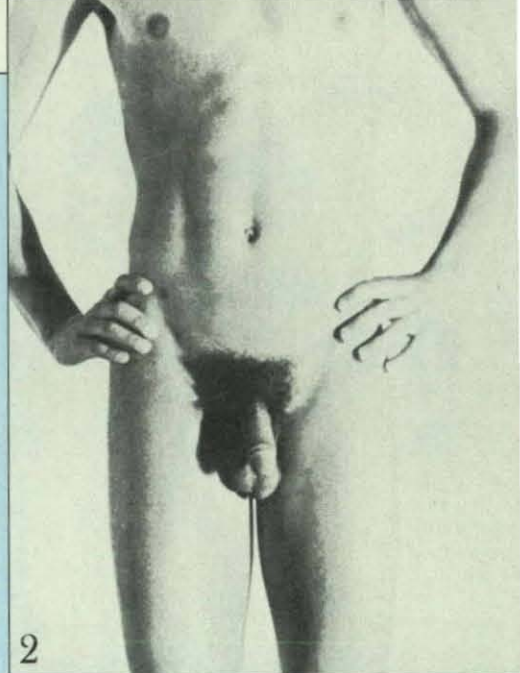
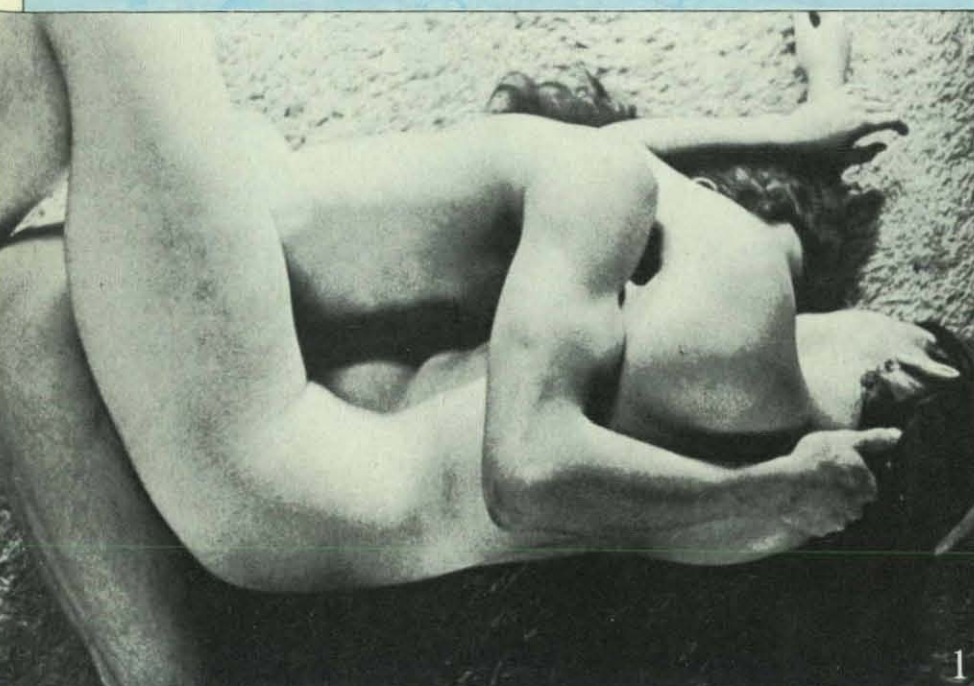
differ as individuals, their moral sense is always shaped by the underlying assumptions of their whole culture. In hedonistic and tolerant cultures most people are likely to be joyful and sensuous; in puritanical and repressive cultures they tend to be anxious and inhibited. In the first case they will celebrate sex as a source of happiness; in the second case they will deplore and conceal it as a source of shame. Therefore, when we study the sexual attitudes of any individual, we are actually dealing with two separate sets of questions. We ask not only "How well does this man or this woman conform to the sexual standards of his or her society?" but also "What is the basis of these standards? What does this society believe about the ultimate purpose, or meaning, or 'nature' of sex?"

In most societies the meaning of sex, as

the meaning of anything else, is revealed by religion. At least this has always been the case in societies of the past, and even in modern, secular societies the sexual standards often remain tied to older religious doctrines.

The Judeo-Christian Heritage

There can be no doubt, for example, that the sexual standards of our own society are still influenced by our Judeo-Christian heritage. However, cross-cultural studies reveal that this heritage has always been highly peculiar. The ancient Israelites saw the nature of sex in reproduction and condemned any sexual behavior that did not promote this goal. The early Christians adopted this narrow view and even restricted it further by treating sex as a necessary evil and extolling the virtues of sexual abstinence. Since



they expected the second coming of Christ and the end of the world in their lifetimes, they did not think very much of sexual pleasure. Instead, they were influenced by various sex-negative philosophies of their time and incorporated them into their own religion. When Christ failed to return, and the world went on as before, they became a little more tolerant, but their basic belief did not change: Sexual activity was acceptable only when it could lead to pregnancy within marriage, and even then it was something of an embarrassment.

Needless to say, the Christian sexual philosophy did not seem arbitrary or accidental to its proponents. On the contrary, to them it appeared as the objective, eternal and universal truth. Indeed, wherever they looked they found this truth confirmed by factual observations. Did not respectable men and women cover their bodies with clothing, and did this not prove that they had an "inborn sense of modesty"? Did not people avoid discussing their sexual fantasies openly, and did this not prove that they felt uneasy about them? Did not parents hide the intimate side of their marriage from their children, and did this not prove that there was something wrong with sexual intercourse? In short, did not nature itself demonstrate everywhere that sex was inherently base and humiliating?

But outside of Europe many societies developed very different sexual values. When, after centuries of isolation, Christian explorers finally discovered such societies, they were amazed.

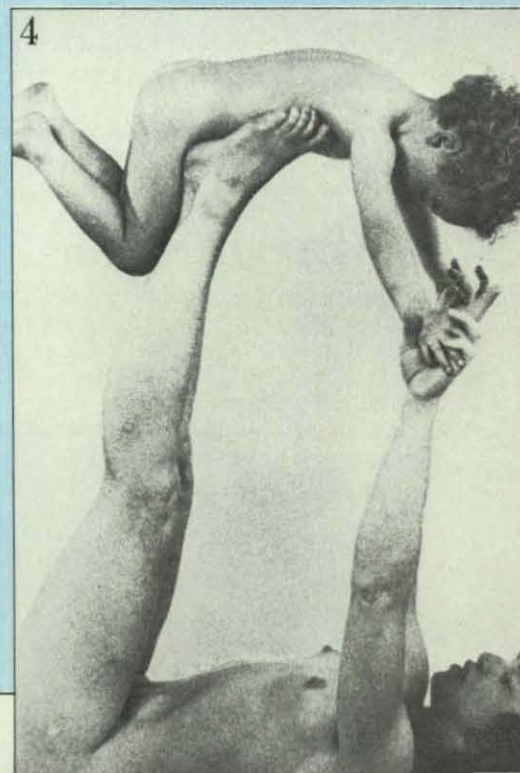
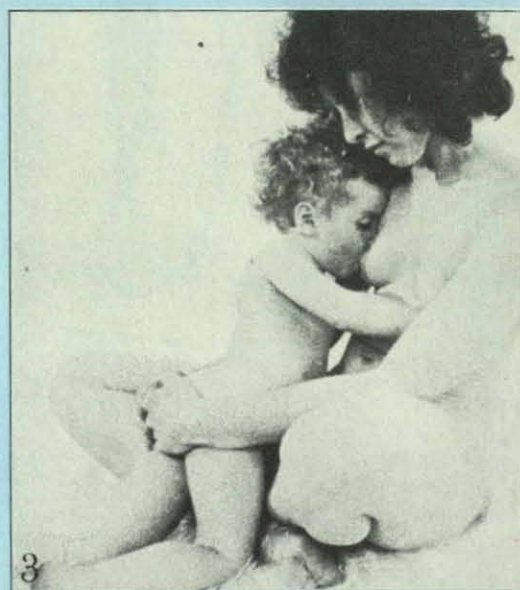
For example, when Captain Cook came to Tahiti, he was greatly surprised to find that the Tahitians had sexual intercourse in public and "gratified every appetite and passion before witnesses." Thus, he reported in his *Account of a Voyage Around*

the World (1769): "A young man, nearly six-feet high, performed the rites of Venus [sexual intercourse] with a little girl about 11 or 12 years of age, before several of our people and a great number of natives, without the least sense of its being indecent or improper, but, as appeared, in perfect conformity to the custom of the place. Among the spectators were several women of superior rank who... gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which, young as she was, she did not seem much to stand in need of."

We know only too well what would happen to the Tahitian performers if they appeared in the United States today. Any man who performed in a "live sex show" with an 11-year-old girl would be sent to prison as a statutory rapist. Even worse, as a "child molester" or "pedophile," he could be declared a "sexual psychopath."

This means that before, after or instead of serving his prison term, he could be committed to a mental hospital for forced psychiatric treatment. If he should ever be released, he would be required to register with the police for the rest of his life. The girl, on the other hand, would be regarded as a juvenile delinquent and could be sent to "reform school." Finally, the entire audience might be arrested for having witnessed, and thereby encouraged, an act of public "lewdness and obscenity."

As this example illustrates, the moral values of modern America differ profoundly from those of precolonial Tahiti. There, people were applauded as valuable members of the community, who are here considered criminal or insane. What Americans now abhor as the moral "corruption of minors" the Tahitians encouraged as practical sex education.





1. In Western society, sexual activity among teenagers has been deemed dangerous and "unnatural."

2. Puberty is recognized by development of secondary sex characteristics: pubic hair grows; male sex organs and female breasts enlarge.

3. Emotional stability and self-confidence are nurtured through intimate contact between mother and child.

4. There is a needless fear and embarrassment in our society with regard to sexual play between parent and child.

5. These girls exhibit normal, adolescent homosexual behavior, but will not necessarily be homosexual adults.

6. A harmless, healthy activity: An infant girl explores her vagina while on her mother's lap.

7. Childhood exposure to gender difference can lead to well-adjusted adult sexuality.

Childhood Sexuality in Modern America

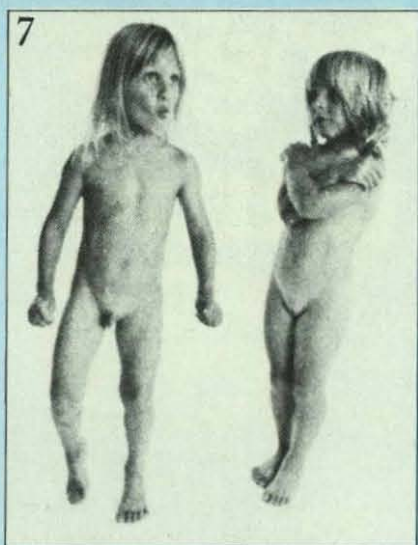
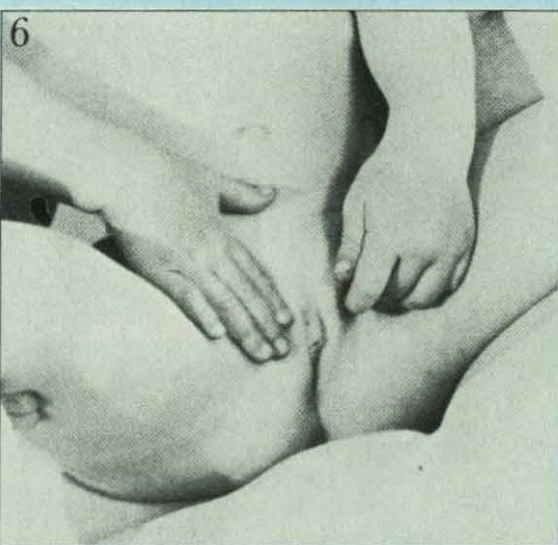
Children are sexual beings from birth. Infants of both sexes are capable of certain elementary sexual responses and can experience some sexual pleasure. At first their sexuality is rather diffuse, but it becomes more focused as they grow older. Children may begin to masturbate at an early age and learn to enjoy sexual contact with various partners. Where childhood sex play remains uninhibited, it simply continues until puberty brings a dramatic and rather sudden intensification of sexual interests. Adolescents are sexually highly responsive, although in our culture this responsiveness may arrive sooner and be more pronounced in boys than in girls.

Childhood Sex Play

The rehearsal of a gender role involves many things that acquire a sexual meaning only after puberty. In other words, children learn some "sexual" behavior patterns long before they realize their true implications. For instance, on many American and European beaches little girls are made to wear two-piece bathing suits while boys are allowed to wear simple trunks. From a strictly logical standpoint, this difference in clothing may at first be hard to understand. After all, before puberty the breasts of males and females look exactly alike. Nevertheless, in anticipation of future differences, girls already learn to be modest about this particular part of their anatomy. As a result, the female breast is "eroticized," and the male breast is not. (In certain non-Western cultures, on the other hand, the female breast remains exposed throughout life and has no special erotic significance.)

As this example shows, children may adopt certain sexual attitudes well in advance of any actual sexual encounters. However, they may also have intimate physical contact with other people without considering it sexual at all. They have to be told by adults or older children that some things or actions have to do with "sex" and are therefore especially important, mysterious, secret, exciting or naughty. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the parents have a decisive influence on a child's sexual development. If they feel uncomfortable or even guilty about their own sexuality, they are bound to convey these negative feelings to everybody around them and, as a result, the child may become confused and apprehensive. This would be very unfortunate. Children cannot develop properly if they are not encouraged to experiment, to seek new experiences and to exercise all their faculties. With such encouragement and proper guidance, however, their "sex"

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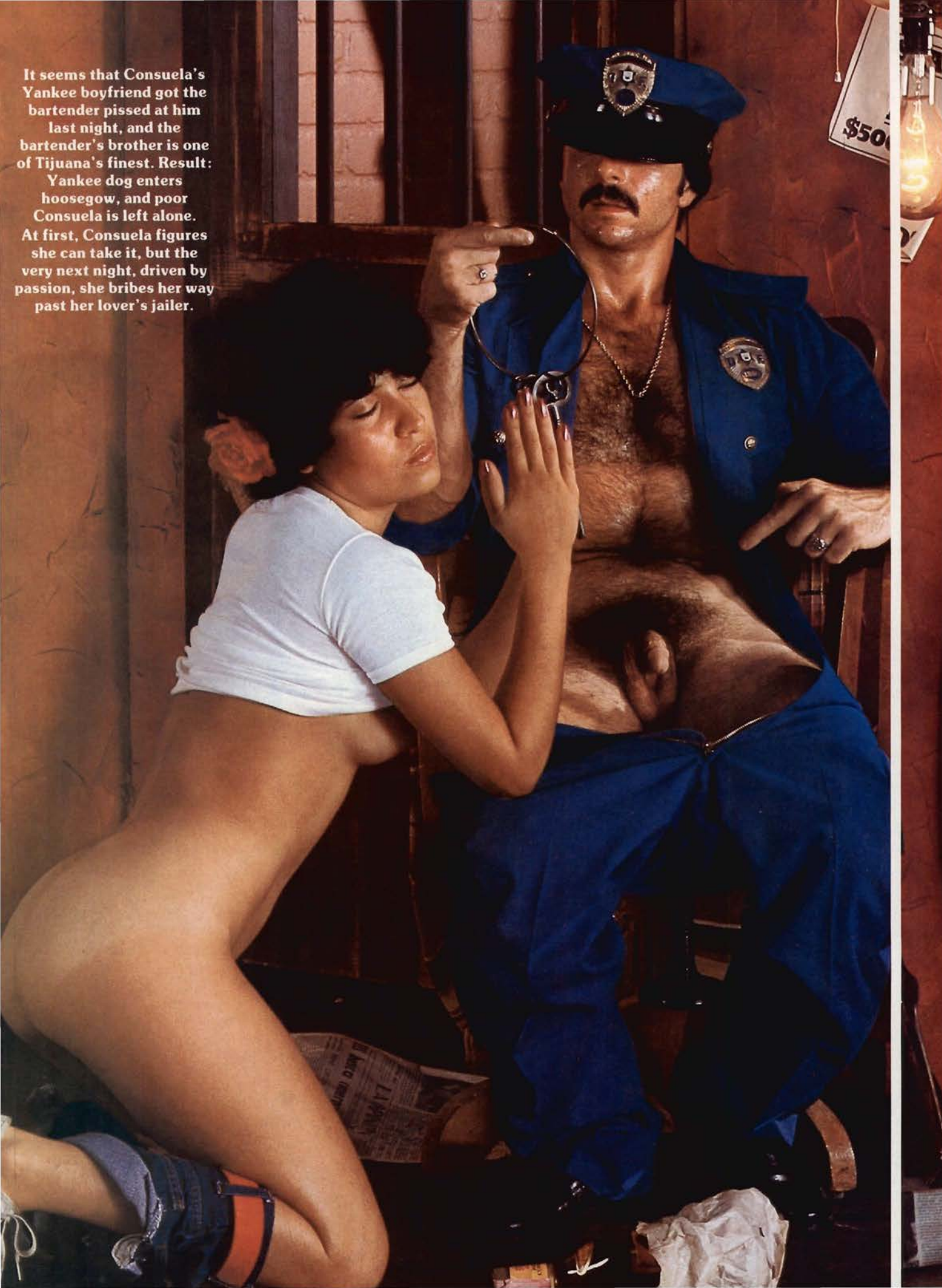


Last Tango in Tijuana





It seems that Consuela's Yankee boyfriend got the bartender pissed at him last night, and the bartender's brother is one of Tijuana's finest. Result: Yankee dog enters hoosegow, and poor Consuela is left alone. At first, Consuela figures she can take it, but the very next night, driven by passion, she bribes her way past her lover's jailer.







The guard has no trouble getting it up for the hot-blooded senorita, but he's a mite greedy. Finally, he OD's on lust (and tequila).





Consuela's boyfriend has had to watch,
and now he's a little greedy himself. Though
he'd have preferred the quiet of her
hacienda, he can't wait, and takes her right
in his cell (cockroaches and all).







Siesta time.
Consuela and her friend dream in
the sticky heat. A spell in jail
doesn't seem such a terrible
fate after all.





(continued from page 73)

play" will eventually turn into purposeful, responsible behavior.

Self-Stimulation

A child's orgasmic capacity increases with advancing age. By their fifth birthday more than half of all boys have reached orgasm, and for boys between ten and 13 years of age the figure rises to nearly 80 percent. Naturally, the orgasms of these boys are not yet accompanied by ejaculations, since no seminal fluid is produced before puberty. (Even then the ejaculated semen may not contain any sperm cells for some time.) On the other hand, some boys are capable of several orgasms in quick succession. They normally lose this capacity as they grow older.

It seems that, on the whole, fewer girls than boys masturbate to orgasm at an early age. One reason for this may be found in the different anatomy of the two sexes. (A penis is comparatively easy to manipulate, and its erection is more difficult to ignore than the lubrication of the vagina.)

A second reason may be the passive, nonsexual attitude that girls learn to adopt as a result of social conditioning. In our culture little girls are usually

not encouraged to be sexual beings.

Parents who see their boys or girls masturbate make a serious mistake if they become alarmed about it and force them to stop under the threat of punishment. This will only create needless feelings of guilt in the children as they continue the practice in secret. The sexual response is a normal function of the human body at any age and, as such, cannot possibly do any physical harm. Neither can it stunt a child's growth. On the contrary, for many children masturbation is simply part of growing up, and there is no medical reason why they should not enjoy it. Nevertheless, children can and should learn that, in our particular culture, masturbation is a very personal and private activity which is unacceptable in public. At the same time, they should be made to understand that what is done in private is not necessarily bad, shameful, sinful or dirty. As long as such negative connotations are avoided, childhood masturbation creates no problems.

Sexual Contact With Adults

As mentioned earlier, our Western civilization has not always believed that children should be protected from all sexual contact. In medieval Europe children were still freely touched, caressed and fondled by every member of

the household. Particularly in rural areas, parents, nurses or servants were accustomed to masturbating small children to please them or to keep them quiet. (This practice is also found in many non-European societies. In the United States today it is still alive among the Hopi Indians.)

However, in modern times there has been a growing tendency to view children as asexual beings. Only in this century, under the influence of Freud and his followers, has the sexuality of children regained at least partial acceptance. Nevertheless, most people continue to believe that there cannot possibly be any harmless sexual contact between children and adults.

Child Abuse

There are indeed some adults who abuse children sexually, and parents are justly concerned about this danger. Unfortunately, this concern leads some parents to become overcautious and overprotective. Children who are constantly warned against strangers, and who are taught to be suspicious of any friendly gesture on the part of adults, may become nervous, hostile and withdrawn. Eventually, they may learn to fear all adults and all sexual feelings and thus become emotionally crippled. This may also happen if they have a pleasant sexual encounter with an adult which is then discovered and misinterpreted by other adults. Even if the encounter was unpleasant, it may in itself cause less psychological damage than the overreaction of parents, neighbors and public officials. A case in point is the public attitude toward exhibitionists. Children who are familiar with the nude human body may be startled, but are unlikely to be seriously shocked, when they see a man exposing his penis. Moreover, since such a man is usually nonviolent, no great harm will be done if the parents remain calm and explain the incident properly.

Nevertheless, as a general rule boys and girls in our culture are well-advised to keep away from strangers and to avoid any sexual contact with adults, or even with much older children. A child is clearly better off playing sexual games with close friends of the same age.

Incest

Incest prohibitions of one kind or another have existed since prehistoric times and among all peoples. The reason for this is still subject to speculation. It is often assumed by laymen that incest invariably produces genetic defects or somehow leads to "degeneracy," bring-

(continued on page 122)



"Tell us the truth, miss. Deep down, didn't you really dig being raped?"



"We've finished burning all the witches. Now who do we persecute?"



THE HITCHHIKER

Fiction by
Zbigniew Kindela

Stroll and Hinson were pushing the '72 Ford Torino toward "The Biggest Little City in the World," as Reno, Nevada, likes to call itself. Dawn was breaking behind them. Up ahead the darkness seemed to hold firm on the edge of the horizon.

"Now here's a man who needs a beer," said Hinson of himself. Reaching into the 22-quart Coleman cooler in the backseat, he asked, "Just about done with your beer there? Want another?"

"I ain't done with this one yet," replied Stroll as he drove.

"Pussy!" said Hinson. He delivered an open-palmed slap on the back of Stroll's neck



to emphasize the comment.

Stroll and Hinson had been friends for nearly five years. Friends of the sort who always threaten one another with harm, yet never bridge the event. Who always look for a weakness to pick at, yet never run the knife completely through. Friends who always use one another as foils for good-natured humor. They didn't compete: They played.

Both had been drinking one day at the Back Bar in Akron, Ohio. The Back Bar is the only worthwhile go-go joint in Rubber Town, since the women who dance there are generally good-looking, but most important, they are also willing—under the right circumstances—to flash their breasts.

Hinson, who weighed nearly 200 pounds, had just finished his shift at the Goodyear rubber works' Plant No. 2 and had decided to drink some beer and watch the women dance.

When Hinson arrived, Stroll was already sitting at the long bar. Halfway into his first overpriced beer, Hinson suddenly yelled out to the dancer, "Show us your pea tits!" There was no malice in his comment. She gave Hinson a look that only a seasoned dancer can give. It read, don't fuck with me. Amused, Hinson smirked back at her, and she continued with her set.

"Hey, honey," Hinson started up again, "show them puppies of yours! You're gettin' paid for it!" Hinson was obviously enjoying himself.

The dancer finished her set. Another girl replaced her. She was new at the game, and nearly every customer in the place sensed it. Most of them chose to stare into their respective drinks until her routine was over.

As soon as the first girl returned to the stage, Hinson began. "You gonna treat me good this time, Pups?!" he yelled.

Stroll had been watching the entire contest. Just as he was about to order another Bud, he heard Hinson say, "Now here's a man who's got some trouble on his hands."

As Stroll looked over, he saw one customer—perhaps the dancer's brother or lover, it didn't matter—pinning Hinson's arms behind his back. Another customer was just beginning to do a fist-dance on Hinson's face.

Waiting what he felt was enough time, Stroll grabbed his empty bottle, walked over to the fight and popped the slugging customer on the head. As the man buckled to the floor, Stroll said, "I believe that things are even now."

Ever since that day, Stroll and Hinson had been inseparable.

Now after saving money all year at

the company credit union—"The place is better than a goddamn bank," Hinson liked to say—they were driving to Reno to surrender \$2,000 apiece, earned in the unbearable heat of the rubber mills. As they often admitted, a fool's a fool, but it's fun to spend like one.

"Goddamn, we're really makin' good time," bellowed Hinson, once again slapping Stroll on his neck. As Hinson pulled his arm away, Stroll darted a jab into the ribs, making Hinson spit out his beer all over the windshield.

"You're one crazy motherfucker, ain'tcha?" asked Hinson.

"An eye for an eye and a jab for a—hey, well take a look at what's up ahead!" Stroll said, changing the direction of his quip midstream.

"Pick that woman up right now!" Hinson barked, feeling that speed-rush of sexuality in the small of his back.

The hitchhiker wasn't beautiful, but she had a certain way about her that would turn on even the most jaded of men. Perhaps it was the arrogant stance—thumb out, almost daring, while the other hand was perched on her hip in defiance, like a streetwalker's. Perhaps it was the shortest pair of cutoffs that Stroll and Hinson had ever seen, out of which seemed to pierce daggerlike legs. And perhaps it was an attempt at playing out a fantasy, which most men have about hitchhikers, that led Stroll to heel-and-toe the red Torino to a stop.

"Where you headed?" she asked the second she was seated between the two men. Her manner seemed to say she would call the shots, even though her voice underplayed it.

"To Reno, but our next stop's Kansas City, just down the road a few miles," said Hinson.

"Reno, huh? Mind if I tag along? I'm going to Los Angeles," she said. "My name's Arlene, but friends call me Lena."

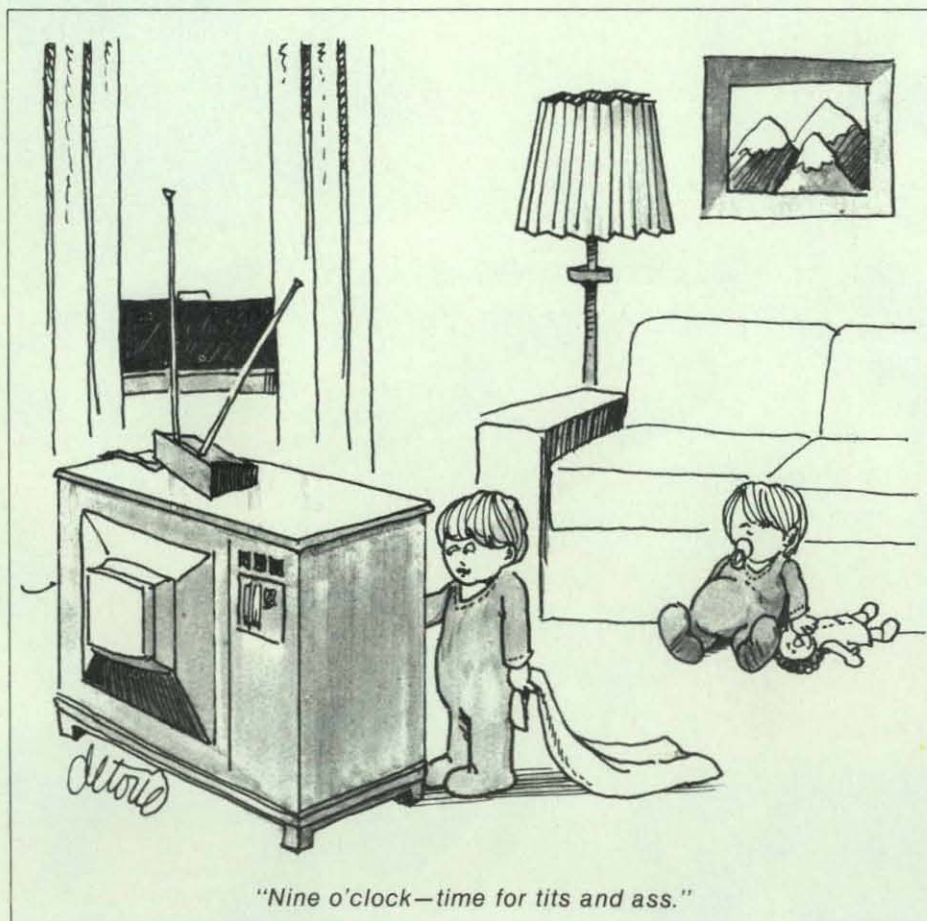
"You can go as far as you want," said Stroll, having a difficult time watching the road. Her breasts were popping out of her sleeveless T-shirt, which had been sheered off just below them, while brunet hair curled out from the crotch of her cutoffs.

"Hey, watch it there. You almost ran off the road that time," said the hitchhiker.

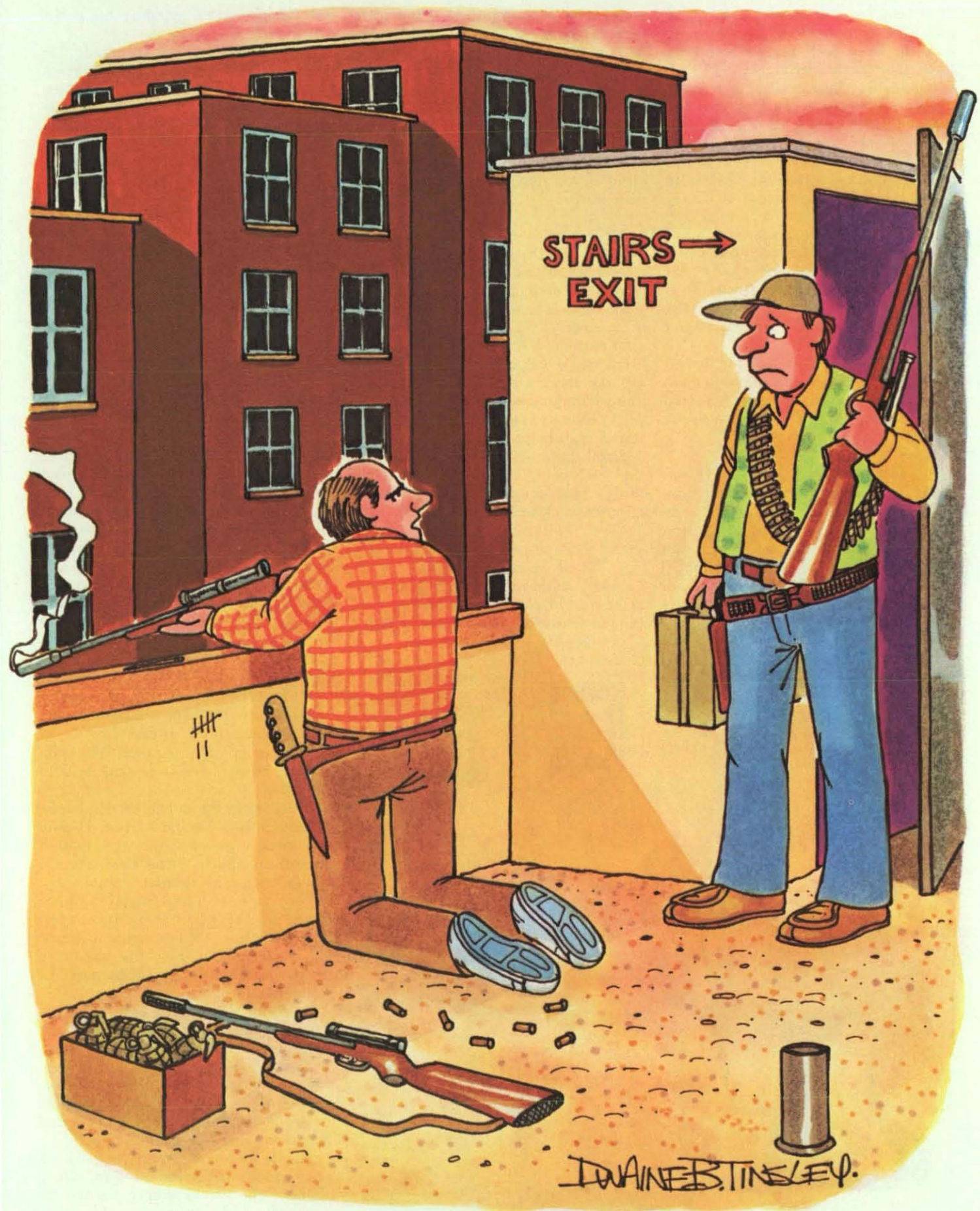
"Sorry 'bout that. Just couldn't help myself under the circumstances," said Stroll, shooting a wink over to Hinson.

"Now here's a man who wants to get to Reno in one piece, I tell ya," said Hinson.

"You guys sure are funny," she said,



"Nine o'clock—time for tits and ass."



"Sorry, sport. This spot's already taken!"

stretching her arms overhead. The stretching action pulled her short T-shirt up over both breasts, exposing dark, half-dollar-sized nipples.

"Goddamn! Now here's a man who's about to go crazy if you keep that up, woman!"

The woman simply gave Hinson a look—playing a pigeon hawk to his magpie—but he missed the shadow in her eye. His genitals buzzed as if they had been hooked up to a torture device.

"Do you have anything to drink?" she asked, lowering her arms but allowing the T-shirt to ride above her exposed breasts. "Sure am thirsty."

Stroll looked over, whistled and said, "I believe we got us a woman on our hands here, Hinson."

"More than you'll know," she replied cryptically, punctuating her statement with shrieking laughter. It bothered Stroll. The laugh didn't seem genuine or human.

A couple of hours and several six-packs later the trio was pulling into Kansas City, and the sun was already shining in below the turned-down visor.

"This is as far as we go today," said Stroll. "We need rest and relaxation."

"Sounds fine to me," she said, not waiting for Hinson's reply. "If you don't think I'm imposing, I'd like to split the

motel room with you guys. I'm a little short on money and can't afford a room by myself."

"Why, we don't mind at all," said Hinson. Twisting Stroll's ear a bit too hard, he said, "Do you there, little fucker?"

"Do we mind? DO WE MIND? What a dumb question. Yeah, we mind. We mind if you don't. We'll even pay for your third."

The motel room was like any other. The TV and the painting over the bed were both bolted down. And as they closed the door behind them, it made a *whoosh* as if to seal in the musty smell of basement.

"I'm takin' a shower first thing," said Stroll. As he began to unpack his shave kit, the woman fell onto the bed and immediately took off her T-shirt.

"I need to relax," she said as Hinson stared in disbelief.

Stroll shook his head and walked into the bathroom, thinking that certain things take priority. It took him 20 minutes to clean up.

"Hey, shithead, I'm done!" Stroll yelled to Hinson through the bathroom door. There was no answer.

"Hey, shithead," Stroll began again as he walked out of the bathroom, stopping in midstride. Hinson was on top of

the naked woman, grinding his pelvis into hers.

Her arms were outstretched, her talonlike fingers playing with the sheets. Hinson's pants were around his ankles. It was obvious the woman didn't care who watched.

Suddenly, she stopped pumping, and with great effort rolled Hinson off of her and onto his back. She started kissing his neck, and for a moment the way Hinson's neck was cocked back made him look as if he were being carried off by a bird of prey. And the expression on his face seemed to say she had buried her teeth into him with force. But he was too drunk to respond. Just as suddenly, she swooped down on Hinson, swallowing his entire member.

This is one hell of a woman, thought Stroll, as his cock started reacting to the strange scene. He reached down and pulled on it slowly.

The woman's tongue was fluttering around Hinson's cockhead, alternating the action by sucking the entire mass down deep into her throat. Shortly, Hinson's stomach spasms signaled the coming end. When she sensed this, her lips tensed around the base of Hinson's cock, giving them the shape of a beak.

Only the convulsions in Hinson's body let Stroll know that his drunk friend was ejaculating. The woman cast Stroll a look as her throat twitched lightly. It seemed to him she was smiling—almost smirking—but Stroll shrugged it off. When Hinson was done, she said to Stroll, "Just give Lena a minute in the bathroom and it's your turn."

"You've got five minutes. You sure got me horny," Stroll replied without emotion.

Even before the hitchhiker closed the bathroom door behind herself, Hinson was already asleep, pants still twisted around his ankles. Stroll knew Hinson would be snoring shortly.

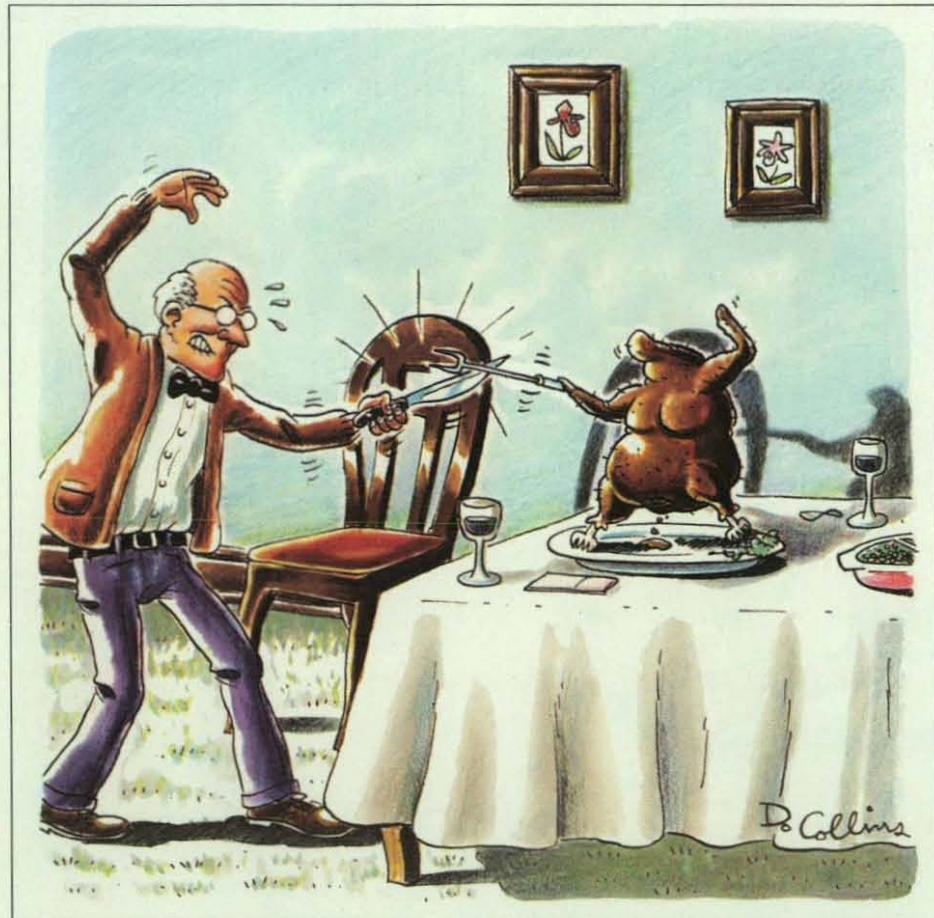
Popping open a beer, Stroll sat down on the adjoining bed, thinking, or actually trying to put his thoughts together. All this seemed too easy. She had fallen ominously from the sky. *What next?* he wondered.

As Stroll was getting more involved with his thoughts, she walked out of the bathroom, brushing her hair.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Worrying too much? Let Lena take care of the tension." She sat down next to Stroll, reached between his legs and began stroking him gently.

Just as he was beginning to get hard, she squeezed clawlike, and Stroll thought she would simply wrench his penis off. And just as suddenly, before

(continued on page 125)



BEAVER HUNT

Readers of *Beaver Hunt* have enthusiastically praised our couple shots. Many have even asked us to feature family Beavers. That's why we're conducting a nationwide search for *Beaver Hunt* couples. If you're a loving pair, send us your color photos, and we'll pay \$50 for every photo we select. All photos become the property of HUSTLER Magazine and are nonreturnable. We'll choose the best models and offer them

professional model rates for an extended photo-feature. We're also looking for unusual and interesting *Beaver Hunt* fantasies. If your photo illustrates or enhances your fantasy, so much the better. Address all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release form on page 98 or a facsimile including all the information requested.

This lovely young water nymph is 18-year-old Sandy Z., a housewife and mother of two children. Sandy, who digs "making love in the rain," would like to write her own sex manual, which would be enhanced by pictures of her in action. This, along with her choice of photo locale, confirms exactly what we'd thought about her sexual appetite. Sandy's motto might well be "The wetter the better."



Photos by Gary Z.



Murray, Utah, isn't famous for its beavers, but this 19-year-old belly dancer, Sharon McDaniel, is working on it. She doesn't have any fantasies, but her favorite hobby is oral sex. That's better than fantasies any night of the week!

Janet Lee Risser, 22, works part-time in a Minneapolis club, performing sex acts with another woman. Her sexual fantasies include "being taken by force." But given this buxom beauty's physique, and considering the nature of her profession (she's a security guard!), we'll let someone else play the aggressor.

Photo by R. Chandler

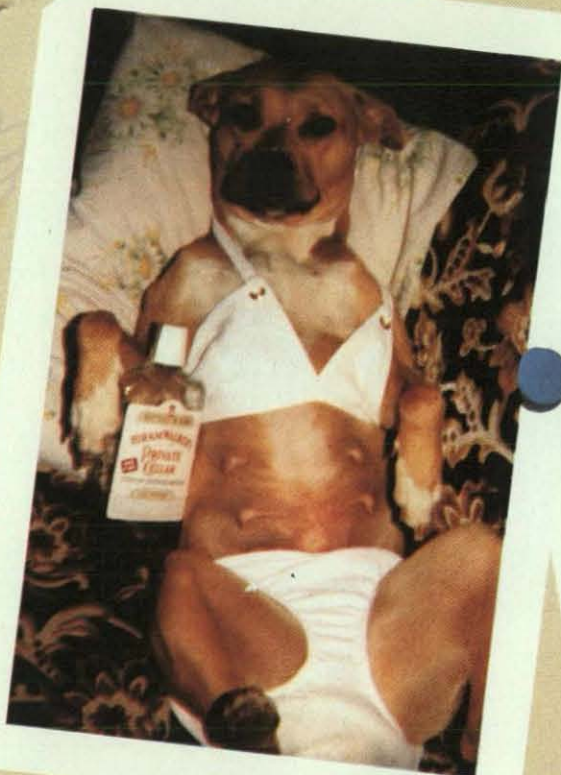


Still strong at 53, Robert Chandler is a merchant seaman from Metairie, Louisiana. This old salt would like to ball on a Mardi Gras float.



Photo by the Lensman

Photo by Diana Sanchez



This lusty bitch is two-year-old Bull Sanchez, of Sabine Pass, Texas. Among her fantasies are having oral sex with a Doberman and being pushed up a hill by a dachshund wearing Nazi storm-trooper boots.

Doris Halton is 50 years old, but the sexual desires of this New Jersey housewife show no signs of decreasing with time. When not tending her plants or fishing, Doris goes to parties where she likes "getting balled in both the French way and the normal way as well." Hurrah for you, Doris!



Photo by Bill Hudson

Photo by "Another Swinging Couple"



Our Beaver Hunt couple for this month is Sam and Judy R., who hail from Seattle, Washington. This happy twosome enjoys sex, swinging and "anything else that brings on that funny feeling." Although Sam doesn't have any particular sexual fantasies, we assume he's a virile guy, since Judy's dream is to "fuck ten guys at once and wear them all out."

1 STOP
2 LISTEN FOR TONE
3 DEPOSIT COINS

NO COINS NEEDED

EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE

DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE

NO COINS
STATION
THIS AREA
OTHER
PERSON,
THIS AREA
OTHER
DIRECTOR
THIS AREA
OTHER
ASSISTANCE



J. A., 25, is an accounting student in Baltimore who prides herself on being a cockteaser. "But when a guy convinces me he's really ready for business," she says, "then I'm ready to let him take me on a joyride."

Photo by K. D.

This 22-year-old house mistress rules her roost in Riverside, California. Roxanne's an art lover, and she'd enjoy it if two big hunkies would paint her body before spending the entire day banging her box.



Photo by C. John



Nineteen-year-old Bunny works in rural New Jersey as a logger. As the only lumberjill in the camp, she satisfies her fantasy of handling most of the logs and shouting "Timm-berrr!"

Photo by Mr. Lou

Photo by Mike P.



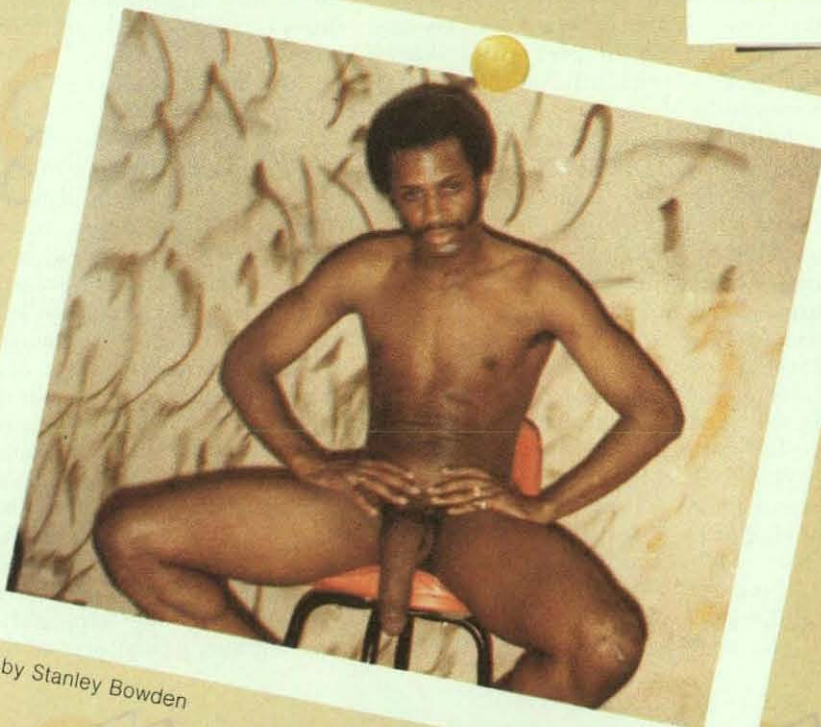
C. P., 28, spends her spare time riding her motorcycle around Cheyenne, Wyoming. This housewife's dreams aren't exactly everyday: "I'd love for a man to diddle me to orgasm while we're both speeding down a windy highway on my bike."



Fran Lombardy, 22, is a nude dancer from Oklahoma City who'd like to play her electric bass in a professional band. Instead of fantasies, she has experiences. "I like to make love whenever and wherever I want," she confides, and nobody objects.



Photo by Joseph Lombardy



Long-dong Donald Poole took 22 years to grow his root, and now he's ready to try it out at sex parties. A licensed practical nurse in Chicago, Don says he'd like to start modeling on the side—for Oscar Mayer maybe.

Photo by Stanley Bowden

MALCOLM X ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 50)

again he was astonished by the warmth of his reception.

In the summer of 1964 he made another, more extended trip to Africa, spending 18 weeks touring the continent and conferring with African leaders. Malcolm visited Egypt, Kuwait, Lebanon, Sudan, Uganda, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania, Nigeria, Ghana, Liberia, Guinea and Algeria. He met with President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, Prime Minister Milton Obote of Uganda, Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, President Julius K. Nyerere of Tanzania, President Nnamdi Azikiwe of Nigeria, President Kwame Nkrumah of

Ghana and President Ahmed Sekou Toure of Guinea.

Washington was deeply alarmed by Malcolm's African activities. His biting denunciation of the U.S. government's inactivity on civil rights, coupled with his growing attacks on "American imperialism," was stirring up anti-U.S. sentiment across Africa. Particularly resented was his maneuvering to bring the racial question before the United Nations—a move that, if successful, could have been Washington's most humiliating cold-war propaganda reversal since the Bay of Pigs debacle in 1961.

In a domestic context Washington saw Malcolm as a long-range threat: He was widely popular with the black masses, but plagued by organizational and recruiting problems that reduced his political effectiveness. But in foreign affairs Malcolm was an imminent and serious danger; more than any other single factor he was responsible for the growing suspicion and fear with which many African countries viewed Washington's intentions.

Washington did not accept this threat to its Third World relations with equanimity. Malcolm X had become a marked man.

Alex Haley, the author of *Roots*, collaborated on Malcolm's autobiography. He reports that "in Washington, D.C., and New York City powerful civic, private and governmental agencies and individuals were keenly interested in what Malcolm X was saying abroad and were speculating upon what he would say, and possibly do, when he returned to America. In upstate New York, I received a telephone call from a close friend who said he had been asked to ask me if I would come to New York City on an appointed day to meet with [a very high government official] who was interested in Malcolm X.

"I did fly down to the City. My friend accompanied me to the offices of a large private foundation well-known for its activities and donations in the civil-rights area. I met the foundation's president, and he introduced me to the Justice Department Civil Rights Section head at the time, Burke Marshall. Marshall was chiefly interested in Malcolm X's finances, particularly how his extensive traveling since his Black Muslim ouster had been paid for."

While Malcolm was in Cairo to request the African summit conference's backing of his U.N. move, the *New York Times'* M. S. Handler reported from Washington: "The State Department and the Justice Department have begun to take an interest in Malcolm's cam-

paign to convince African states to raise the question of persecution of American Negroes at the United Nations. . . . The issue, officials say, would be of service to critics of the United States, Communist and non-Communist, and contribute to the undermining of the position the United States has asserted for itself as the leader of the West in the advocacy of human rights. . . ."

Black attorney and civil-rights activist Milton Henry, who accompanied Malcolm on his second African trip, remembers: "We were trailed wherever we went. There was one agent especially who irritated Malcolm. We couldn't eat without him being at the next table."

Malcolm himself observed on his return: "Throughout my trip I was, of course, aware that I was under constant surveillance."

Henry warned Malcolm that his move to internationalize the domestic racial situation by bringing up the question at the U.N. could invite the most terrible retaliation. "In formulating this policy," Henry says today, "in hitting the nerve center of America, he also signed his own death warrant."

There is a strong possibility that Malcolm's pursuers did not restrict their activities to surveillance. In July 1964 Malcolm was in Cairo to address the African summit conference. In his memorandum to the conference he violently attacked Washington's domestic and foreign policy. The U.S. Embassy in Cairo engaged in delicate behind-the-scenes negotiations to have Malcolm barred from addressing the conference, but its efforts were coldly snubbed by both the Egyptian government and the conference organizers. Washington's efforts to silence Malcolm then appear to have passed from the diplomatic to the intelligence apparatus. Their efforts came closer to success.

On July 23, 1964, the day before he was to deliver his speech to the summit conference, Malcolm dined in the Hilton's main restaurant. Shortly after dinner Malcolm collapsed in his hotel room, suffering from severe abdominal pains. He was rushed to a hospital, where his stomach was pumped.

Analysis of the contents disclosed a "toxic substance." Its nature was undisclosed, but food poisoning was ruled out. Malcolm was hospitalized for a day and a half, but against his doctor's advice he managed to attend the closing sessions of the summit conference. He was shaky for several days afterward. According to Milton Henry, Malcolm believed someone had deliberately poisoned him. Malcolm tried to find the

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 93). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature _____

waiter who had served him, but he had disappeared. In discussing the incident with Milton Henry, Malcolm stressed "the fact that CIA men were all around him in Cairo." He later told Henry: "Washington had a lot to do with it."

After Malcolm returned to the United States he continued to cultivate his overseas contacts, and by the fall of 1964 his plan to haul Washington before the international bar of justice was in high gear. He had established close working relationships with the U.N. delegations of several African nations, and was a familiar figure in the Delegates' Lounge.

In November 1964, when the U.S. intervened in the Congolese civil war by dropping Belgian paratroops into Stanleyville, Malcolm took the lead in whipping up opposition to the intervention. George Breitman, in a speech entitled "Malcolm X, the Man and His Ideas," said: "The State Department credited him, or rather blamed him, for a good part of the strong stand against U.S. imperialism taken by African nations in the United Nations at the time of the latest atrocities in the Congo. As he knew, the CIA and similar agencies take an interest in what the State Department doesn't like."

As his anti-Washington activities grew more widespread and effective, a few of Malcolm's associates and relatives began to warn him of the danger of government retaliation. He had been under surveillance since he broke with the Muslims, but now there were as many as three different agents shadowing him at one time. His phones were tapped—"On my home telephone, if I said 'I'm going to bomb the Empire State Building,' I guarantee you in five minutes it would be surrounded"—and the homes of such associates as Alex Haley were bugged.

Malcolm tried to take the situation in stride, and even joked about it. (He began to open his meetings with the words: "Honored guests, brothers and sisters, friends and enemies; also ABC and CBS and FBI and CIA.") But he knew that powerful forces were after him. His widow Betty told this author, "He believed that the power structure in Washington wanted him dead. He once said, 'If anybody kills me, it'll be the police surrounding this house.' He was followed wherever he went; it was a constant thing."

As Malcolm's U.N. plan moved toward fruition, his sister, Mrs. Ella Collins, asked him if he knew to what lengths Washington might go to stop him. "I asked him if he really recognized the importance of his attempt to go to the United Nations," Mrs. Collins

told this author. "He said to me, 'You know, Ella, maybe I haven't fully realized how vital this thing is to the government.' I told him that to take a step of this kind he needed protection, real protection, that he felt secure with. But he couldn't even trust his own bodyguards. I've been informed by reliable sources that there were CIA agents right in the organization, and I've been given their names. Malcolm knew the dangers, but he said he had to go ahead."

One of the agencies most active in its pursuit of Malcolm was J. Edgar Hoover's FBI, which by the mid-'60s was also conducting a secret and vicious vendetta against Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.—a smear-and-sabotage campaign that many observers believe led directly or indirectly to King's assassination in 1968. [Editor's Note: See Mark Lane's report on the murder of Dr. King in November's *HUSTLER*.]

Malcolm was a prime target of Hoover's COINTELPRO program, which officially sanctioned burglaries ("black-bag jobs" in bureau parlance). COINTELPRO's aims were set forth in a memo from Hoover to FBI agents across the country: "The purpose of this new counterintelligence endeavor is to expose, disrupt, misdirect, discredit or otherwise neutralize the activities of black-nationalist, hate-type organizations and groupings, their leadership, spokesmen, membership and supporters. . . ."

Under COINTELPRO, FBI agents were instructed to "exploit through counterintelligence techniques the organizational and personal conflicts of the leadership of the groups" and whenever possible to "capitalize upon existing conflicts between competing black-nationalist organizations." Primary aims of the program were to "prevent the coalition of militant black-nationalist groups," to "prevent militant nationalist groups and leaders from gaining respectability" and to frustrate the plans of such groups to "consolidate their forces or recruit new or youthful adherents."

Malcolm frequently tried to tell friends in the press—white and black alike—about the extent of the government's surveillance of him, but most were skeptical, and not a few secretly feared he was succumbing to paranoia. The counterintelligence program against King, Malcolm and other black leaders and organizations was still a closely guarded FBI secret in the mid-'60s, and the CIA's assassination plans against Cuba's Fidel Castro and the Congo's Patrice Lumumba would not be

public knowledge for another decade. The more Malcolm muttered about government agents and informers, the less he was heard. And when Malcolm hinted darkly that the CIA or FBI might have launched a plot that would lead to his death, he elicited in response only raised eyebrows and embarrassed evasions. This, after all, was *America*. Could Malcolm be cracking up?

Despite his misgivings, Malcolm persisted in his efforts to galvanize international support for his move to indict Washington before the United Nations. Early in February 1965 he flew to London to deliver the closing address at the first conference of the Council of African Organizations. From London he was scheduled to fly to Paris to speak before the Congress of African Students. When his plane landed at Orly Airport on February 9, Malcolm was told he could not disembark. The French government had branded him "an undesirable person," and he was ordered to leave the country immediately.

Malcolm had visited France just three months earlier without experiencing any difficulty, and he was baffled by the expulsion order. In a transcript of a tape-recorded telephone call between Malcolm in London and the Paris student group, made available to this author, Malcolm said: "I was surprised when I arrived in Paris and was prohibited from landing. I thought that if there were any country in Europe that was liberal in its approach to the problem it was France. This is why I was shocked when they told me I couldn't land. They didn't give me any excuse for it. I believe the [U.S.] State Department is responsible."

In view of the State Department's unrelenting hostility to Malcolm, his assumption of its culpability is understandable. But President Charles de Gaulle's government was hardly noted for its receptivity to State Department *dicta*. Furthermore, information that has subsequently come to light points a finger in quite another direction.

In April 1965 my interest in Malcolm's death was intensified by a highly placed North African diplomat. This official, who insisted on anonymity, said his country's intelligence apparatus had been quietly informed by the French Department of Alien Documentation and Counter-Espionage that the CIA planned to murder Malcolm X, and France feared he might be liquidated on its soil. The diplomat's country, which enjoyed close relations with France, was so informed because Malcolm had visited it on prior occasions and might possibly have flown

there after his expulsion from France.

"Your CIA is beginning to murder its own citizens now," the diplomat told me coolly.

On Saturday, February 12, 1965, Malcolm arrived at New York's Kennedy International Airport from London. Ten hours later, at 2:45 a.m. Sunday morning, as he and his family slept in their modest home in East Elmhurst, Queens, firebombs were hurled through the windows. The four bombs were carefully distributed so as to seal off any escape exit, but one glanced off a windowpane and exploded harmlessly on the front lawn. The house was gutted, but Malcolm and his family narrowly escaped.

Subsequent to the bombing came a thinly veiled attempt by the New York Police Department to show that Malcolm had firebombed his own home "as a publicity stunt." For some reason the police did not want the public to take the threat to Malcolm's life seriously, and police officials insinuated to reporters—"off the record"—that it was all a hoax staged by Malcolm himself.

The only evidence for this claim was a whisky bottle full of gasoline found in a bedroom—and, in fact, pointed out to the police by Malcolm's wife after the fire. Malcolm suspected that the police had planted the gasoline to discredit him and also to abort press and public demands that he be placed under tight security protection in order to avert another attack on his life.

"When they planted the gasoline, I knew it was no longer the Muslims," Malcolm's sister Ella told this author. "Only the police could have planted it, because as the fire died down the neighbors went into the house to get some clothes for the children from their rooms—what hadn't been burned. And none of them saw this jug of gasoline when they took things from the baby's dresser. And then the police squad arrived and took over the house, and then they produced the gasoline."

Malcolm's widow corroborates her sister-in-law's version of events. "Only someone in the uniform of a fireman or policeman could have planted the bottle of gasoline on my baby's dresser," she told me. "It was to make it appear as if we had bombed our own home."

Malcolm's suspicions were confirmed by a black fire marshal who secretly met him at Rochester Airport after a speaking engagement and confirmed that "a man in a police uniform" had been seen by firemen bringing the bottle into the house after the bombing. Malcolm promptly called a press conference at the Hotel Theresa in Harlem and told

reporters: "We are demanding an immediate investigation by the FBI of the bombing. We feel a conspiracy has been entered into at the local level, with some local police and firemen." Malcolm continued, "The police in this country know what is going on—this conspiracy leads to my death." He also charged that Washington knew what was going on, and revealed that he had sent a telegram to Secretary of State Dean Rusk lodging an official protest, charging that the government "had no intention to help me or protect my life."

The firebombing and the peculiar circumstances of the planted gasoline convinced Malcolm that forces far more potent than the Muslims were on his trail. A few days before the assassination he spoke to Alex Haley for the last time. "His voice was hoarse and he seemed agitated," Haley recalls. "It was obvious that he was under a great strain. He wanted to tell me something. He said that there were other groups and interests beside the Muslims who were seeking his death." Malcolm said to Haley, "I know what [the Muslims] can do and what they can't. I trained them. Things have gone beyond the Muslims."

Ella Collins told me: "On the day before his death, which was a Saturday, we spent the day together. He discussed the fact that the way his house was bombed and his being barred from France led him to believe that the plotters of his death were much bigger than the Muslims." She again warned her brother to leave the country while he could. She reports that Malcolm reluctantly agreed, primarily in order to safeguard his family.

"I said to him then, and I believe now," Mrs. Collins said, "that his move to take the race issue to the U.N. would cause his death . . . To take the American black problem into the United Nations, after gaining respect from the Afro-Asian and European world, this would have brought about a day of reckoning for the United States government. And this was why he was killed. Had he not mentioned going into the United Nations, they would have allowed him to live, maybe later finding some way to incriminate him and send him to jail to get him out of the way."

His last words to his sister were: "You pray for me, Ella, because I firmly believe now I need it more than I've ever needed it before. So you ask Allah to guide me, because I feel they may have me doomed for this day."

"Not this day," his sister told him.

"Yes, this day," Malcolm said quietly.

Four hours later he was dead.

As the police investigation of Malcolm's murder got under way, there was a bizarre sequel to the assassination. Leon 4X Ameer, Malcolm's New England representative, traveled from Boston to New York immediately after the shooting to confer with Malcolm's aides. He charged that Malcolm had been killed by "the power structure" and urged that a mediator confer with Elijah Muhammad and members of Malcolm's Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU) to bring the two organizations closer together. There were some indications that Ameer might be Malcolm's successor in the OAAU. (A week before his death Malcolm had warned, "If my life is worth three cents, then Leon's is worth two cents.")

On March 13, 1965, Ameer delivered a scathing speech before the Boston Militant Labor Forum, a branch of the Socialist Workers Party. "I have facts in my possession as to who *really* killed Malcolm," he told the meeting. "The killers aren't from Chicago [Muslim headquarters]. They're from Washington." He promised to hold a press conference in the near future to reveal evidence proving the "power structure's" responsibility, including documents and tape recordings he had been given by Malcolm before his assassination.

"Nobody believed Malcolm X when he said his life was in danger," Ameer claimed, "and now I'm in the same predicament. I know my life is worth nothing." The next morning his body was discovered by a chambermaid in his room at Boston's Sherry Biltmore Hotel. He had died of strangulation.

The police initially announced that the cause of Ameer's death was an epileptic seizure. But Ameer's widow revealed that her husband had had a complete medical checkup just one month before his death and that "there was no hint of epilepsy." On the basis of this new medical evidence the Boston police promptly changed its story. Ameer, the police now claimed, had actually died of an overdose of Doriden, a powerful sedative. It was, "obviously," a suicide.

Ella Collins, who lives in Boston and who knew Ameer well, told me: "I firmly believe that Leon Ameer was assassinated. In Boston everything was kept very quiet. The police hushed it all up." Mrs. Collins added, "I spoke to his wife on the telephone. She said that she'd been married to him for eleven years, and he'd never had an epileptic fit of any kind. But that's what the police kept telling her did it."

The death of Leon Ameer was an object lesson to Malcolm's other aides.

(continued on page 104)

KINKY KORNER

by Jill Kirkpatrick

I've never considered myself to be a writer or anything like that, but a recent episode in my life changed my sex life so radically that I felt I had to share it with HUSTLER's readers.

Last year my husband volunteered to organize a group of boys between 13 and 17 years of age. Our marriage is childless, and we wanted to have kids around us. It was also a chance to do something for the community. I helped out with refreshments, paperwork and the planning of camping trips. The boys were delightful, and I was flattered by the puppy love some of them felt for me.

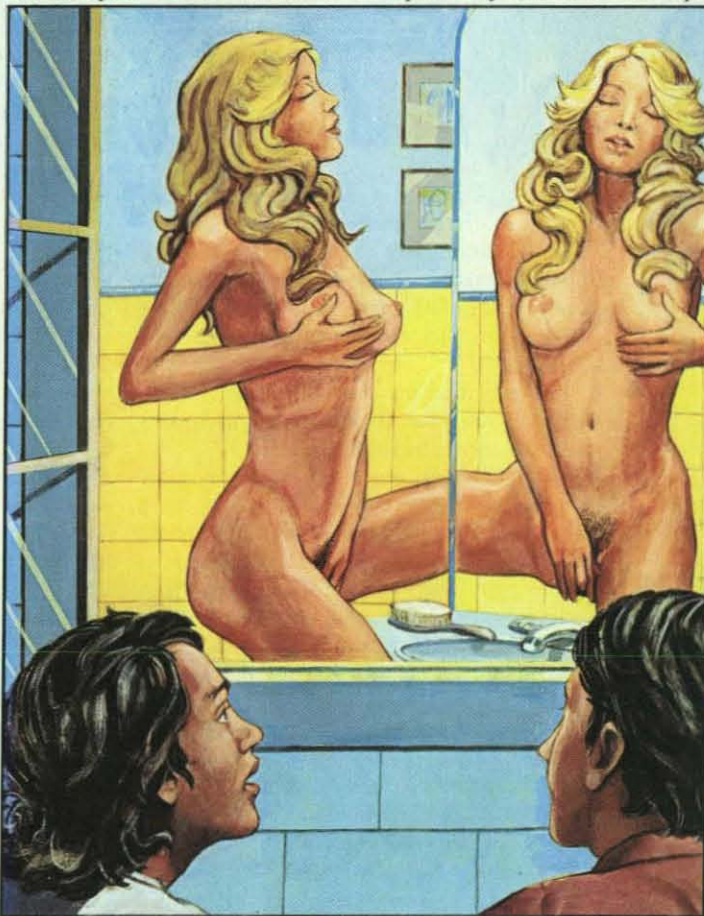
I'm only 24 years old myself. I'm five-feet tall and slim, so I'm often mistaken for a teenager. When people see my husband and me out on the town, they sometimes think he's a dirty old man fooling around with someone just out of the cradle. At any rate, the boys in my husband's troop often complimented me and kidded about dating me. Before long, I began to think of them as young men, and sometimes when I was driving the car or puttering in the garden, I'd catch myself fantasizing about them.

During one weekly get-together my husband was called out of town, leaving me to finish the meeting while he rushed to the airport. At about nine o'clock I herded the kids out of the house, turned on the front-porch light and waved good-bye to them. When the last ones had gone, I decided to take a bath and go to bed.

With the house empty and my husband gone, a feeling of complete freedom came over me. As I soaked in the tub, I wondered what it would be like to just get in my Pinto, drive to another town and pick up a young man. Who would know? I could fulfill my wildest desires and be home again in the morning, the perfect housewife.

I thought about several of the boys

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



EXHIBITIONISM: THE HORNY HOUSEWIFE

who had just left my house and visualized how their hard young bodies would respond in the backseat of my car on a dark street. My mind played with the idea: I imagined that I was driving along a main boulevard several miles from home, watching a teenage boy, in jeans and sneakers, walking along the sidewalk. I'd stop the car and ask him if he needed a ride. Sure, he'd say innocently, and get in, his Levi's clinging to his muscular legs. I imagined him as blond and wide-eyed, a shy football player, who'd say "yes, ma'am, no ma'am" when I'd ask him questions.

Then I'd ask him if he'd ever had an affair with an older woman. His voice would break, and I could imagine him blushing. I'd reach over and grab his rock-hard cock through his jeans.

During this fantasy I was lying in the tub, surrounded by warm bubblebath, with my feet pressed against the cool tile, and I was running my finger around the lips of my pussy, feeling my own juices mix with the water. My clit poked at my finger, begging for attention. As my caresses sent warm tides through my body, I almost felt that boy's dick in my fingers. I imagined turning the car onto a dark and tree-lined residential sidestreets, pulling over to the curb and unzipping his pants.

In my mind his luscious tool flicked out like a switchblade knife. I saw myself jerk on the emergency brake and plunge my head into his lap, engulfing his throbbing cock with my lips and gulping it all the way down to his short-and-curly. Just as my real-life orgasm began to spread into my stomach and I imagined the boy's cum shooting into my throat, I heard something scrape against the window behind me.

I glanced over my shoulder and caught a movement outside in the dark. For a second a shot of fear refrigerated me, but just as

quickly the warmth and excitement returned, for I was sure it was one of the boys spying on me. Acting like nothing had happened, I got out of the tub, turned on the water in the sink, wrapped a towel around me, and went into my darkened bedroom. Our house is angled in such a way that I can look out my bedroom window and see the area outside the bathroom window.

I was amazed to see not one boy but two standing outside! They were Richard and Danny, identical twins, whom I had included once or twice in my fantasies. My heart pumped faster

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and my throat got dry when I realized that they had unzipped their pants and were masturbating as they stared into the bathroom, waiting for me to return to the running sink. Their dicks looked surprisingly large sticking out of their fists. I longed to go outside and caress their lovely joints myself, but I knew that I would only scare them away. I decided instead to give them a show.

I returned to the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror. As I brushed my hair, I let the towel fall to the floor. The thought of the twins masturbating only a couple of feet away caused my pussy to lubricate the inside of my thighs. I caressed my breasts and rubbed my clit and moaned out loud to myself in the mirror, "Oh God, I'm so horny, so goddamn excited! Those boys sure do turn me on! Especially those twins." I heard a small gasp from the window and knew they were still there. That gasp alone caused me to climax and moan even louder.

I continued my caresses. "Oh, I wish I could see their lovely bodies as naked as I am now, but they're only 17."

I just had to see what the twins were doing, so I casually left the bathroom again and peeked through the bedroom window. They were still there, one of them now with a limp dick. The other one was still going, though, thrusting his loins forward and pumping faster, faster, until finally he shot his cum against our aluminum siding.

Again I returned to the bathroom, more excited than I'd ever been in my life. I wanted to rush out and suck their dicks dry, but instead I continued my show and acted out the sexiest bathroom scene those twins would ever see. About 15 minutes later, sensing that I was alone, I hurried back to the bedroom and saw that they had gone.

To cool myself down I jumped back into the tub. Then I dried off, climbed into a robe and went into the den to catch *Barnaby Jones* on TV. I kept the living-room lights out. After a couple of minutes there was a light, timid knock on the front door. I peeked through the little judas window and saw one of the twins outside, looking apprehensively at the hedges beside the porch. Obviously, his brother was hiding there. In a hot rush of excitement I opened the door.

It was Richard. He wore his sandy hair longer than Danny's. When the dim light from the TV flickered on his face, it was white with his own fear and excitement. He glanced toward the hedge again, squirmed around before looking me in the eye and tried to work his lips.

"Yes, Richard?" I prompted him, in the calmest tone I could muster.

He shuffled around for a moment, studying his feet. "Uh, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, did I lose anything here?"

"Like what?" I asked.

That stumped him. A terrified expression froze his face. "Well, ahhh..." He shot another glance at the hedges for support but didn't find any.

I helped him out. "Your skateboard?"

Richard brightened and nodded. "Yes, ma'am, that's it. I think I left my skateboard here."

His innocent awkwardness excited me. I wanted to grab his dick right there. I said, "I haven't seen it, but if you come in, maybe you'll remember where you left it."

He hurried past me, and I shut the door. We went through the motions of searching for his skateboard, behind the chairs and under the tables. I noticed how flat his stomach was under his *Star Wars* T-shirt, and I got weak-kneed just thinking how he had lusted after me only 20 minutes earlier with his dick in his fist.

"Maybe it rolled under the couch," I suggested.

Richard got down on his hands and knees. I knelt down beside him, and we both waved our arms around in the darkness without finding anything. My skin tingled when I smelled his sweet boyhood sweat.

"Not there," he croaked nervously. He stood up.

Before Richard could step away, I reached out and grabbed his calf. He fell lightly against me, his crotch pressing against my face.

Quickly I jerked down his pants and underwear. The TV light glowed on his white skin. Losing his teenage shyness, he suddenly grabbed my long hair and forced his cock into my mouth. And the more I groaned with pleasure the harder he rammed his beautiful young dick down my throat, until his breathing sounded like a locomotive and he started falling backward on the couch.

I stayed with him, not letting that sweet-tasting, swollen rod slip out of my lips. Before I could catch my breath his muscles and veins throbbed, and several bursts of molten cum shot deep into my throat. After I'd sucked him clean of every last drop of juice, I moved my tongue to his tight young ass, probing deep into his puckered anus. Then I looked out the window and saw Danny's face pressed against the glass in a wide cloud of steam. His forehead bumped and squeaked on the glass as his hand shook the rest of him by his love handle.

KINKY KORNER

A car pulled into the driveway. When I looked at the window again, Danny was gone. I focused my eyes for a minute on Richard's gleaming, soft meat weaving in my face. I got up and hurried over to the door to see who was visiting me.

I panicked for only a second. "Richard!" I whispered harshly to him. He opened his eyes. "It's your father!"

He swore, pulled up his pants and rushed through the hallway toward the back door. I composed myself as I pulled my robe around me. Their father's footsteps clumped on the porch.

"Pardon me for stopping by this late, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," he apologized when I opened the door. "But have you seen the twins?"

"They left here about nine o'clock, Al," I told him.

He said he hoped they hadn't been giving me a hard time. I almost laughed at that. He went on about how he was having such a hard time keeping up with them and how his wife had trouble controlling them. Finally he said, "Well, maybe they're home by now."

"Would you like to call and find out?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, and walked in. I was still excited from sucking his son's cock, and when Al's arm brushed mine, the static electricity shocked the hell out of

both of us. He sized me up and said, "I hope your husband doesn't mind my using his phone."

"He's away for several days," I answered with a husky voice.

We walked back toward the kitchen, where the phone is. I stumbled in the dimly lit hallway, and he reached out to steady me. I gasped at the feel of his arm through my housecoat. The next thing I knew we were kissing passionately in the kitchen doorway. Losing my head in the heat of passion, I pawed at his belt and managed to zip open his fly. His prick popped out, a fatter version of the one that had melted in my mouth not five minutes before. I eagerly bent down to take it into my mouth as Al opened my robe and ran his palms across my nipples, rolling them between his thumb and finger. Suddenly he filled my mouth with cum.

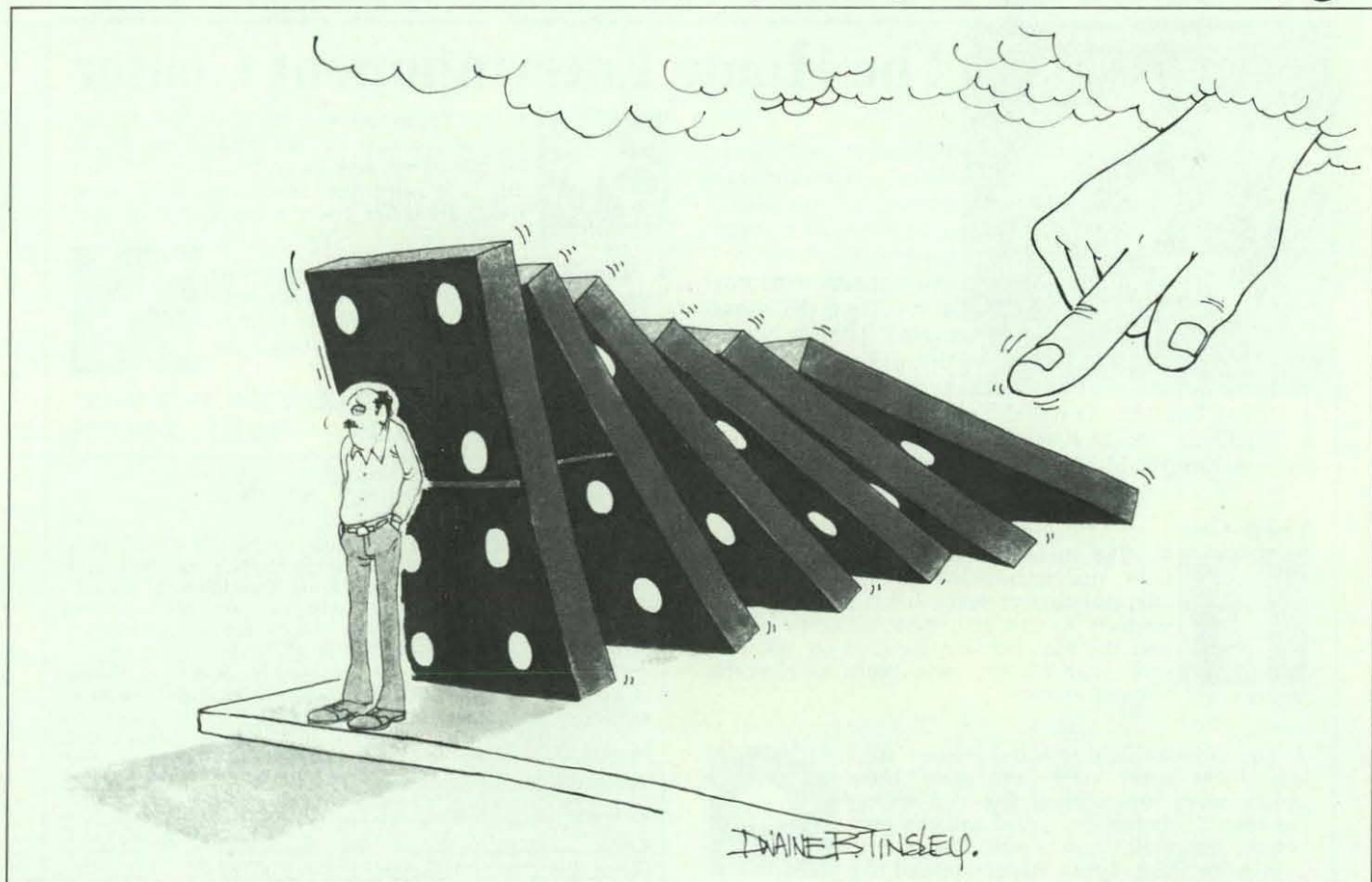
I fell back on the tile floor and pulled him on top of me. He reversed his position and started running his tongue up and down my slit, alternately plunging it into my vagina and then sucking my clit. I had climax after climax until my body steamed like a tropical rain forest.

He spun around and entered me without any problem. I felt every inch pump steadily into me with slow, powerful strokes. With every hump I slid along

the floor, until we bumped our heads against the refrigerator. Al picked me up without disengaging our bodies and held me against the refrigerator door as he plunged in and out. He lowered his head to suck my nipples. I climaxed again, waving my arms and knocking several drinking glasses off the counter. The shattering glass joined my ecstasy, as if it was really me breaking into hundreds of glittering fragments. When Al squirted his cum, the inside of my pussy felt like a whirlpool bath.

I finally let Al out of my house around one o'clock, just as Johnny Carson was signing off. His wife gave him hell, he said later, but it had been worth it. Since then we've rendezvoused in my garage several times after my husband has gone to bed. And now I go camping with my husband's troop, because now and then Danny or Richard and I sneak off into the trees somewhere, and I suck their delicious cocks while the birds sing and the honeysuckle sweetens the air.

Of course, I haven't told the twins about their father or him about his sons. I'm so thankful for the sexual awakening the family's given me that I don't want to risk losing it. As a matter of fact, their mother and I are becoming very friendly now, and soon I hope to be making it with the entire family. 🍆



MALCOLM X ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 100)

Earl Grant, who had in his possession most of Malcolm's tapes and files, fled with them to Ghana. James Shabazz, his number-two man, dropped out of sight. Reuben Francis, his secretary, who had been indicted for shooting one of the alleged assassins, went into hiding. Eight months later Francis was arrested by the FBI while the trial of Malcolm's three alleged murderers was in progress, but he was never allowed to testify despite the vital importance of his evidence. After the trial he too dropped out of sight; his present whereabouts, and the disposition of the charges against him, are a complete mystery. For those who had been close to Malcolm, and who possessed inside knowledge of the events surrounding his death, silence seemed equivalent to survival.

The trial of Malcolm's three accused assassins raised more questions than it answered. One of the defendants, Talmadge Hayer (also known as Thomas Hagan), was captured on the spot after he was shot and wounded by Reuben Francis. Hayer had a prior police record but no known links to the Nation of Islam or to any other black-nationalist group.

Two Black Muslim activists, Thomas

15X Johnson and Norman 3X Butler, were also arrested and indicted for the murder. Both men were members of the Harlem Mosque. Johnson, a burly unemployed house painter, belonged to the Fruit of Islam, the movement's private army. Butler, a tall, muscular karate expert, was a lieutenant in the Fruit of Islam and the Mosque's chief enforcer. Six weeks before Malcolm's murder he and Johnson had been arrested for shooting another Muslim defector, Benjamin Brown, through the back.

From the inception of the case against Hayer, Johnson and Butler, serious questions were raised as to the conduct of the police and prosecution—questions that bear directly not only on the course of the trial but also on the circumstances of Malcolm's death. One of the most disturbing facts to emerge from the tangled skein of events surrounding Malcolm's murder was that he could not have been killed without the assistance of the New York Police Department. Whether that assistance was rendered through gross negligence or was the result of a deliberate conspiracy can only be determined by a new and impartial investigation.

Police hostility toward Malcolm, and its indifference to the attacks on his life, have always disturbed Malcolm's

associates. His biographer, Peter Goldman, has written that "the authorities in New York and Washington did consider him a dangerous man and... few tears were spilled in government at any level when he died." Goldman found "unsettling elements in the behavior of the police toward Malcolm during his lifetime—their constant and intrusive surveillance and their extraordinary detachment in the face of sound intelligence that his life was in imminent danger." Regardless of whether the police refusal to offer Malcolm adequate protection stemmed from dereliction of duty or had a more sinister origin, it led directly to his death.

During all previous meetings at the Audubon Ballroom the building had swarmed with police, assigned both to protect Malcolm and to stave off any clashes between his followers and those of Elijah Muhammad. But at the meeting on Sunday, February 21, one week after Malcolm's house had been fire-bombed, the usual police detail was nowhere in evidence.

The police had also refused to give Malcolm even the most rudimentary protection in the weeks before the assassination. Ordinarily when a man's house is bombed and he and his family are almost incinerated, police protection is automatic and unsolicited. Except, of

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course, when the man is someone such as Malcolm X. As Alex Haley has commented, "During the week preceding the assassination, Malcolm X complained repeatedly that the police would not take his requests for protection seriously."

If there were no uniformed policemen to protect Malcolm, there were at least three plainclothesmen in the audience—members of the Bureau of Special Services and Investigation (BOSS), the NYPD's top-secret "countersubversion" squad. The role of BOSS in the assassination and the events preceding it deserves special scrutiny.

As Peter Goldman has revealed, "Malcolm had become a job for the men from BOSS... a secret intelligence unit whose operations were unknown even to the rest of the department." According to Goldman, "BOSS's heart was in its clandestine-operations section. Like any intelligence agency, BOSS used paid informants but understood their limitations, among them the possibility that they might make up information to keep their wages coming in. It vastly preferred its own undercover operatives—who were commonly recruited out of town, secretly inducted into the force, equipped with a cover address, job and identity, and set afloat to establish themselves in the community. There was nothing to identify them as policemen even to other policemen; their folders and ID photos were held secretly at BOSS headquarters, and they never set foot in police stations unless they were arrested in the line of duty."

One of those undercover operatives was Gene Roberts, ostensibly a Bronx clothing salesman, who infiltrated Malcolm's organization early in 1964. According to Goldman, "The charter of the BOSS agent was to work his way inside the target group, make himself constantly available, volunteer for the nastiest jobs and get as close to the center as he could; the extent to which this required participating in and even promoting precisely those activities the department was worried about was left to his discretion and his daily covert contacts with his control. Roberts succeeded admirably in his mission; the brothers got to calling him 'Brother Gene' and admitted him to the circle of two-dozen or so true believers who served Malcolm as staff, advance men and bodyguards."

Roberts stayed close to Malcolm until the very end—deepening suspicions about possible police complicity in the assassination. As a BOSS spokesman revealed while defending the department against charges of negligence:

"We did have our guy near him, Roberts, and I'm sure he was armed—an automatic or a Derringer, maybe, not a police weapon." In fact, a photograph published in *Life* magazine reveals Roberts bending over Malcolm immediately after the shooting, apparently giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Intriguingly, there is an obvious bullet hole in Roberts's jacket, and a gunlike bulge in one pocket. "We all almost fainted when we saw that," the BOSS spokesman later remarked. (However, the hole may have been caused by a stray bullet from one of the assassins' guns.)

Almost 14 years after the murder Roberts's role was discussed by none other than Watergate bagman and Nixon "dirty tricks" expert Anthony "Tony U" Ulasewicz, who in 1965 was a top operative in BOSS. "I had guys in everywhere," Ulasewicz revealed. "You know that [*Life* magazine] picture of the Malcolm X assassination? Well, the black who was giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation was my plant. That's the way we did it in those days. We infiltrated." From the Audubon Ballroom to Watergate...

On the basis of eyewitness identification, Roberts was subsequently brought in for questioning by the regular New York police detail investigating Malcolm's murder, but was released after intercession by BOSS headquarters. "We really took him over the coals," one detective recalled. "I don't mean physically, but we were putting pressure on the bodyguards, and we put pressure on him. And then the next thing you know we get a phone call, and we found out who he was. So we couldn't put pressure on him anymore." Peter Goldman, who won the confidence of the cops working on the Malcolm X case, wrote: "Some of the police were puzzled that the other brothers never figured Roberts out after that—never guessed why he seemed suddenly immune when they were being called in repeatedly. [The police] were equally puzzled about how oddly fuzzy Roberts seemed to be about detail, given that he was a cop..."

Another mysterious aspect of Roberts's behavior involves the disappearance of a vital piece of evidence in the case—one of the murder weapons, a Luger pistol abandoned at the scene. Charles X Blackwell testified before the grand jury that he had handed the gun over to Malcolm's trusted aide "Brother Gene"—Gene Roberts. From that point on the murder weapon disappeared, and was never introduced into evidence at the trial. If BOSS was acting to protect

Roberts's cover, it succeeded, but at the price of obstructing justice. Some of Malcolm's associates suspect that something far more sinister was involved in the Luger cover-up.

Despite the vital importance of his eyewitness testimony in the trial of Hayer, Johnson and Butler in January 1966, Gene Roberts was never called to the stand by either the prosecution or defense, and as one detective later stated, "Nobody else from BOSS was ever brought forward" either. Roberts's cover remained intact for another four years, until he surfaced in 1970 as the star witness against 13 New York Black Panthers accused of conspiring to blow up Bloomingdale's and Macy's department stores, the Bronx Botanical Gardens and other selected targets. Roberts had apparently infiltrated the Panthers as successfully as he had Malcolm's organization.

There was one embarrassing moment for Roberts in the course of his testimony at the Panther trial, when defense attorney Gerald Lefcourt inquired if the witness had been at the scene of Malcolm's assassination. Roberts replied that he had, and Lefcourt abruptly asked him: "Did you do it?"

"No, I did not," Roberts, obviously flustered, replied.

"Isn't it a fact that you helped murder Malcolm X?" Lefcourt persisted.

"No, it isn't," Roberts replied. But from that moment on he appeared shaken and oddly defensive, and the Panthers' attorneys had a relatively easy time discrediting his testimony. The 13 defendants were eventually acquitted, and Roberts returned underground. His whereabouts today are unknown.

Throughout the trial of the three alleged assassins the New York Police Department and the District Attorney's Office collaborated effectively to prevent the introduction of any evidence that would raise the possibility of complicity in the assassination on the part of BOSS or federal intelligence agencies. Their task was made difficult by the fact that while the case against Hayer was virtually ironclad—when arrested at the scene he had in his pocket a clip of .45-caliber bullets that matched one of the murder weapons, and his thumbprint was found on the remains of the diversionary incendiary device—the case against Johnson and Butler was far less convincing. Both men had unsavory records as Muslim "enforcers" and could reasonably be expected to have wished Malcolm dead. But there was no material evidence linking either man to either the murder scene or the murder weapons, and the case against them

relied entirely on dubious eyewitness testimony and unimpressive circumstantial evidence. There was also another problem for the prosecution, even granting the guilt of all three men—the whereabouts of the missing assassin or assassins.

The prosecution contended that Butler and Hayer had created the diversion in the center of the auditorium, while Johnson was the man firing the shotgun. Butler and Hayer then were supposed to have run toward the stage, firing with pistols at Malcolm's prone body.

However, all reliable eyewitness evidence indicates that at least *four* men were actually involved—one who caused the diversion in the middle of the ballroom but who didn't fire a shot, another who fired a shotgun from the fourth row, and two men in the first row who emptied their pistols into Malcolm as he fell to the stage.

There was one way to conclusively determine the actual number of assassins. Peter Kihss reported in the *New York Times* on February 25, 1965, that "the police were in possession of motion pictures that had been taken at the Audubon Ballroom... where the killing took place." These films would have been invaluable evidence—but there has been no further mention of them by the press or police. They have dropped out of sight as suddenly and thoroughly as the Luger entrusted to the safekeeping of BOSS agent Gene Roberts.

According to Peter Goldman, there is "ground for believing that the case was tidied up for trial—that, since only three suspects had been arrested, the official scenario of the assassination was streamlined to include only three participants.... At the trial, for symmetry's sake, the state made the case that Hayer, Johnson and Butler by themselves murdered Malcolm and that nobody else was involved; nobody, that is, except whoever commissioned them to do it. None of the investigators believed this. Their guesses at the number of men actually involved in the execution ranged from six to seven—three guns, plus one or two people to create diversions and maybe get in the way of the bodyguards, plus one or two getaway drivers.... The obvious profit in a tidying-up... was that the authorities would be spared the embarrassment of acknowledging that at least one member of the team that murdered Malcolm had got away and was—still at large."

Throughout the Hayer-Johnson-Butler trial the "official version" of the assassination was further undermined

by the police and prosecution's cynical manipulation of witnesses and active subornation of perjury. They had little choice. To avoid the implication of a larger conspiracy it was vital to paint all three defendants as fanatical Black Muslims engaged in a religious vendetta. The trouble was, there was no evidence introduced at the trial to indicate that Hayer was a Muslim, although he had once attended a karate demonstration at the Newark Mosque. And the case Assistant District Attorney Vincent Dermody presented against Johnson and Butler was incredibly weak.

No material evidence linked them to the crime; their guilt rested solely on the testimony of ten witnesses who appeared to have been carefully handpicked by the District Attorney's Office from among the 119 people interviewed by the police. Four of these witnesses identified Johnson and six identified Butler. The testimony of every one of these prosecution witnesses was riddled with evasions, distortions and outright lies. Moreover, it appeared as if they had all been manipulated on the witness stand throughout by the District Attorney's Office, and those most important to the D.A.'s case had been arrested on a variety of trumped-up charges prior to their testimony. Out on bail at the time of the trial, such witnesses knew that their fate depended on how closely they cooperated with the prosecution.

The most telling of the witnesses against Johnson and Butler were Cary 2X Thomas and Charles X Blackwell, both of whom corroborated the prosecution's case in every detail. In the chaos that accompanied the shooting both Thomas and Blackwell claimed to have seen everything happen just as the prosecution said it did and identified Hayer, Johnson and Butler as the three assassins. Thomas and Blackwell also perjured themselves repeatedly and were forced to admit it when confronted with their earlier, and contradictory, grand-jury testimony.

But the strongest witness for Johnson and Butler was their own co-defendant, Talmadge Hayer. On February 28, 1966, Hayer took the witness stand and, in a dramatic move, confessed his guilt and absolved Johnson and Butler of any involvement in the murder. Hayer told a stunned courtroom he had "decided to tell the truth" after a brief conversation with his two co-defendants in the "bullpen" adjacent to the courtroom. When the judge asked Hayer why he had decided to confess, the defendant replied simply: "I just want the truth to be known—that Butler and Johnson didn't have anything to do with this

crime. Because I was there. I know what happened, and I know the people who were there."

Hayer revealed that he had been promised a couple of thousand dollars for the job by a go-between who approached him in Harlem and who "was not a Muslim." When Assistant District Attorney Dermody scornfully asked Hayer why he did not reveal the name of this paymaster, he replied that "If Mr. Williams [Joseph Williams, a court-appointed defense attorney] had kept asking me on one point, he would have found out." Dermody dropped his questioning like a hot potato and—incredibly—Williams did not backtrack and try to elicit the specific question or area of questioning that had somehow touched on the identity of the organizer of the assassination, a point crucial to the fate of his client.

According to Hayer's testimony, there were four people involved: "Two people sitting in the front row, man with the shotgun—short dark man with the beard—sitting around the fourth row from the front; man in the back; one man starts commotion, says 'Get your hand out of my pocket'; guards from the stage go after this man; man with shotgun shoots Malcolm; two men in the front row shoot pistols."

Hayer testified he had known the man with the shotgun for about one year at the time they participated in the assassination. He said the man was dark-skinned, very husky and had a beard. Johnson, who has been accused of firing the shotgun, has a very light complexion. Hayer explained he was willing to describe the man because he had already been described by Ernest Greene, an earlier defense witness.

Hayer's confession is all the more convincing because his account of the assassination is the only one advanced at the trial that corresponds to the initial press reports and to the testimony of reliable eyewitnesses. Unlike the prosecution's case, which artfully twisted evidence to conform to its own thesis, Hayer's account of the murder is fully consonant with the facts as reported by eyewitnesses and newsmen at the murder scene.

It also answers the major question pertaining to Johnson's and Butler's guilt—how could two men, well-known "enforcers" for the Muslim Mosque, enter an auditorium closely guarded by their former comrades-in-arms who had defected with Malcolm? Why were they not recognized and ejected, or at the very least frisked for weapons? Incredibly, this simple question, vital to Johnson's and Butler's defense, was

never once asked of any of the witnesses by attorneys for the two defendants.

Talmadge Hayer, of course, supplied the answer—neither Johnson nor Butler was ever in the Audubon Ballroom.

Hayer's testimony, by denying Muslim guilt, undermined the prosecution's theory that Malcolm's death had resulted from a pure and simple religious feud. At one point Dermody asked, "This person who approached you and others to do this assassination—was this person, to your knowledge, a member of the Black Muslims?"

Hayer replied, "No, he was not."

Near the end of his questioning Dermody asked, "What was your motive?"

Hayer said, "Money."

Despite Hayer's dramatic confession and the testimony of defense witnesses that Johnson and Butler had been in their homes at the time of the murder, the jury chose to accept the D.A.'s case, and on March 11, 1966, Hayer, Johnson and Butler were found guilty and were later sentenced to life imprisonment.

There is no conclusive proof linking American intelligence agencies to Malcolm's murder. But a pattern of persistent government hostility toward Malcolm emerges throughout the last year of his life, a pattern that demands serious investigation.

George Breitman, one of the most perceptive white analysts of Malcolm's career and author of *The Last Year of Malcolm X*, believes that the assassination was the result of secret collaboration between the federal government and BOSS. According to Breitman, "If the New York police were involved in the assassination (and nothing said or done at the trial or in the . . . years since the crime has absolved them of this charge), that involvement could not have been on their own initiative, but must have resulted from the decision and direction of the government in Washington. . . ."

Malcolm X's assassination, indeed, may have set the stage for the elimination three years later of his one-time rival, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. There was a strong possibility that the continued political evolution of the two might have brought them together as leaders of a powerful black mass movement aligned with the antiwar forces that were destined to convulse the nation.

As Jesse Jackson commented about the previously mentioned FBI COINTELPRO memo, it constituted official sanction for a clandestine "search-and-destroy mission" against militant black leaders. Jackson strongly believes the

murders of both Malcolm X and Dr. King "were consistent with the stated purpose of the memo to prevent the rise of a messiah."

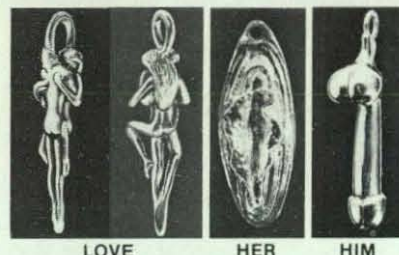
Before the FBI reluctantly released that particular document under the Freedom of Information Act, it carefully censored the names of groups and individuals targeted for attack. As Baxter Smith indicated in his article "The FBI Plot Against the Black Movement," by word-count and spacing it is easy to fill in the deleted letters. Thus, in the "black messiah" memo, written some time after Malcolm's assassination, the vital line would read: "[Malcolm X] might have been such a 'messiah'; he is the martyr of the movement today." The following sentence would then read: "[King could] be a very real contender for this position should he abandon his supposed 'obedience' to 'white, liberal doctrines' [nonviolence] and embrace black nationalism." This memo was written four weeks before King's assassination on April 4, 1968.

Malcolm X has been dead for almost 14 years. M. S. Handler of the *New York Times*, who knew him well, has observed: "I've met all kinds of people—people of power, people who shape people's minds. Malcolm was the only man of genius in public life I ever met. He believed the only way to move the country was to understand the dynamics of change. No cultist understands this. Only a political man does."

Malcolm X's murder was a political murder. Its true authors are still unknown. The roles of the New York Police Department, the FBI, the CIA and the U.S. State Department all demand impartial investigation, either by an expanded House Select Committee on Assassinations or by an independent panel of jurists. The verdict may absolve the authorities of direct complicity or condemn them as co-conspirators. But in the absence of a new probe, the doubts and suspicions that have persisted since 1965 will continue to fester, and further poison the political and racial atmosphere.

Malcolm X never received justice in life. He demands it in death.

At press time, Talmadge Hayer (a.k.a. Thomas Hagan) had signed an affidavit claiming that Thomas 15X Johnson and Norman 3X Butler were not part of the Malcolm X assassination team. Instead, Hayer named four other men as the killers. William Kunstler, counsel for Johnson and Butler, submitted the affidavit along with other papers in an attempt to seek a new trial for his clients.



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PROFILE: DEPAUL GENSKA

(continued from page 54)

"When they try to quit, it's something like the experience of alcoholics who join Alcoholics Anonymous. Giving up the bottle is difficult, but it's more difficult to give up The Life. When they can't go to a bar, where do they go to find people who will share their experiences and even laugh with them, or find someone who will understand without judging?"

"No one—neither the government nor the Church—offers a prostitute a viable alternative to her present lifestyle. If I go down to Forty-Second Street and tell a prostitute to become a waitress, she'll say, 'You try becoming a waitress and see if you like it.' Becoming a waitress is not a viable alternative because the woman is certainly not going to get the money she can earn as a prostitute. Even if she gives most of it to a pimp, she has the thrill and excitement of knowing that she can make that much money."

In Genska's view, prostitutes are the most exploited sexual minority in society. Although society reviles the woman who becomes a hooker, it secretly nourishes her in that profession.

"If there were no demand for prostitution, it would not exist. As long as there is a demand, someone will be there to supply it. If there were a demand for a five-legged elephant, someone would figure out how to make such a thing and sell it for a profit. People get paid for using their brains. People get paid for using their brawn. Why not get paid for this type of activity? After all, that's the American way."

"I have no problem with the sexual aspect of prostitution. But the exploitation and the harassment that these people have to face—that's the real obscenity of it all. I don't believe prostitutes have problems with sex. It's us. We have all the hang-ups. We harass these people because of our hang-ups. We make them scapegoats."

"I think when one person—let alone a whole group, such as prostitutes—is spurned by society, that tends to affect other people too. For instance, one night I took three prostitutes to a restaurant. When the waiter brought our sandwiches, he served mine very politely and then literally threw the food at the women, saying, 'Here, you whores. Eat up.' I demanded an apology and later refused to pay for the food. But the point is that the waiter despised the women for their profession, so he tried to embarrass and dehumanize them."

The more Father Genska pursues his strange ministry, the more he recognizes the far-reaching social and political implications of prostitution. "It's a tip-of-the-iceberg type of thing. A variety of circumstances, needs and psychological and emotional factors contribute to it. Unfortunately, society wants to cast stones at the prostitute instead of at the social injustices that cause prostitution."

Long ago the seminary had taught Genska that Catholics have a responsibility to attack social injustice wherever it exists. But he found that the Church seemed to neither know nor care about prostitution. The Church obviously needed educating. First Genska spoke at a meeting of bishops to plead with them to establish a ministry to prostitutes. Then he wrote to missal publishers, Holy Year committees and prayer groups asking for public prayer for prostitutes.

In 1976, when the bishops invited leading Catholic laity to recommend ways to implement Vatican II decisions, Genska recognized a heaven-sent opportunity. At a national Catholic conference he could present the facts about prostitution to more than a thousand influential Catholics. If he could convince them to adopt certain resolutions he had in mind, their recommendations would be studied by every bishop in the United States.

Genska pulled off the most sensational Franciscan caper since St. Francis himself started talking to birds: He used his membership in the hookers' union, COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), as a ticket to the Call-to-Action conference. "Since there is no national Catholic organization for prostitutes, I had to convince my bishop to approve my attendance. After he refused three applications I turned to the national level, and they turned me down three times."

"In my fourth application I told them, 'You have Catholic organizations for the blind, the deaf, nurses and doctors, but not for prostitutes. Isn't that an indication that you've neglected this group?' I told them about my COYOTE membership and said that while the group was not exactly a Catholic organization, it was nationwide and had a lot of Catholic members. They bought that. I was on my way to Detroit to represent the unrepresented—the Catholic prostitutes of America."

"When I arrived, I found the planners had submitted only one resolution on sexuality and that was a call for dialogue with those living various Christian life-styles. Now that sounds very

nice, very noble. I was the only one to object. The word *Christian* loaded the resolution—obviously a homosexual life-style would not be considered 'Christian,' nor would prostitution. The resolution also eliminated Hindus, Hebrews and about half of all Americans."

"My objection surprised them, but once they saw my point, they agreed. The resolution was changed to read: 'People who are living their sexual lifestyles in various ways.' While that may not sound very profound, it was a significant change. Before the conference ended, we had passed not only that resolution but also six more dealing with sexuality."

Genska believes that four constant factors apply to most prostitutes: poor self-image, poor family life, society's criteria for success, and society's credo that anything can be bought for a price. All of these denominators, he feels, demand a Christian response. He wants to see an end to the constant harassment and ridicule of prostitutes, and to the mentally and physically brutal methods of crackdown and clean-up—for he knows that people who are treated like dirt begin, after a while, to think of themselves as dirt. He advocates Church action against forces that destroy family life, such as poor housing and unemployment; he urges a close examination of the belief that success should be measured by wealth; and he wants the Church to put a greater emphasis on the positive and Christian aspects of sex.

Many Catholics and non-Catholics think that only a fool would try to coax the Church to change the ethical position it has held for almost 2,000 years. Such people may be right, but if Father Depaul Genska is a fool, then he is at least a glorious fool.

COYOTE proclaimed 1974 "The Year of the Trick," but 1976 was the trickiest year for American prostitutes. New York City's massage parlors gave street-walkers so much competition that the stroll spilled over from business areas into residential neighborhoods.irate citizens held protest meetings, took to the streets and pressured politicians for stronger laws and stricter enforcement.

For Genska, 1976 was the year he moved from personal to political action. He began to meet with feminists. He teamed up first with Mari Maggu, an ex-hooker who walked the streets with a new purpose—searching for women in The Life who might need her help. Ms. Maggu and Genska decided to work together and formed an organization

(continued on page 113)

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

DRESSING THE PARTS

During the last seven years Michael Salem's *Exotica Boutique* in New York has established a reputation as the Sears, Roebuck of the transvestite set. Salem offers his customers everything they need to transform themselves into women, from "treasure chests" (artificial tits, his best-selling product) and rubber vagina attachments to creams and cosmetics for hiding chin stubble. He sells all items of man-sized women's apparel, as well as wigs, padded girdles, transvestite publications and his own \$6.50 book, *How to Impersonate a Woman*.

"We handle other items too," Salem told *HUSTLER*. "For the fetishists we have 5" spiked heels up to size 13, black stockings with seams, as well as garter belts and leather products." For men who simply want to buy sexy clothes for their ladies, he's got scanty panties, filmy negligees, stockings, frilly brassieres and other dork-hardeners. In all, Salem supplies more than 200 products, right down to dildoes and love dolls.

He is a Dependable Dealer whose line should satisfy practically every sexual preference. You can order his catalog by writing *Michael Salem Enterprises*, P.O. Box 1781, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022. (Orders can also be placed by telephone. Call 212-371-6853.)

SHIFTY SELLERS

HUSTLER has been getting steady complaints from people who are still getting ripped off by three sellers on our Shifty Seller List. These scumbags are: *Film Collectors Association* (P.O. Box 134, Inglewood, California 90306); *The Inner Circle* (P.O. Box 4870, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017); and *Dynamic Distributors* (P.O. Box 2900, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017).

The following sellers look suspicious, so we're checking them out: *The Magazine Exchange* (P.O. Box 2666, Van Nuys, California 91401); various dealers at 7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046, and their parent company, *Mailers*

Service Company (6255 West Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028); *Stellar Sales* (various addresses in Albany, New York); *P.A. Distributors* (P.O. Box 64743, Los Angeles, California 90064); all dealers at 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; and *Herr Stephan* (Postfach 400262, D-7000, Stuttgart 40, West Germany).

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I am disgusted with the service of *Diverse Industries* after having placed a sample order with them for an amount of about \$100. My order was to be billed through my VISA card, to insure speedy service (that's what it says in their ads). Well, my shipment took eight weeks to arrive. To make matters worse, my main interest, a John Holmes, Candy Samples and Valerie film called *Artist & Models Ball*, was substituted for by a very bad, very boring flick with two people I have never seen. The title of this shit is *The Artist*, so maybe it was an honest mistake.

I'm surprised that *HUSTLER* recommended *Diverse* as a Dependable Dealer. I wrote the company a letter around the last of May, and nothing happened. All I know is, I paid them \$25 for a good flick and got a \$5 piece of trash that I wouldn't waste my projector bulb on. —N. S., Miami, Florida.

I ordered four movies from *Diverse Industries* of Van Nuys, California, and what I received left me "totally limp," to use the *HUSTLER* movie-rating guide. All four were simulation flicks: The guys never got hard; there were no penetration scenes at all, much less any cum-shots; even the cock-sucking and muff-diving were simulated, with a head inconveniently in the way blocking all good viewing angles. What can I do about these clowns who send me crap like this? —S. M., Anchorage, Alaska.

After receiving several complaints about *Diverse*, *HUSTLER* contacted Chuck Palmisano, who seems to be *Diverse's* man in charge of nuts and bolts. He apologized for the problems that *Diverse's* customers were having, and told us he was in the process of getting the operation squared away.

Palmisano explained that delivery of the films had been delayed because the lab fucked up the prints and had to remake them. As compensation for those customers who had to wait the longest, *Diverse* began shipping much longer versions of the original films to them. Several days after our first conversation Palmisano notified us that *Diverse* had cranked up its service to the point where items were being shipped out within a week of being ordered.

Answering the complaints *HUSTLER* received about the film *The Artist*, *Diverse's* quality-control department told us that a wholesaler had mistakenly shipped 40 copies of this dog to


Diverse in its batch of *The Artist & Models Ball* flicks. Palmisano told us that any customers who got the wrong film should send it back with a cover letter, and *Diverse* will replace it with the film originally ordered.

Regarding those who felt certain films didn't deliver the action *Diverse's* ads promised, Palmisano said, "If they send these films back to us in a completely undamaged condition, we'll issue a credit slip for the amount of purchase and send it back to them, complete with a brochure of our top-line films. Those who choose not to use their credit slip may return it for a refund."

HUSTLER passed on the complaints about *Diverse's* advertising. In magazine ads the customer can't always tell whether a film is hard-core or not because all films, hard and soft, must have soft advertising. That's the law. The rule at *HUSTLER* is: If you don't get a hard-core product, you've been ripped off! *Diverse's* philosophy is a little different; Chuck Palmisano claims many of his customers want only simulation flicks. Frankly, we find that a little hard to swallow. At any rate, the important thing is that a prospective buyer know what he's getting. We suggest that you read all porn ads carefully and look for buzzwords like hard action, real climax, explicit and raw raunch. If an advertiser uses them to push soft-core films and magazines, he's guilty of fraudulent advertising. Don't be fooled, though, by the use of words like hot, horny and torrid, because they are generally used to describe limp stuff. Price is a primary indicator of what you'll be getting. For example, 200-foot color films that sell for \$5 to \$15 are, in all likelihood, soft-core.

RAFFAELLI FLICKS

Diverse's new line of Ron Raffaelli Super-8 films is hard-core and of relatively good quality. Entitled the *Nights of Passion* series, it consists of nine flicks, each about 13 minutes long, at \$25 apiece (or \$79.95 for a videotape of three full-length Raffaelli features). They all come with 10-day, 100-percent guarantees.

I'll say first off that these films are definitely not recommended for rowdy, drunken stag parties. Frats, Marines and conventioners will probably shout them down, because the action is slow and tender, the photography sometimes too artsy-fartsy, and the lighting inadequate. On the other hand, Raffaelli's films are perfect for the man who wants to share a porn movie with his woman. The models are all good-looking, and the cunt-lapping, cocksucking, cornholing and fucking are performed with a lingering gentleness that will probably be a bigger turn-on for women than for men. Even the cum-squirts onto the girls' faces are done with "taste." You can order the *Nights of Passion* brochure (or any other brochure) from *Diverse Industries*, 7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. 

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PROFILE: DEPAUL GENSKA

(continued from page 108)

called SCAPEGOAT. The night after its founding, SCAPEGOAT members staged a protest against a new and restrictive anti-prostitution law that was pending in the New York legislature. Proponents of the legislation had rented the Majestic, a Broadway theater, to drum up support for the bill. While they talked inside, Father Genska and his little group distributed leaflets outside the theater and told TV reporters why they opposed the bill. Admitting there was a "Times Square problem," SCAPEGOAT asked voters and politicians to find a less punitive solution than stiffer fines and mandatory jail sentences.

Ms. Maggu told the *Soho Weekly News*: "Father has gotten a lot of fathers and sisters and brothers involved with us, and has convinced several people to put girls up in their homes. That's really great, because the first thing a girl needs when she quits The Life is housing. For the girl with a pimp, her first problem is to get off the street and get protection. Her life is at stake. You can't just walk out of a pimp's life. You're his bread and butter."

SCAPEGOAT celebrated its second birthday with an application for tax-exempt status. The organization is planning a 24-hour child-care center, improved medical services and a drop-in hospitality center where women can rest and relax from the street scene.

Prostitution and sex were hot media issues in 1976. But the media really went bananas when COYOTE and the Feminist Party announced that the First World Meeting of Prostitutes would convene in Washington, D.C., a city already wallowing in the Wayne Hays/Wilbur Mills sexcapades.

Genska had missed the First and Second Annual Prostitution Conventions in San Francisco, but there was no way he was going to miss the Washington conclave, and he eagerly looked forward to meeting Margo St. James, former chair-madam of COYOTE. Genska and St. James actually met a few days before the convention—not in a dingy bar on a street stroll, but in NBC's posh studios, where both had arrived to tell some truths about prostitution on the six o'clock news.

When Depaul talks about Margo, he sounds like the kid who found the prize in his box of Cracker Jacks. "She'd only known me a few minutes, but she immediately invited me to speak at the convention. Can you imagine the U.S. Catholic bishops inviting Margo to speak at *their* convention, even if they

were discussing prostitution? They should, you know. Everyone should listen to her. What Margo says is very, very important."

In his convention speech Father Genska attempted to build a liaison between prostitutes and the Church. "These many centuries we have asked you to come to us for forgiveness and absolution. Now I come to you, asking absolution for the Church. We have reviled you; we have cast you out of the human family; we have caused you much pain and suffering. I ask for your forgiveness."

A Catholic priest making public confession for the sins of his church! The audience listened respectfully, if somewhat skeptically. Outside convention headquarters the Washington Christian Action Council was picketing the gathering and calling Margo St. James "the leader of a Communist conspiracy which is trying to destroy America."

Many feminists wondered why a Catholic priest had been invited to speak at a prostitutes' convention. Their objections were voiced in *Off Our Backs*, a Washington, D.C., feminist publication. "Father Depaul Genska took the pulpit, decried the Church's treatment of prostitutes and asked us to help the Church live up to its better self, whatever that is. We noticed that he was not concerned with, or perhaps even aware of, the Church's record as the most vigorous, violent and dependable bulwark of anti-progressive sentiment where the rights of women are concerned. He was also, for all his protestations, not sufficiently distressed by the Church's treatment of prostitutes to choose to disaffiliate from it as an institution."

Replying to such criticism, Genska says, "My order is very generous and very supportive of my work with prostitutes. Without its support and generosity it would be impossible for me to continue."

In 1977 Genska continued his weekly visits with prostitutes and cemented new friendships with feminists. He chaired the Saturday-morning workshop on prostitution at the International Woman's Year (IWY) New Jersey state meeting. Later that same day in the convention hall, another New Jersey priest questioned Depaul about his position on the Equal Rights Amendment. "I'm for it," he said. "The bishops haven't taken a position for or against, and my personal view is that it should be ratified."

The questioning priest turned red with rage and hissed at Genska: "Go screw yourself!"

"I don't have to," Genska replied

with a chuckle. "People like you do it for me."

Undaunted, Genska, a month after the New Jersey IWY meeting, arrived in Albany, New York, to lobby for the decriminalization of prostitution at the IWY New York state conference. In November 1977 he made the biggest IWY scene of all, the National Conference in Houston, Texas. There he caused a minor traffic jam in the lobby of the Hyatt-Regency Hotel when people stopped to read a big white button proudly displayed on his cassock: "What if we had all the money we need for education and the Defense Department had to hold a bake sale?"

In his street ministry Genska associates with a cross section of America's sexual outcasts: prostitutes and madams; go-go girls and strippers; bisexuals and gays; transsexuals and transvestites—all neglected or condemned by society and the Church. "There are around thirty million persons usually considered among such sexual minorities."

Genska encourages forthright discussion of his street ministry. We asked him the following questions:

HUSTLER: We notice you laugh a lot, but the Church is generally considered to be stuffy. Why do you think the Church has no sense of humor?

GENSKA: Well, maybe we *are* a little too serious about sex. One of my friends, a stripper named Honeysuckle Divine, says God created sex to be good. But then the Church got hold of it and held it to be a sin.

I think one of the most important changes the Church could make would be to promote and encourage sex and sexuality. If we believe sex is a gift from God—and it is—why do we continue to associate it with words like *dirty* and *unmentionable*?

We say marriage is a sacrament, something very holy and noble. Then why can a priest no longer function when he gets married? I favor celibacy for myself, and intend to remain a celibate for the rest of my life, but why can't a priest be married if that is his choice?

You know, it's very interesting that a priest can wear whatever clothes he chooses and no one ever thinks him less of a priest for what he wears. But when nuns changed from their long robes into shorter habits or ordinary street clothes, everybody was shocked. In those long, black habits nuns were totally shapeless and looked like little penguins. I think equality for women is one of the biggest issues the Church is going to have to face in the future.

HUSTLER: What do you think about

the laws forbidding prostitution?

GENSKA: The fewer laws, the better. I'm for the repeal of all civil and criminal laws that forbid prostitution. Morally I am against prostitution—my church forbids all sexual intercourse outside of marriage—but Church morals need not be enforced by civil law.

When the American Bar Association talked about legalizing prostitution last year, I think it mentioned three elements. The women would be licensed, they would be required to have frequent medical checkups and they couldn't avoid paying taxes.

Let's consider the licensing provision first. You know what you have to do to get a driver's license. What kind of road test would you have to pass to get a prostitute's license? Even a written test boggles the imagination. Another thing about licensing—the prostitute would be known. Her name would be recorded somewhere, and perhaps her picture.

Of course, a physical examination would be very discriminatory. The women would have to pass them, but not their johns.

The third issue is taxes. First, the hooker would have to hustle more to pay the tax. Second, what super vice squad would monitor her earnings? And what would the taxes be used for? No other group is taxed for sex. By filing an in-

come-tax report, a prostitute would be forced to blow her cover and acknowledge her activity.

The only possible solution is decriminalization. There's still a lot of confusion between legalization and decriminalization. But as I see it, legalization would be something like legalized gambling or legalized alcohol.

HUSTLER: If prostitution were decriminalized, do you think society in general would stop despising whores?

GENSKA: I would hope so. It wouldn't change overnight, but there would certainly be a gradual change. It's like segregation and integration. Even though we've pushed integration for 20 years, we still have a long way to go; but at least the legal barriers are down. We must remove as many barriers as we can. And we must begin to put the 'blame' where it belongs. Prostitution is an indication of what's happening on Wall Street, on Madison Avenue, in northern New Jersey and all across the country. If you want to have a clean-up campaign, you have to have it out there.

HUSTLER: How do women, especially nonprostitutes, respond to your work?

GENSKA: It seems strange to me that women, especially those who are religious, should be so uptight about this type of sexual activity and often uptight about legitimate and morally ac-

ceptable sexual activity. I've talked to maybe 400 different groups about prostitution. Many times during a talk I ask the people to list two or three parts of the body that they take a lot of care of and that they consider noble, holy and gifts from God. For five years almost everyone has answered the question by naming their ears, nose and throat. When I ask them about the vagina or penis, they say, 'Oh, Father, no please, oh, no, not that.' We can't even refer to these parts of the body in a legitimate way in our society. People say they have to "tinkle" or they have to "booboo"; now what the heck is that?! There are proper words that can be used. Not using the proper words shows obscenity of attitude.

HUSTLER: What exactly are you doing to change the Church's attitudes toward sexuality, prostitution and sexual minorities?


GENSKA: Well, God's law says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." But the Church has gone from that to "Thou shalt not engage in homosexual relations, practice birth control or work as a prostitute." I am trying to get the Church to encourage sex and sexuality.

I've gone to several bishops' meetings in Chicago and Washington and to the Call-to-Action conferences in Detroit. Quite often I speak to groups of lay Catholics—whenever they invite me. The Church is still not doing all that much, but at least people in it are agreeing we should do something. A couple of years ago they didn't even want to hear about it. There were issues that the Church didn't want to face then, and that they perhaps would still prefer not to. But at last, groups of sisters and priests are speaking about it. We're not there yet, and that disturbs me. But I'm trying, and I'll keep trying.

HUSTLER: What kind of flak do you expect when your profile appears in **HUSTLER**?

GENSKA: It will be interesting, that's for sure! But how will parishioners and Church officials find out, since they are told they shouldn't read magazines such as **HUSTLER**? We once criticized Larry Flynt, but now that he is a born-again Christian, shouldn't we support him? You can criticize the makers of **HUSTLER**, you can criticize the feminist movement and prostitutes—but once you touch these people you find that they are human beings. Isn't that a fantastic experience? Obscenity lies in avoiding contact, dialogue and friendship with them.

HUSTLER: If you weren't dealing with prostitutes, what would you be doing?

GENSKA: Leading a very dull life. 



"And when you find that goldbrickin' son of a bitch, tell him it's time to feed the lions!"

NECROPHILIA

(continued from page 70)

to a morgue the next week to play rent-a-corpse. He told me to call him if I got busted.

The editor called me. "You have only two more weeks to turn in that necrophilia article," he said. "I can't give you any more extensions."

I stammered an apology about the long delay.

"It's OK," he said in honeyed tones. "I understand."

The pressure was building. My reputation was at stake (not to mention the money). I called the fancy East Side mortuary from my office. The mortuary operator asked, "Who do you want to speak to?"

"I have a special request," I told her.

A sepulcher-voiced gentleman got on the line. "Does this have to do with an upcoming funeral?" he asked.

"Well, something like that," I replied, "but I'd rather not discuss it on the phone." He told me to come over in an hour.

I was met at the door by a smartly suited fatherly type with white hair. He asked the nature of my business, and I told him it was about a special request. I looked him in the eye. "It's about something very much out of the ordinary," I said. "Can I speak to the man who runs this place?"

"Certainly," he smiled. The man had already sized me up as a crackpot and was obviously relieved that he wasn't going to have to hear me out himself. He led me to a comfortable but cheerless little room, where I removed my coat and sat down on the sofa. I made sure there was \$100 in cash in my shirt pocket.

After a few moments the head man came in, carrying a clipboard and looking very official. He wore a dark suit and had the face and bearing of an actor. "May I be of assistance?" he asked, in tones soothing and sympathetic.

The moment of truth was fast approaching. I glanced nervously toward the open door. "Would you prefer the door closed?" he asked. It was just the same voice he might use to inquire as to whether you preferred an open or closed casket.

"Yes, please," I replied, and he closed the door and returned to his seat. He gazed at me expectantly, his face a mask of professional concern. "Now, what is the nature of your request?" he asked.

"Tell me," I said, trying to return his firm look of self-possession but failing miserably. "What if someone wanted to have—uh—access to the corpse of a young woman?"

"Would this be someone you were close to in life?" he asked in neutral, poker-player's tones.

"No," I said, "a stranger. Preferably a very good-looking young woman who has died in an accident." He looked at me without judgment or surprise in his eyes and continued to interrogate me in the same professional tone.

"And for what purpose would you want this access?" he persisted. His manner was as calm as a Disneyland automaton's. I searched his eyes for a glimmer of shock, outrage, disgust, distaste or even humor, but there was none.

I held my ground and gave him the answer loud and clear. "For sexual reasons," I said. As I spoke, I pulled the hundred in cash out of my pocket and placed it on the table. His eyes took note of my action, but he changed neither his attitude nor his demeanor.

"I'm afraid that would be impossible," he replied almost pleasantly.

"Even for a large sum of money?" I pressed.

"No, it is not possible," he repeated. "We are rather on the conservative side with regard to our loved ones. Pardon the trite expression, but that is how we refer to them. In fact, until a few years ago we had separate facilities for the males and females, and the males were only embalmed by male attendants and the females by females. Of course, we've loosened up a bit in that regard, but we're still not all *that* loose." (As to let people come in here and fuck our stiffs, I finished the sentence to myself.)

"All right," I said, "since we're not getting anywhere, I'll level with you. I didn't really come here to have sex with a corpse. I'm just trying to find out if necrophilia really exists."

"Not around here it doesn't," he said.

I had the feeling the man knew more than he was telling. "You certainly didn't show any shock or surprise at my request," I said. "Perhaps the subject isn't as unfamiliar as you would have me believe."

"Mr. Milner," he explained patiently, "in my business I hear every conceivable kind of request. That doesn't mean I can comply with them. In fact, the most common request comes from people who are curious to see the embalming process so they'll know what is in store for them."

"And every now and then someone wants to look at a mutilated corpse—one that has been banged up in an accident. They often offer money, but of course I must refuse them too. This is a very expensive mortuary. We have a lot of glamorous people here; their families pay very well, and we can't jeopardize



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that with even the whisper of a scandal. From a business point of view it just wouldn't be worth the risk."

Then suddenly the undertaker felt a need to reassure me that he was not hiding a harem of iced lovelies. "Let me tell you something about the women who come in here," he said in a conspiratorial voice. "Most of them die of disease in middle or old age and, believe me, there's nothing at all attractive about them. The only time we get a pretty young woman in here is if she's been involved in a car accident or a murder, and let me tell you, they look pretty bad." I realized with some astonishment that he was trying to tell me in a polite way that they were all dogs anyway.

I retrieved my money from the table. "I'll pay you just for some stories," I said. "Maybe an attendant who was fired for doing something he shouldn't have, or some creep who came in with a weird request."

"I've enjoyed talking with you," he said, "and *your* request is the most interesting I've heard in quite some time."

I thanked him for not throwing me out or calling the police, and left quietly.

If I was going to find some true and grisly information, I was not going to get it from these Evelyn Waugh smoothies at the expensive private mortuaries. Somehow I would have to find some ghoulish fiends who work in a public morgue. I placed ads in the *Village Voice*, begging ghouls and necrophiliacs to call me. No one responded.

I told my troubles to my friend, the sleazy, roly-poly porno editor. His fingers were tacky with dried rubber cement, and his right nostril showed the hint of a fulsome booger.

"I think I have a lead for you," he rasped again. "We had a guy in here the other day who wanted to do some S&M illustrations for us, but the pictures he brought in were so gruesome they turned the art director's stomach. Calls himself Spider. And while he was here he asked me if I wanted to see some pictures of his sister's wedding. Then he shoved a fistful of Instamatic photos in my face. They were disgusting snapshots of bloated, rotting corpses, with close-ups of green faces. And it was before I'd even had my morning coffee. I threw him out, but he left his telephone number in case I decide to give him future assignments, which I won't."

Never had I been so overjoyed to hear of the existence of a *bona fide*, depraved pervert. I thanked my friend profusely and jotted down Spider's number. I called him immediately, and he invited

me to spend a pleasant evening watching him offer live food to his pets.

Spider turned out to be a bright, pleasant, but definitely morbid fellow whose apartment was decorated with skulls, his own psychedelic horror paintings and a large collection of live spiders, lizards and scorpions in glass jars.

When I arrived, I found I was just in time to watch him seize a few live crickets with his forceps and offer them to a jar of deadly brown spiders. "Make yourself comfortable," he said, offering me some weed and some strange-looking green pills, both of which I bypassed. During the feeding Spider told me, "I've invited my good friend, Errol. He's *really* weird. He works in a big municipal morgue, keeping track of the bodies that come in from accidents, homicides, overdoses—even natural causes. He gets to see the public at its best. In Errol's job the customer is always wrong, and Errol has the last word."

Errol arrived. He seemed at ease in Spider's apartment and soon began to talk. "Of course, those private morticians aren't going to tell you anything," he said. "Most of them are nothing but con artists. Did you know that the markup on caskets is like five-hundred percent? And that leakproof, rustproof stuff is all bullshit! Those commercial caskets usually get crushed right away under the pressure of the earth, so forget any airtight seal. And they make the embalming solutions as weak as possible—about seventy-five percent water—to save on chemicals. Then they only inject the carotids [neck arteries] and don't even bother with the femoral [thigh] arteries to preserve the legs. Or they'll let you view the body in an expensive casket and then bury the stiff in a cheap wooden box. The relatives think the guy is going to last for twenty-five years or something. What a rip-off! Only the ancient Egyptians knew how to make them last. The way they do things today, after a couple of years nothing's left."

I asked Errol if he'd heard any rumors about morgues that sold sex with the bodies. "No, I've never heard anything like that," he said. "But I do know that we had a sex scandal in the Medical Examiner's Office about two years ago. There was a prostitution ring that was using the phones in the office as a cover. Some city employees were using the chief's phone to set up dates and dispatch girls. But the hookers were alive."

"You should hear some of the stories he tells," said Spider. "Some of the weird deaths here in Fun City."

"I'm not sure I want to," I said.

Suddenly, I noticed that a very large, hairy spider in a nearby jar was staring at me. I became acutely aware that the spiders in all the jars were conscious creatures aware of my inquisitive and intruding presence.

Like a buddy who is compelled to tell the same old jokes for the hundredth time, Errol began to reel off some of the more bizarre deaths, much to Spider's childlike delight. "Well, there was this woman from Manhattan about a year ago. Her boyfriend bit her clit off, and she bled to death."

They smiled ghoulishly but did not wait for my reaction.

"Then there was this guy, a homosexual, who was involved in a car accident. He was giving the driver a blow job, and the driver must have gone delirious from the excitement and smashed the vehicle into a wall, which caused the homo to clamp down. He was brought in that way, with a severed penis in his throat."

"I remember it well, because the guy's old man was some politician, and the morgue didn't want to give him the details of the accident. He asked the police, and they tried to spare him also. So this bigshot came storming into the morgue, throwing his weight around, and said, 'Look, goddamnit, I'm so-and-so and I demand to know the details of how my son died.' So I had to tell him his son had been sucking off the driver and had choked to death in the crash."

I think I saw the tarantula smile at that one.

"Do you ever get any pretty girls in your morgue?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," Errol said. "Believe me, a beautiful girl, just because she's dead, wouldn't necessarily repulse you. Now me, I love a live, warm girl rolling around enjoying herself. But the guys in the morgue often make remarks like: 'What a shame that such a beautiful piece of work has to go to waste.' Like yesterday, we had a great-looking East Indian chick brought in who'd been stabbed seventeen times in the chest. A beautiful piece of work. Beautiful face, beautiful body, beautiful figure. One of the black fellows who works down there was stroking her skin and saying, 'Oh, isn't she nice? Isn't she fine? Look how soft her skin is.' And I said, 'Come on, the poor girl is dead.'"

I asked Errol if he had ever witnessed an act of necrophilia. "I'll tell you two incidents," he said. "The first one I didn't see with my own eyes, but I know it happened, because that's how I got my job. It seems my predecessor was discovered in the miff."

"There was this attendant, a Puerto

(continued on page 121)

Honey

TEXT: BIG BOY MEDLIN ART: BRIAN FORBES.

NOW THAT HONEY IS A TOPLESS DANCER INSTEAD OF A HOOKER, SHE MAKES LESS MONEY AND DOES HER OWN LAUNDRY. SOMETIMES YOU GET MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN A LAUNDROMAT. THE FACT THAT HONEY IS PREGNANT (SEE NOVEMBER'S HUSTLER) IS NOT YET VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.



EXCUSE ME, MISS, YOU DROPPED THIS MONUMENT TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

MY NAME'S BOB WEST. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY CARRYING YOUR LOAD. I'M A BIT OLD-FASHIONED.

IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO MEET A GENTLEMAN.

BOB OPENS HONEY'S CAR DOOR AND CONTINUES THE CONVERSATION. HONEY IS IMPRESSED BY HIS MANNERS AND SENSE OF HUMOR.

IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO MEET A SPORTS FAN. ERA DOES STAND FOR EARNED RUN AVERAGE, DOESN'T IT? HA! HA!!

HEE! HEE! YOU SCORED A HIT WITH THAT ONE, BOB!



IT TURNS OUT THAT BOB IS A SUCCESSFUL REAL-ESTATE DEVELOPER. IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, HE AND HONEY HAVE A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE.



TO THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN!

TO THE BEAUTY OF PEOPLE!

HONEY AND BOB ZOOM THROUGH LIFE ON THE ROLLER COASTER OF ROMANCE!



WOWEEEE!!

HOLY COW!!

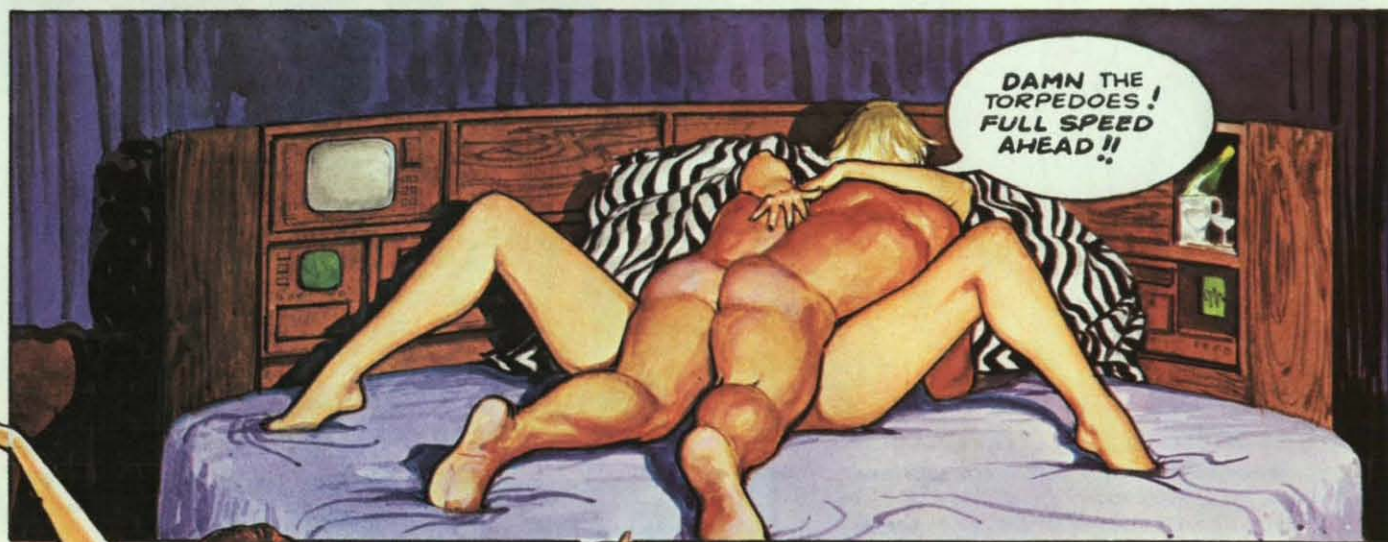


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HONEY AND BOB GALLOP ALONG THE PATH OF SENSUAL BLISS!

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IN BOB'S BEDROOM HONEY WONDERS IF SHE'S FOUND TRUE LOVE AT LAST.



DAMN THE TORPEDOES! FULL SPEED AHEAD!!



HONEY BELIEVES THAT ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

HONEY!
HONEY!!
HONEY!!!

BOB IS OVERCOME WITH OVERCUMMING!!



HONEY, YOU ARE FANTASTIC! YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN AN APARTMENT COMPLEX!

HONEY FEELS THAT BOB SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HER PAST LIFE AS A HOOKER.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, BOB VISITS HONEY AT WORK.

BOB,
YOU DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT MY LIFE.

HONEY,
I DON'T CARE
IF YOU WERE A
MASS MURDERER!

HI, BOB!

GOOD
GAWD! I
NEED TO TALK
TO YOU! THIS
IS UNWHOLESOME!

HONEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND
BOB'S INDIGNATION.

YOU SAID
YOU OWN TWO
TOPLESS BARS.

YEAH, BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
I WANT MY GIRLFRIEND
TO WORK IN ONE. WE'LL
TALK ABOUT THIS
TOMORROW NIGHT.

HONEY RECOGNIZES A FORMER CUSTOMER
FROM HER HOOKING DAYS, WHO ALSO IS A
FRIEND OF BOB'S. SHE HOPES BOB MEANT
WHAT HE SAID.

BOB HAS WISED UP, BUT
HONEY IS SKEPTICAL.

HONEY,
I WAS FOOLISH.
WHAT YOU DO
FOR A LIVING IS
YOUR BUSINESS.

HEY,
CHARLIE, HOW'S
BUSINESS?

GREAT!
AND HOW'S
YOUR BUSINESS,
HONEY?

I GUESS
THERE'S NEVER
AN OFF SEASON
IN YOUR
PROFESSION!!
HEH! HEH!!

OUTRAGED BY CHARLIE'S TONE AND INSINUATION, BOB LOSES HIS COOL!

LADY?
JESUS H. CHRIST!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE HIP, MAN!

THIS CHICK
IS A CHEAP PROSTITUTE!
COME TO THINK OF IT,
SHE AIN'T SO CHEAP!

TRUTH IS FLEETING.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU,
ASSHOLE? DON'T YOU
KNOW HOW TO TALK
TO A LADY?!

YOU'RE A WHORE!
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO
ME? IT'S A GOOD THING OLD
CHARLIE CAME ALONG AND
STRAIGHTENED ME OUT!

YOU'RE A
HYPOCRITE! HOW
COULD YOU DO
THIS TO ME?!

**HONEY IS NOT ASHAMED OF HER PAST.
SHE IS ASHAMED OF BOB'S ATTITUDE!**

**HONEY REALIZES THAT IT
WAS SHE AND NOT BOB
WHO WAS WRONGED
IN THIS AFFAIR!**

OF COURSE
YOU KNOW THIS
IS GOOD-BYE!

I MAY HAVE
BEEN A HOOKER
ONCE, BUT I KNOW A
DOUBLE STANDARD WHEN
I SEE ONE! YOU AND OLD
CHARLIE CAN GO AND
JACK EACH OTHER
OFF !!

SURE, IT WAS
OK FOR GOOD OLD
CHARLIE TO PAY FOR A
FEW MOMENTS OF HIS
PLEASURE, BUT IT WAS
WRONG FOR ME TO
SELL IT TO HIM!

**HONEY WEEPS NOT FOR HERSELF,
BUT FOR A CONFUSED WORLD.**

**HONEY IS DEPRESSED ABOUT THE HYPOCRISY SHE
HAS CONFRONTED. BOB THOUGHT HE WAS IN LOVE
WITH HONEY UNTIL HE FOUND OUT SHE HAD BEEN
A PROSTITUTE. YET, DESPITE HER PAST PROFESSION,
HONEY WAS STILL THE SAME PERSON THAT BOB
THOUGHT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH. OBVIOUSLY,
BOB'S EGO WAS TOO BIG, AND HE WAS TOO WEAK
TO HANDLE HONEY'S PAST LIFE.**

OH, WHAT THE
HELL ANYWAY? HE
WANTED TO BUILD A
CONDOMINIUM ON
MY PICTURE
POSTCARD!!

**MEANWHILE, HONEY MUST ONCE AGAIN
TURN HER ATTENTION TO HER CRUCIAL
PREDICAMENT—THE FACT THAT SHE IS
PREGNANT. SHOULD SHE OR SHOULDN'T
SHE GET AN ABORTION?**

**WE ARE ASKING OUR READERS TO
DECIDE THE ISSUE FOR US AND FOR
HONEY. SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS,
PRO OR CON, TO:**

**"HONEY IN TROUBLE"
2029 CENTURY PARK EAST,
SUITE 3800,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA 90067.**

NECROPHILIA

(continued from page 116)

Rican guy, and he was in the back where the trays are. They have these compartment trays that pull out with the bodies on them. The bodies are kept cool so they'll last a little longer. Now, the boss was really light-footed—he was like a rabbit—and he always wore these Earth Shoes. So the Puerto Rican didn't hear the boss walking when he came back to check up on things. And there was this attendant actually on top of one of the trays, eating the dead broad out.

"The supervisor didn't know what to do, because he figured this guy was really ill. So he went back into the office and called the missing-persons detective who works with us and took him back there to see what was going on. When they got back, the guy was actually having intercourse with the body—not knowing that he had already been seen muff-diving. So the supervisor and the detective witnessed this and gave the attendant the option of resigning without publicity, and he did."

Well, there it was. An actual instance of necrophilia. Now I wanted more. Had Errol ever personally witnessed any corpse-fucking since he had been on the job? "Not complete fucking," he said, "but I did see something. A few years ago we had a little Frenchman working with us—a real fruitcake, this guy. One day we picked up a boy and girl who had died of asphyxiation while making out inside of a parked car that had been left running. Two young teenagers. And the chick was really nice-looking.

"I walked in on the fruitcake feeling her tits—beautiful set of tits. And he's standing there just working them over, while I'm standing behind him in amazement in the doorway. I said, 'Hey, Vincent.' He jumped up, and his face turned beet-red. I said, 'Getting your jollies?' He says, 'No, no, I was just looking for cash underneath the bra.' I said, 'Don't give me that bullshit. I've been standing here *watching* you.' And that was the only time I've actually seen someone getting really excited over a corpse."

Spider and Errol goaded each other into telling more and more gruesome stories—all punctuated by ghoulish laughter. Spider fed a few live baby mice to some of his pets, and I felt it was about time to leave.

"Wait," Errol said, "you haven't met the Lizard yet."

I looked expectantly toward one of the glass terraria as its reptilian occupant flicked a forked tongue at us.

"No, no," Spider said. "The Lizard is

a friend of ours. I invited him to join us. He used to work in a municipal morgue until he caught jaundice from a corpse. He's *really* weird."

I was there to bite, so I bit. "How weird is he?"

"The Lizard is disgusting; he'll do anything," Spider said. "Once I saw him take a bridge out of a stiff's mouth, run it under cold water for a second, then put it right into his own mouth. And another time he used my filthy tweezers that I use to feed the spiders and lizard, to eat some lupini beans. I don't think he's ever gone so far as to fuck a corpse, but he's done just about everything else with them." I decided to stay a little longer.

The Lizard showed up, and he lived up to his advance billing. He looked like a young man who didn't give two shits.

"You run across some sick people, working in a morgue," he said. "One night I'm just sitting there, and all of a sudden I hear the doors open and shut. I look up and there's some guy looking around in the middle of the night! I say, 'Hey, what the hell are you doing?' He says, 'I want to see the stiff; I want to see the stiff.' I have to chase him the hell out of there. I heard that Elvis used to do that. He was very morbid, and he was all psyched-up on amphetamines, and he would go to morgues in the middle of the night just to look at the bodies. Weird!"

"You have the nerve to call anybody weird?" Spider cut in. "Remember that time you used my filthy forceps to eat lupini beans with?"

The Lizard shrugged it off. "You know what lupini beans are?" he asked me. "They're these little Italian beans that come in a jar. The whole thing was, it was a skinny jar, and after a while my fingers couldn't reach down to the bottom. So Spider's got these twelve-inch forceps. Well, with lupini beans, the whole outside is completely covered, and you don't eat the outside. You pop 'em out of the skin and into your mouth—"

"Come on," Spider cut in, "those were the same forceps from the spiders and the dead bugs and the lizard shit."

"All right, they were the same," he admitted. "But still," he said, turning to me to accept him as a normal human being, "if you know what lupini beans are—"

"Forget the lupini beans," Errol interrupted. "If you ain't weird, then how about the time you took the false teeth from that stiff and put them in your mouth?"

"Yeah, well, I *washed* 'em first," the Lizard replied. "I ain't *that* weird. See,

what I was doing, I was collecting plates with gold teeth in them. Later I brought this one over to my friend's house, and I was goofin'. Everybody got a big laugh. I have a collection of odds and ends. Bridges, I've got some fingers, a couple of brains, some bones I dug up at Potter's Field. But I didn't just pop that bridge in my mouth. I *washed* it first."


I asked the Lizard if he'd ever fucked a corpse. "Nah," he said, "I've never done any sex-trips with a body. A few times when we had nice-looking chicks in, I had a couple of thoughts in that direction. But the main thing that held me back was fear of disease. I caught jaundice off a corpse once, and nearly ended up in the freezer myself. I used to take naps on a stretcher behind the curtain where they view the bodies. The nurses used to walk through there, and I liked to stick my arm through the curtain and grab some nurse's leg. Boy, would she jump and scream!"

Finally, Errol and Spider goaded the Lizard into telling me one of his classic True-Death Adventure stories. "OK," the Lizard complied, "one time we took pictures. We made like an X-rated film, only using the bodies for actors. We had 'em like sixty-nin' and everything. We got this old guy, he must have been about ninety years old, and we put him on top of this broad, sixty-nining. You could see the juice dripping out of his mouth and onto the chick's pussy. We were going nuts that day. Nobody was there—none of the supervisors—so we were just throwing bodies all over the place and taking pictures. You know, it's against the law to take those kinds of pictures. We had another guy simulate fucking this chick. I could get you the pictures if you want to print them; my friend still has them.

"Anyway, I suddenly got this great idea. There was a decomposed baby there, and I thought we could get a shot of it looking like it was coming out of this chick's body. But nobody wanted to do that. The other guys just looked at me funny. That was the end of the pictures and everything."

It was also the end of my evening with Spider and his friends. I suddenly decided that I had an important engagement across town.

As I was leaving, the Lizard made a special request. "Maybe you can help me," he said. "I've been looking for a live girl who would be willing to wear pale makeup and lie perfectly still." Seems he has this coffin in his "collection" and has been looking for a woman who knows how to fuck without moving.

I'm going to recommend that he get in touch with my ex-wife. 

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls

"Most Men Are Too Busy Trying To Pick Up Girls To Meet Any"

Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you will meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "daredevil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the \$9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the \$9.95 you paid for our material — *plus* — we'll send along an additional five dollars out of our own pocket.

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them



all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them.)

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.

It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back *plus* an additional five dollars from us. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

CHILDREN, SEX & SOCIETY

(continued from page 86)

ing out the worst traits of both the male and the female. However, no professional cattle breeder ever conducts his business according to this belief, and, indeed, there is little scientific evidence to support it. *Moreover, a Swedish government committee has recently proposed the complete elimination of incest from the penal code.*

After all, it is difficult to see what possible good the laws against incest can still serve today and what damage their repeal could do. The use of contraception could easily allay the fears of those who worry about genetic problems. Children and adolescents could be protected against sexual assault and abuse by their parents or older siblings in the same way they are now protected against any other sexual exploitation.

Children's Rights

The Right to Sexual Satisfaction

But whatever our personal feelings are regarding the specific problems of child/adult sex play and incest, one important fact remains: *Our modern Western civilization does not grant young people the right to sexual satisfaction.* In the last few centuries first childhood and then adolescence have become established as special, protected periods of life in which sexual activity is assumed to be either "unnatural" or dangerous.

Thus, most males and females in Europe and America remain sexually frustrated until they are able to marry—i.e., in most cases until they are well over 20 years old. Even worse: They are systematically alienated from their own bodies and indoctrinated with rigid puritanical attitudes which impede their emotional growth. As a result, many of them become insensitive, intolerant and conformist in sexual matters. Their erotic potential remains underdeveloped and unrefined.

This negative conditioning already begins in infancy when mothers deny their babies the most intimate communication by raising them on the bottle, or when they suppress all lustful sensations while breast-feeding them. The deprivation continues when they keep them wrapped up in diapers, clothes and blankets, instead of allowing them to enjoy complete skin contact and occasional nudity. Finally, the damage is compounded by inflexible daily routines, harsh toilet training, withholding of sexual information, punishment of masturbation and prevention of exploratory sex play with other children.

Silverman Research, Dept. HU-1278
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

I don't know if you're crazy or not, but you can count me in for sure. Send me the Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls. Here's my \$9.95.

I will try out your material for a year, then if I haven't met enough girls to last me a lifetime, I may return it for your special refund. If I do return your material, you will send me back my \$9.95 *plus* an additional five dollars out of your own pocket.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

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These and other direct and indirect pressures often succeed in blocking all sexual interests and experiences out of children's minds. This leads to a loss of important primal memories and produces a long period of "latency." (Psychoanalysts ascribe these developments to the "Oedipal conflict.") Puberty then arrives as an unexpected and unpleasant time of trial. The sudden onset of menstruation in girls, more frequent erections and the first ejaculation in boys may be misunderstood as symptoms of a disease. Thus, the lack of sexual knowledge may cause anxiety and confusion.

The Right to Sexual Knowledge

Yet even where adequate knowledge is provided, one basic problem remains: *The greatly increased sexual capacity of adolescents cannot be exercised.* Modern teenagers may well be told some of the "facts of life," but at the same time they are also informed that for them regular sexual intercourse is out of the question. Therefore, they find themselves restricted to masturbation and various forms of "petting," but even these behaviors are not considered desirable and may actually be denounced as sinful, unhealthy or immature.

All of this has very serious consequences for the emotional and moral climate in our society. After all, about 40 percent of the population are sexually mature, but unmarried. Since our official morality makes no allowance for their sexual needs, it creates in our midst a great deal of resentment, hostility and, indeed, violence. Many young people become openly rebellious or "drop out" of the established system. Those who adapt to it are often emotionally crippled for life. They cannot be happy before they are married and are disappointed thereafter.

The reason for this is plain: *They are erotically incompetent. Our children and adolescents simply never learn how to be lovers, how to be tender and affectionate, how to give and receive physical pleasure, how to build and maintain mutually rewarding sexual relationships.* Instead, they are raised on a steady diet of sexual shame and guilt until some magic wedding ceremony supposedly somehow transforms them into passionate, sensuous and satisfied husbands and wives. However, in real life such miracles rarely happen. Our sexual rules for the young are therefore not only absurd, but inhumane and destructive.

Sexual Training in Non-Western Cultures

Many non-Western cultures have shown that this kind of sexual oppression is not

necessary. Some American Indian and Polynesian societies, for example, permitted and even encouraged early sexual experimentation by their children. The Muria in Central India even set aside a special building, the *ghotul*, in which children of both sexes spent their nights together. (Similar customs existed among the Trobriand Islanders and the Masai in Africa.)

Usually after their sixth or seventh birthday, boys and girls began to sleep in the *ghotul*, to which their parents did not have access. Inside, the children practically governed themselves. The older children encouraged the younger ones to become sexually active and instructed them in all sexual techniques. Regular and frequent sexual intercourse was enjoyed as an integral part of childhood and constituted one of the greatest attractions of life in the *ghotul*.

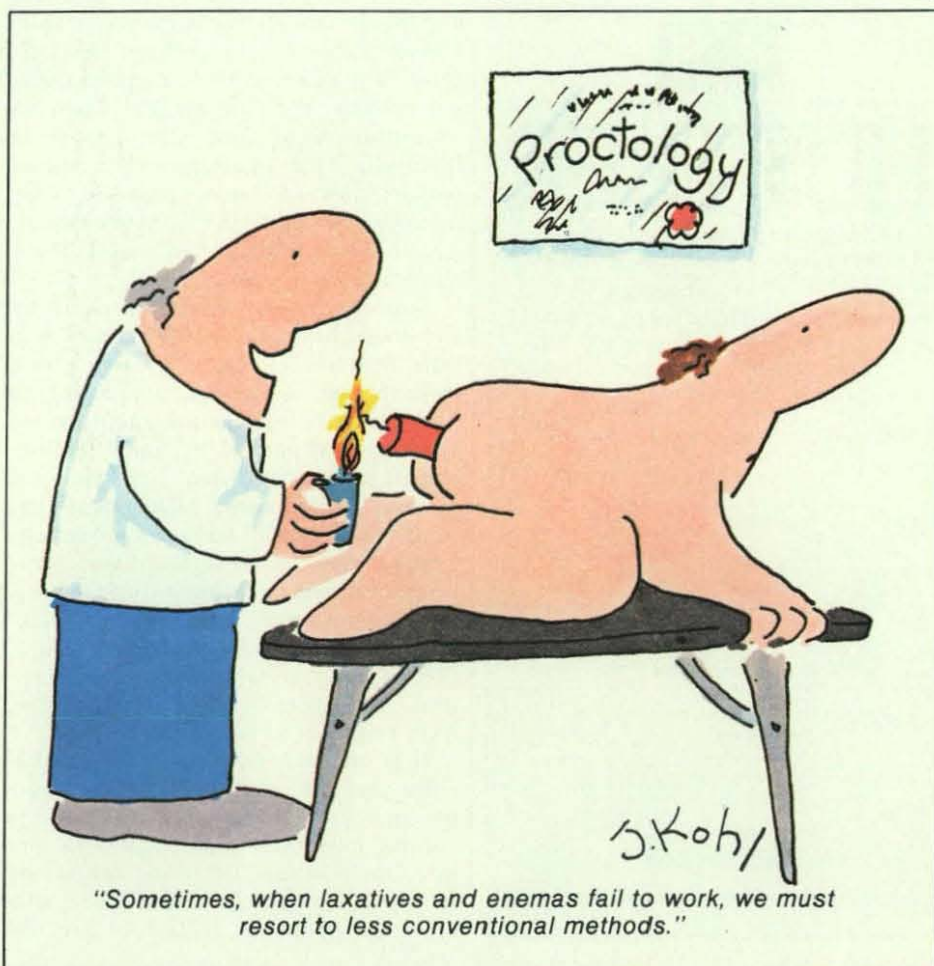
Not surprisingly, the Muria children were friendly, graceful, well-behaved, self-reliant and cooperative. As adults, they lived happily in exclusive and stable marriages. It is only recently, with the arrival of compulsory education in government-sponsored schools, that this pattern has been disrupted. The "new" Muria children seem to have become just as anxious and inhibited as their counterparts in the rest of the modern world.

Indeed, the "Westernization" of the world has, along with obvious improvements, also brought sexual misery to a great number of formerly satisfied peoples. As we have mentioned earlier, many countries of the so-called Third World are now more puritanical than the old Christian colonialists. Thus, the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* says nothing about sexual rights. Neither is there any mention of them in the *United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child* (passed in 1959).

Ideals of Sexual Freedom

Nevertheless, in those Western countries that are committed to the ideal of individual freedom we can find a growing willingness to extend much of this freedom to children. Thus, in recent years various European and American writers have demanded a more positive sexual education and, indeed, a new "bill of rights" for children that would include sexual rights.

These proposals differ in details, but generally agree on these basic points: *Children should have the same right to sexual information and sexual activity as adults, and they should not be forced into stereotypical sex roles.* This means not only



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that children would have to be told about contraception, abortion and venereal disease, but also that they would have to be given access to all "adult" books, magazines, films and stage shows, including those that are called "pornographic."

It further means that children could choose their sexual partners freely (including adult partners), as long as they observed the same decorum as everyone else. "Child molestation" and incest would therefore no longer be crimes unless they involved unwilling children. (Needless to say, at the same time the right and the ability of children to refuse sexual advances would have to be strengthened.)

Finally, all sexual discrimination between children would have to cease. Boys and girls would have equal rights to all toys, games, sports, schools, training programs and occupations.

Undoubtedly, even in the present "permissive" moral climate many parents will find that these suggestions go too far. It is still widely feared that most children would abuse their complete sexual freedom or that they would be exploited by their unscrupulous elders. This fear cannot simply be dismissed, because in our society even many adults are being exploited, and children with their limited strength and experience are all the more vulnerable. However, we should perhaps ask ourselves if it makes sense to condemn sexual activity in children even where no exploitation or any other harm is involved. This also applies to sexual contact between children and adults. By no means are all such contacts harmful, and it seems irrational to punish them all in a summary fashion.

Less controversy may be created by the sexual liberation of adolescents. It is now commonly agreed that, at least from the age of puberty, boys and girls need accurate information about sexual anatomy and physiology, reproduction, contraception, abortion and venereal disease. It also seems self-evident that such theoretical knowledge is not enough and that contraceptives, abortions and medical treatment of venereal infections must be available to all sexually mature persons regardless of age. (Those teenagers who oppose contraception and abortion should, of course, have the right to refuse them.)

It is only fair that girls who can become pregnant and boys who can cause pregnancy should be given the ultimate control over their own bodies. At any rate, their sexual decisions cannot be left up to their parents. Adolescents who are old enough to reproduce are old


enough to decide if, when and how they should become sexually active.

If these principles are accepted—and there is a definite trend in this direction—it will be only a matter of time before sex education becomes mandatory in all public schools and safe contraceptives are available from public vending machines everywhere. Moreover, the medical privacy of adolescents will be protected, and parents will not have a veto over their daughter's abortion, no matter how young she might be. All criminal laws against consensual sex acts in private will be abolished, including the notorious laws against "statutory rape." Adolescent boys and girls will be free to choose sexual partners of any age and any sex. They will no longer be declared "delinquents" on account of their sexual habits alone.

Naturally, spelling out these implications of adolescent sexual freedom makes us realize that we still have a long way to go. As a matter of fact, the majority of adults in our society probably prefer to stand pat and resist any further movement. Their concern is genuine, and many of them also have the best interest of their sons and daughters at heart. Therefore, it can only help the common cause if their "conservatism" is given a proper hearing. Sexual permissiveness can easily turn into an excuse for emotional neglect. Parents who do not care what their children do simply do not care for their children.

Sexual Responsibility

Sexual freedom means sexual responsibility, not anarchy and license. Boys and girls want, indeed need, firm guidance as they grow up. After all, the development of a human being from self-centered infant to modern citizen repeats, in abbreviated form, the long and arduous civilizing process of the whole human race. This process is not automatic. Spontaneity alone is no longer enough. Some inhibition, coercion and deprivation will always be necessary.

These may be truisms, but they are sometimes forgotten by overzealous liberationists. Yet we do not do our young people a favor if we leave them entirely to their own devices. Only if this elementary truth is understood can we begin to grant them sexual freedom. On the other hand, however, we have no right to deny them this freedom, since we know that our present sexual standards are oppressive. It would be a crime to force our children and adolescents into the blind acceptance of a morality long overdue for reform. 

THE HITCHHIKER

(continued from page 92)

he could react, her mouth was upon his cock. It went right down her throat, passing easily deep into her gullet. Stroll could not recall his entrance ever having been easier. Stroll knew he couldn't hold out. Her tongue kept swirling, fluttering around his shaft. It had never felt so good.

Swiftly, Stroll pushed her onto her back, entering her rapidly. She didn't make a sound. He began pumping, and just as he started to reach his end, he felt her claws break the flesh on his back. The pain was intense. He knew he was bleeding. He didn't want to finish, but some strange inner force took over and gave him new life.

He doubled her legs against her chest and started driving hard into her hotness. His own stamina surprised him. As she fought, he intensified his thrusts, and a small gasp, a moan, escaped her. Just before Stroll was ready to give in to the feelings, she screamed in his ear with pleasure, and he flooded her with everything he had left in his body.

He collapsed on top of her, and lay still until she stopped shuddering.

"You know," she said, "you're much better than your snoring friend. He doesn't know shit."

"He's been drinking a hell of a lot more than I have. If I'd had as much, I would have fallen asleep long before we picked you up."

"You're pretty good friends, aren't you?" she asked icily. There seemed to be obvious malice in her voice.

"Best I ever had. Of all the people I know he's the only man who won't fuck me over, no matter what."

It wasn't the lack of response to this last statement that made the hairs on Stroll's back bristle, but rather the look of scorn in her eyes. Again the look passed just as quickly as it had come, and again he let it go.

"I'm going to sleep," he said, rolling over. "We have a long day tomorrow."

* * *

The road stretched endlessly before them. Hinson was driving. The sun was well up, and in the distance they could see the Great Plains.

"Want a beer, fucker?" asked Stroll.

"I hope to God," answered Hinson.

"Want to have it sucked?" asked the hitchhiker, mimicking Stroll.

"I hope to God," said Hinson again.

"I think I'll take care of your partner here. He's a man," she said to Hinson.

Quickly, her hand was into Stroll's pants, tugging to free his penis. She yanked it out, making it catch on the

teeth of his zipper. Stroll tightened his jaw. Just as she began stroking him violently, Stroll saw six or seven vultures circling in the sky. His entire frame shuddered.

"Is Lena making you feel good already?" she asked, quickening her motion.

In a matter of seconds, in spite of the lingering image of vultures and the woman's odd, aggressive nature, Stroll was pumping into her hand. And wordlessly he ejaculated. The semen absorbed into the fabric of his pants.

"Now here's a man who needs some of the same," said Hinson.

"Not now," the woman replied. "Maybe later. If you can get it up." She put her head on Stroll's shoulder and feigned sleep.

* * *

Several hours had elapsed. And a tension seemed to hold the interior of the moving vehicle in a closed fist. Hinson had been drinking rapidly.

Finally, Hinson reached over, grabbing one of the woman's breasts.

"You'd better take your fucking hand off," she said, digging her fingernails into his wrist. She leaned over to Stroll and started licking his ear.

"I'd rather play with a real man," she said loud enough for both men to hear.

Hinson began pushing the car up to 70. He reached into the backseat and began digging in the cooler for another beer. The Torino swerved onto the shoulder.

"Can't fuck and can't drive," she said.

"Now here's a man who's gettin' pissed," growled Hinson.

Stroll, missing the edge of fury in Hinson's voice, laughed innocently.

"Like you told me last night. You're right," she said to Stroll. She took his hand, placing it on her breast.

"Told you what?" asked Hinson.

"Nothing," she said.

"I said, 'Told you what?'" The car was doing 90.

"I didn't say shit," Stroll said.

"Liar," she yelled. She turned to Hinson. "Listen, honey, he doesn't take you seriously. He said you're just his clown. That's what he said."

"Shut the fuck up, woman!" Stroll said.

"And he said you're stupid! You're stupid!" she screamed. "And I have to agree. Besides, you fuck like a kid. Even Stroll agrees."

In his drunken rage, and before Stroll could say anything, Hinson jammed on the brakes. The wheels locked, throwing the car into a spin. When it finally came to rest, Stroll reached across the seat and ripped the keys from the ignition.

"If you're gonna act like a kid, I'm gonna drive!" he yelled.

Stroll got out of the car and walked over to the driver's side. Just as he was about to yank open the door, Hinson pushed it open as hard as 200 pounds could exert, catching Stroll in the knees and stomach. Stroll fell to the road.

Like a hinge-spring snapping back, Hinson was out of the car and all over Stroll. First he hit him in the stomach and then in the face. It was the shot to Stroll's face and the blood it caused that put Stroll into the fight. Then both men were bleeding, their shirts torn, their breathing labored.

It was as if it were a scene from a movie. Both were equally matched, and both were shortly on their knees, swinging without much force. The exertion and heat took its toll rapidly.

Then, just as suddenly as he had begun fighting, Stroll stopped. He started to laugh.

This threw Hinson off. "What's so fuckin' funny?"

"Can't you see?" said Stroll, catching his breath. "She set us up. She couldn't care less about you or me. We're toys in her little game. Just think about it. Haven't we been friends for a long time now? Didn't I save your ass at the Back Bar, and then some since then? This whole thing is a joke. Can't you see?"

For a second, Hinson stared blank-faced. Then it dawned on him. All of it. His nostrils flared; his body shook as if in orgasm.

He walked over to the car and said, "Get out, bitch!"

"He's lying," the hitchhiker said, genuine fear creasing the lines in her face. "I tell you, he's lying."


Hinson grabbed her by the throat and dragged her out of the car. He brought his right hand across her face as his left hand, clutching at her throat, lifted her off the ground.

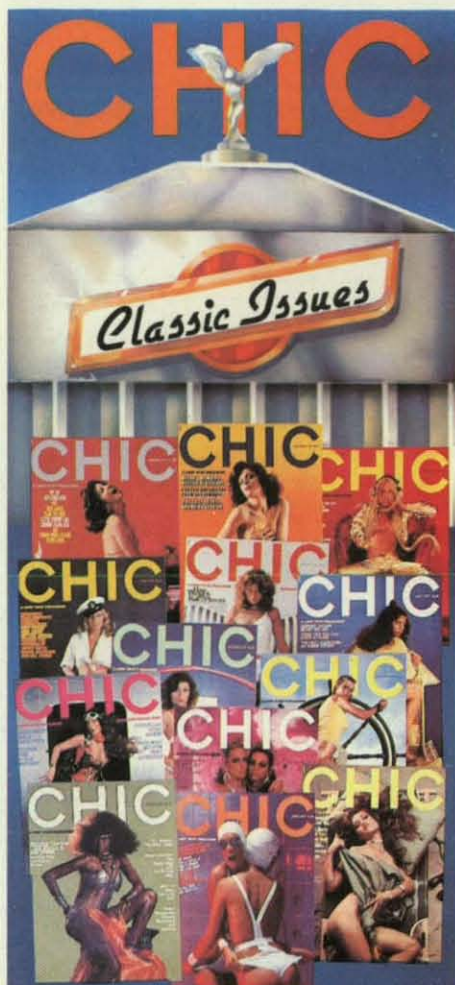
Stroll was immediately at Hinson's back, screaming, "It ain't worth it! Let's go! It ain't worth it!"

Hinson released his grip, and the girl dropped to the ground. He reached into the car, grabbed her bag and threw it on the blacktop next to her. She sat there trembling.

"Come on, time's wastin'," he said to Stroll.

Stroll flipped the car keys to Hinson and got in. Hinson fired up the Torino and pulled out, spitting gravel on the woman in the road.

"Now here's a man who needs a beer," said Hinson. Stroll reached into the cooler, handed Hinson a cold one and then smacked his buddy across the back of the neck. 



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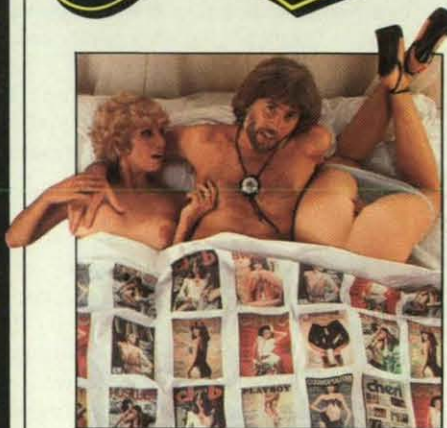
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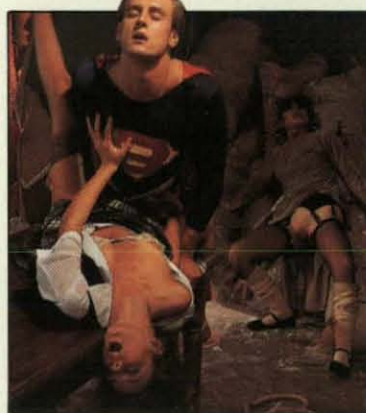


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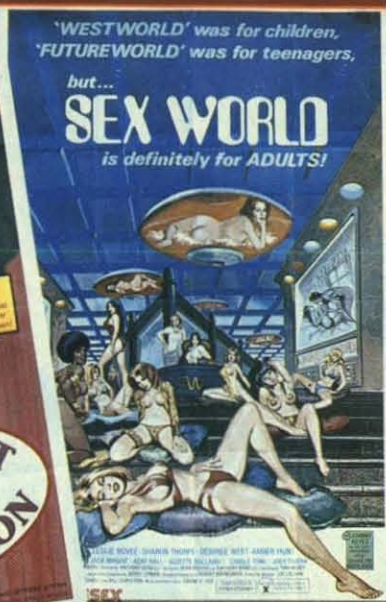


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